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Contents

VOLUME IV

No. 7. JULY–SEPTEMBER, 1915

THE IRON RING . . . . . H. R. Mussey . . . 1
ITALY IN THE WAR . . . . . F. J. Mather, Jr. . . 17
GERMANIC STATECRAFT, AND DEMOCRACY. . . Abbott Payson Usher . 27
THE OLD PARTIES AND THE NEW POWER. . . David McGregor Means 42
A POET OF INDUSTRIAL EVOLUTION. . . . . Lloyd R. Morris . . . 59
THE PHILOSOPHY OF FLUX. . . . . Arthur W. Colton . . 67
JUSTICE . . . . . Paul Elmer More . . 81
A DIAGNOSIS OF DRAMATIC CRITICISM. . . . Thomas H. Uzzell . . 96
A NEW ESSAY IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ADVERTISING . . . . . Warner Fite 110
"THIS THEN IS LIFE" . . . . . Lee Wilson Dodd . . 120
THE SUFFRAGE PROPHETS . . . . . Margaret C. Robinson. 127
MORE LIGHT ON MEXICO . . . . . Gustavo Lobo. . . . 140
ON RAISING CUCUMBERS . . . . . W. R. Castle, Jr. . . 146
AT THE HELM OF THE SMALL COLLEGE . . . E. V. Laughlin . . . 160
FROM WILLIAM JAMES? . . . . . E. W. Friend 172
EN CASSEROLE: To Contributors and Readers — Summer Days, and Nights (GEORGE B. DUTTON) — Postscript on the Debutantes — The President and Mr. Bryan — Uses of Culture (MRS. F. G. ALLINSON) — The Foundations of Optimism (GRANT SHOWERMAN) — A Victory for Cæsar (VERNON L. KELLOGG) — A Self-Confessed Murder — The Way of the Exchange Professor — Simplified Spelling 203

No. 8. OCTOBER–DECEMBER, 1915

SENTIMENTALISM—SOFT AND HARD. . . . . F. J. Mather, Jr. . . . 223
WAYLAND THE FEMINIST . . . . . Mrs. G. H. Putnam. . 237
CONFESSIONS OF AN ANTI . . . . . Anonymous 255
THE REAL CAUSE OF THE WAR . . . . . Anonymous. 274
HOW IT LOOKED IN ADVANCE . . . . . Edwin Björkman. . . 280
NATIONAL PROHIBITION AND REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT . . . . . Fabian Franklin . . . 296
NATIONAL PROHIBITION AND THE CHURCH . . L. White Busbey. . . 308
ON READING A PLAY. . . . . Brander Matthews . . 325
ÆSTHETIC INTEGRITY . . . . . Lee Wilson Dodd . . 336
VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE . . . . . B. B. Breese 345
THE CONSERVATION OF THE PRIVATE PURSE. . Alvin S. Johnson. . . 358
A NEW ESSAY IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ADVERTISING (II) . . . . . Warner Fite 366
LABOR, LAW, AND ORDER, A Composite by Walter Gordon Merritt, Henry Irving Brock, Henry Holt . 374
THE MINIMUM WAGE-BOARD AND THE UNION . Helen Marot 397
SOME HETEROMATIC WRITING. . . . . Anonymous. 412
EN CASSEROLE: Special to Our Readers — An Amende — How Perhaps it will End — How the Corruption Spreads — Writing as a Sport (W. P. REEVES) — A Question of Taste — Strictly Scientific Fiction (A. M. CUMMINGS) — Academic Freedom — An Ancient Conflict — "They" (GEORGE B. DUTTON) — Hands Up! — Simplified Spelling 428

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The Unpopular Review

No. 7 JULY—SEPTEMBER, 1915 Vol. IV

THE IRON RING

ECONOMIC necessity has often been urged as the underlying explanation of the present war, as of past ones. The multiplying millions of Germany, it is said, cooped up on a narrow two hundred thousand square miles of territory, became yearly more dependent on foreign food and materials, foreign markets, and an unhampered foreign trade. Meanwhile other nations, and especially England, constrained by the same necessity, were striving to hem her industry and commerce within an iron ring, obliging her to fight in defense of the economic opportunities of her people. The whole titanic struggle was thus forced on the world by a sort of ineluctable fate that mocks at national friendship, pacifist propaganda, and even solemn international treaties. The mere growth of population, say some, inevitable capitalist expansion, say others, made the war inevitable. The idea deserves testing in this as in similar cases.

In 1897, backed by powerful industrial and commercial interests, the German government began a vigorous policy of naval expansion. The economic ideas behind it were admirably expressed in a volume of essays published in 1900 under the title, *Handels- und Macht-Politik*. Three leaders of economic and political thought, Wagner, Schmoller and Sering, fathered the work, and they were aided by Lamprecht, von Halle, Schumacher, Ehrenberg, Ernst Francke and Paul Voigt — all university men, and most of them professors. The ideas of reputable and sober thinkers such as these, holding the point of view above suggested, deserve careful examination. What are these ideas?

First and foremost, trade depends on might. This mercantilist idea our writers, however unwillingly, accept as expressing the facts at the opening of the twentieth century. "Without might," says Schmoller, "no great states and no great economic, commercial and colonial development. Every brutal, greedy, presumptuous misuse of power for economic ends is objectionable. But the legitimate use of might in the commercial field is allowable, is necessary indeed, is healthful, is educative for the nation and its justified ends." In the words of Ehrenberg, "Might is not end, but only means — an indispensable means of economic expansion, because in the intercourse of nations right and might signify almost the same, because every nation inevitably has the desire to extend itself economically as far as its might reaches. For that reason this extension of power and a world policy such as we need — that is, a moderate attempt, dictated by natural necessity, at economic extension through colonies, — demands a strong sea power." Paul Voigt observes in prophetic words: "No smiling day of golden peace dawns here. Like the beginning of the nineteenth century, so will the beginning of the twentieth bring mighty struggles, decisions pregnant with tremendous consequences. Germany will be able to maintain her place in the sun, her rank among the civilized nations, her economic and political significance, only when the whole German people, from the Kaiser down to the last laborer, is penetrated through and through with the death-defying temper of the old Hanseatic saying, '*Navigare necesse est, vivere non necesse.*'" Sering says: "In international trade today only that people can count on most-favored-nation treatment which is in position if discriminated against to retaliate in kind, and it would contradict all experience if in future commercial treaties the stronger party should not make the weaker feel his inferiority." Francke declares that a new age of mercantilism, with commercial wars and campaigns of conquest, has broken out: "In the

solution of the mighty future problems of opening up and ruling Asia, Africa and South America, the weaker competitors will be crowded to the wall or will be pitched out by the stronger without grace or pity, just as North America has done to Spain made defenseless by neglect of her fleet. A warning example!" And again: "Is anyone so blind as to imagine that in the competition of peoples those problems which within the social life of a nation itself are treated as questions of might will be dissolved with the rosewater of friendly persuasion and gentle admonition? If already the battle for a share of food within the individual state can be carried on only by means of might, how much harder will the peoples crowd upon one another about the hog trough of the world!"

Here are ideas of economic necessity aplenty. What was their occasion in 1900? The answer is specially interesting to Americans, virtuously inclined to feel that they have no part or lot in the present situation. "The new naval estimates are nothing else but the logical consequence of the change in the world situation that has come about without our responsibility:" thus Professor Sering, and a little later: "The point of departure for the new phase of world economy and politics lies in the United States and Russia." Schmoller roundly asserts: "The conquest of Cuba and the Philippines by the United States changes the political and economic bases of the American republics; the tendency of that country to exclude Europe from the North and South American market makes inevitable great conflicts over that question." Note the impression that our exclusive tariff policy makes on Sering: "Wherever the political rule of the North Americans spreads, there the end of the import of European goods is near. . . . Already the economic dominance of the North Americans is extending to Central and South America." The old Monroe doctrine, Sering declares, is now re-coined into "America for Americans:" "That means nothing else but this: All North, Central and South America for the

United States, and the extension of their dominion over the land areas of the Pacific Ocean." The Spanish-American and Boer wars, he asserts, were due to no threatened life interests and to no great ideals, nor were they attacks on half-civilized peoples: "By these wars a foreign rule is forced on peoples of European race and civilization, and the struggle for dominance is no longer distinguishable from the fight for economic advantage and capitalistic expansion. These are true trade wars of the kind that stamped their bloody seal on the age of mercantilism and subjected the Dutch Cape Colony and the French Canada to English domination. Talk of the equal treatment of peoples today is silenced; undisguised is the right of the stronger; the destiny of the 'Anglo-Saxon race' is proclaimed to rule and exploit the world, to impress on the other peoples an alleged superior culture."

All through these pages loom "the three empires," — the United States, Russia, Britain. Responsible scholars a decade and a half ago were convinced that these three "gigantic, conquering world empires" were engaged in extending their boundaries to the limits of economic self-sufficiency, with a view to excluding other peoples, and thus living to themselves. After pointing out the territorial growth of these states in the nineteenth century, Schmoller goes on: "If England had adhered to such a policy as Cobden desired, and Gladstone initiated, if she had maintained the principle of acquiring no more colonies, and of making the existing ones independent, if she had, according to Cobden's advice, continually reduced her fleet, then the situation might perhaps stand so differently for Germany that she would need have no care for a fleet." But perhaps that was impossible, for, as he says, the intensifying international competition of the last third of the century brought in its train protection, imperialism and neo-mercantilism. And Great Britain, having maintained free trade so long as it was to her advantage, is now, he says, in process of abandoning it for a protected

imperial federation. Witness the denunciation of her most-favored-nation treaties with Germany and Belgium. This action, taken at the instance of the colonial conference, was designed to give the members of the empire freedom to grant inter-imperial preference, following Canada's example of 1897 in granting Great Britain a preference to the extent of one-third of her existing tariff rates. Can such views of future British policy be wondered at when Joseph Chamberlain across the North Sea was declaring: "I say, it was a matter of life and death to us that we should not be forestalled in these markets of the future to which we have learned to look for the extension of our trade and even for the subsistence of our people."

With the United States in the delirium of "manifest destiny" following the war with Spain, and with Great Britain apparently veering more and more toward Joseph Chamberlain's ideas, it was not strange for sober thinkers in Germany to believe firmly that imperialism sprang from the people of the United States and Great Britain. Sering refers as follows to the wars before cited, and to the "outrage" that Germany suffered in Samoa: "The important thing in all these events is that they appear not solely as the action of certain hot-blooded ministers and admirals, but as borne on by a mighty popular movement, presenting the adequate expression of a new system of world economy and world politics." Is this all pure imagination? American newspapers and magazines of the period teem with imperialistic sentiment, and no longer ago than 1913 the historian of the British imperial conference thus expressed the ideal of his group: "If the new foreign policy would be based on the defense of economic opportunities within the Empire, the question of the Britannic alliance being strong enough to resist the aggression of hungrier powers would be simply a question of the peoples being willing to make the necessary sacrifices." (Jebb, *The Britannic Alliance*, p. 170.)

Facing such a situation abroad, what did German scholars observe at home? Says Sering: "Such has become our present situation: on a territory smaller than the one state of Texas, a population of almost sixty million souls, with an annual increase of more than eight hundred thousand, with an enormously developed export industry and oversea trade — the prosperity of both seriously imperiled by the policy of conquest and exclusion on the part of the world empires. Imperiled also, however, are much higher interests than those of export industry and trade." And Schmoller: "So long as we remain a vigorous, progressive people, we shall grow in number from one-half per cent to one per cent a year, or we shall feel ourselves unhappy. . . . Thus an increase of the German population in the next hundred years to from one hundred to one hundred and fifty millions is neither fantastic nor undesirable. It shall, it will, it must come, if we wish to remain a great, mighty people. And it cannot be supported exclusively in the old home. We must have agricultural colonies and regions capable of development which will absorb the surplus." In an eloquent passage Francke declares: "German blood, German strength, German spirit and German wealth, when carried into foreign lands, are no longer as formerly lost absolutely to the Fatherland; they are no longer the fertilizers of foreign civilizations; but they work and create for the home land, for the economic prosperity and national might of the German Empire. It has become living truth to our people that it must have its place in the sun, and that Germany must not stand aside when the world shall be parceled anew." "Might is the state's freedom!" "Unity, prosperity, might and *Kultur* — these beckon as lofty aims on the path of world policy and social reform." In the slightly mystical words of Professor Lamprecht: "With the foundation of the empire we have indeed climbed the foothills but not the summit of a great national destiny." "The question arises whether we in Germany are equipped to take part in the world race. As

to that, there can be not the least doubt . . . that a really solid sharing of our nation in the benefits of the latest and final expansion of the world horizon will lead to a material reconstruction of her whole spiritual life, and with it of all her internal conditions."

Two broad ideas clearly emerge from these passages. First, the growth of German population and industry necessitates territorial expansion as a matter of national self-preservation. Secondly — and this idea is the outgrowth of an idealistic habit of mind and a generation of unbroken material success, — German culture is so important to the world that it is a duty to insure its continuance and extension. In a world of economic exclusiveness backed by military and naval power this could mean nothing but thorough-going armed preparedness for aggressive defense.

Such were the ideas of some responsible German thinkers in 1900. Such ideas unquestionably played a considerable part in creating the Germany of 1914, and presumably in bringing on the great war. The ideas are by no means the peculiar property of Germany; they underlie a great deal of current thinking about war. Are the ideas true? Are they a correct interpretation of the twentieth century as well as the seventeenth? Does trade depend on might? Are we forming exclusive world empires? Is capitalism driving us inevitably into imperialism? If not capitalism, does mere growth of numbers necessitate territorial expansion? Does the dependence of a growing population on foreign trade necessitate a powerful fleet, and thus lead by inevitable stages to the ultimate catastrophe of war? Do economic conditions indeed furnish an unassailable foundation for the much-exploited alternative, "World-power or downfall?" The answer has importance not for the present alone. Beyond Europe's bloody welter looms the shadow of the East. If the present war was inevitable, are we not condemned to

another Armageddon as soon as Japan shall have expanded only a little more, and yet again when the hundreds of millions of China and India at last wake from their long sleep?

Let us answer our questions, if possible, for the test case of Germany. Our answer must be based on modern history: for the machine, steam transportation, and democracy have created a new world since the nineteenth century began. So long as every people had to produce its own food supply, and agricultural methods were crude, population growth did necessarily mean either emigration or territorial conquest by war; but machinery and commerce have changed all that. The population of the United Kingdom, for example, has increased by nearly half since 1870, and today two-fifths of her people live on imported meat, and four-fifths on imported wheat. While the population of England and Wales has grown by almost three-fifths in forty years, the cultivated acreage has actually gone backward, and the new population has been fed on foreign-grown food. Commerce has become a substitute for war, so far as feeding a growing population on a small area is concerned. To argue today that population growth necessitates territorial expansion, by reason of the apprehended future difficulty of feeding the people, and to talk vaguely of a "saturation point" for population, is as though one had argued in 1870 that it was necessary to go out and slaughter a quarter of the people of England, lest they should be too numerous in 1915.

The population of Germany has grown from less than 41,000,000 in 1870 to nearly 67,000,000 in 1913, with an annual increase averaging above 800,000 over the last twenty years. Yet there is no evidence of overcrowding. On the contrary, German emigration, relatively heavy up to the early nineties, has been insignificant during the last two decades, and a considerable immigration has set in. During the eighties, 1,363,000 persons left the Fatherland, mostly to share the abounding prosperity of the

United States. This movement stopped abruptly in 1893, and when prosperity returned to us in 1898, there was no renewal of German immigration. From 1903 to 1912 only 268,000 emigrants in all left Germany, while at least twice that number of immigrants streamed in. The number of foreigners in the empire rose by half a million from 1900 to 1910, and in certain industrial districts at the present time, a quarter of the people cannot speak German. Germany thus far has apparently needed to break the iron ring in order to let labor in to share her industrial opportunities, rather than in order to let her own hungry millions out.

Apply the well-known test of well-being by birth rate and death rate. From almost 30 per thousand at the founding of the empire, the death rate fell steadily during forty years to 17.1 in 1910. As in every other progressive and prosperous country, the birth rate too has fallen from about 41 in the early years to 29.5 in 1911. The net result is striking. In the twenty-four years up to 1893, there were only six in which the excess of births over deaths was as much as thirteen per thousand. Of the eighteen years following, 1911 was the only one in which the excess fell below 13; in nine years it rose above 14, and in two cases actually reached the height of 15.6. Meanwhile, the net movement of emigration and immigration, which caused an annual loss of 1.6 per thousand during the seventies, and nearly twice that number in the following decade, has steadily indicated a gain during the past twenty years, amounting to .5 per thousand for 1906–10.

The consumption of important foodstuffs shows a steady rise in the standard of living of the mass of the people, masked though the movement be by a high tariff on agricultural products, especially wheat and rye. During the years 1893–1900 the annual consumption of rye per capita averaged 150 kg. During 1903–12 it fell to 145.5, while wheat consumption rose from 88.6 to 92.6 kg. The gain in the more expensive bread cereal at the expense of the

cheaper one is worth noting. More striking was the increase in consumption of foods whose growers had not been favored by the tariff makers of 1902 at the expense of consumers. Barley consumption in the periods considered rose from 68.4 kg. to 80.1, oats from 109.8 to 120.9, and potatoes from 572 to 627. Sugar consumption at the foundation of the empire was less than 7 kg. per head: forty years later it was above 17 kg. Figures for tea, coffee, cocoa, spices, rice and tropical fruits all yield results of the same sort.

In 1900 there was one savings-bank account for every 3.8 inhabitants of the empire. In 1911 the ratio of accounts to inhabitants had risen to slightly more than 1 to 3, while the average account had increased from 595 to 800 marks.

Applying any known test, the student will discover no evidence whatever that the German people up to August, 1914, were overcrowded. On the contrary, materially speaking, they were among the most prosperous and the most rapidly advancing peoples on the face of the earth. With a declining death rate, a growing population, an increasing immigration, a rising level of wages and standard of living, an expansion of savings deposits, and a highly intelligent and progressive policy of social care for wage earners, they were advancing on the path of material prosperity at a rate that was the wonder and envy of their neighbors.

Nor was the industrial and commercial situation any less flattering than the condition of the people. The production of coal, iron and steel, and textiles, has steadily increased for a third of a century, and the growth has been most rapid in the latest years of the period. But great as has been Germany's advance in these staple industries, it is the comparatively minor lines of production, depending directly on applied science, that she has made especially her own — chemicals and dyes, electrical products, specialties of all kinds. Germany's industrial advance has

been the wonder of the new century. Up to the beginning of the war there was no sign of any halt in that progress, which has been achieved in the face of a high agricultural tariff notably increasing the cost of important foodstuffs. The manufacturing gain has been accompanied by no corresponding agricultural decline, though in the past decade and a half the farmers have been doing little better than hold their own, despite government efforts to increase agricultural production. In a word, so far as concerns German industry, the iron ring has been conspicuously absent.

The progress of foreign trade has been scarcely less striking — and it is in restricting markets that the ring is supposed to do its deadly work. Exports of German products grew in value from 3,410 million marks in 1890 to 4,753 millions in 1900 and to 8,956 millions in 1912. Imports for consumption in the corresponding years were 4,273, 6,049, and 10,691 millions. Seventeen per cent growth in population, and above eighty per cent growth in foreign trade in twelve years — what an astonishingly ineffective iron ring!

Yet further, this growth has been in the trade with other independent countries and their possessions. Trade has not been following the German flag. In 1900 Europe, with the United States, Brazil and Argentina, took 87.4% of Germany's exports; of the enormously increased exports of 1912 they took 87.7%. Even the "three empires," which in 1900 took 38.7% of Germany's exports, in 1912, despite the vigorous and successful efforts of German merchants to push their trade elsewhere in the meantime, still received 32.2% of the total. A growth of a billion marks, or nearly three-fifths, in the takings of German goods, by countries that were already among the best customers of the Fatherland, is surely not a bad twelve-year record for empires which she claims were pursuing against her a policy of conquest and exclusion.

By contrast, note the results of Germany's attempts to expand her trade by the sword. To take a single example, her African colonies in 1913 cost the government 86,000,000 marks more than their taxes brought in. In the preceding year their entire trade with her amounted to but 82,000,000 marks. Since 1900 Southwest Africa alone has cost the German taxpayers seven times that amount. It appears to be expensive business making trade follow the flag.

In plain fact, the growth of German trade has depended, not on might, but on goods cheap and excellent, on merchants enterprising and vigorous. The intelligent application of science to production, the painstaking study of the wants and whims of foreign buyers, the vigorous combined action of manufacturers, merchants, bankers, shipowners and government officials acting in a commercial capacity — it is these things that have advanced German trade in the markets of the world, markets in which German producers not only enjoyed no governmental favors, but often had to make head against hostile tariffs. German history of the past fifteen years offers a particularly striking illustration of the essentially economic basis of modern commerce, as opposed to the political basis.

It is asserted, however, that even if Germany's trade expansion has not been prevented, her foreign investment has been hindered, and foreign investment ultimately means foreign trade.

British opposition to the Bagdad railway is the classical example cited. As to this point, two observations are suggested. First, despite the alleged obstacles, German investment abroad has been growing fast, and now probably attains a figure of from two to three hundred million dollars a year. Secondly, granting the claim in its entirety, it is certainly stretching a point to assert that the economic life of the nation is threatened in a vital

part by the possibility that its capitalists may have to content themselves with four rather than six per cent. Would the mothers of Germany feel an overpowering patriotic necessity to yield their sons to the harvest of death in order to avoid such a national calamity?

Yet further, the whole notion of the three empires, with their exclusive policy, has received some hard blows since the new century opened. We have withdrawn from Cuba. We are trying to get out of the Philippines as fast as possible. We have kept out of Mexico so long that Europe has lost patience with us. We have administered the tangled financial affairs of Santo Domingo without suggestion of a desire for commercial aggression. We have given evidence of good faith by repealing the canal-tolls exemption. We are fairly considering Colombia's claim in connection with the Panama affair. In fact, the events of the past year have well-nigh disarmed suspicion on the part of those most directly concerned, our Central and South American neighbors. Without setting up any claim to superior virtue, we may emphatically assert that the whole temper of political and social life here offers vastly less encouragement to the imperialist than it did in 1900. Certainly we are not immune from imperialism, but there is reasonable ground to hope that our popular ambition is turning to other and more rational ends.

Further, we have just abandoned our exclusive tariff policy, consistently maintained for half a century. It is not our ideas that have changed, so much as our conditions. For an indefinite period to come, the market of the United States is apparently to be open on easier and easier terms to foreign goods. But even before the passage of the Underwood act, imports from Germany had grown by 70% in ten years, more than three times as fast as our population, and five times as fast as Germany's. In the presence of economic conditions that made trade

profitable, our attempts at restriction have simply proved futile and we are now abandoning them. Nothing short of prohibition, in fact, serves to throttle the trade of an enterprising and intelligent people, as German experience in our market has shown.

What of the British Empire? Imperial preference made some headway in the first decade of this century. Canada's example of 1897 was followed by Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, which granted small preferences to British goods. But the preference was imperial in little more than name. When Canada found that preference was hurting her manufacturers of woolens and tombstones, she promptly cut down the preference. In actual operation, protection in the British colonies has thus far been distinctly national, not imperial. Preference has done nothing actually to solidify the empire into one trading body closed against the outside world. The volcanic outburst of imperial loyalty caused by the war might easily lead to higher protection and more effective preference. If so, that development could not logically be adduced as a necessary economic *cause* of the war.

In the United Kingdom itself, the years since 1900 have seen the rise and fall of the tariff-reform movement. Joseph Chamberlain's scheme might conceivably have given a timid continental trade minister some uneasy half hours; but the scheme has been hacked to pieces till the present mangled corpse of the proposed protective tariff would not be recognized by its protagonist of 1903. Any vitality it still possessed in 1914 was solely as an alternative to land reform, not in the least as part of a program of trade exclusiveness, which Great Britain has repeatedly rejected as not in her interest.

While Russia has not in the same way brought forth works meet for repentance, yet Germany's trade with her in this century has fully kept pace with the general expansion of German commerce, which is doing reasonably well.

Would not a wiser statesmanship in Germany have sought, by reciprocation, to reinforce the liberal movement in British and American trade policy, rather than to hack its way through? After all, even an iron ring, if it expands at need, is not so dreadful a thing, especially if it exists chiefly in the idea of those thinking themselves surrounded by it, and not in the consciousness of those who forge it.

Even further, a more sympathetic study of the classical theory of international trade might well have led the German economists to doubt whether a country as varied in its resources and capabilities as theirs could in the long run be seriously injured by the trade-exclusiveness of a worldful of empires, even assuming that they deliberately pursued a policy of making themselves self-sufficient. For more than half a century Great Britain, with free trade, has fought the policy of protective tariffs, in foreign countries and her colonies as well, and despite the complaints of her tariff reformers her policy has been brilliantly successful. The United States, on the other hand, for half a century, has tried to restrict imports by high duties, and imports have stubbornly grown, in spite of all we could do.

So far as the teachings of contemporary history are concerned, the answer to the economic theory of the iron ring is clear and unequivocal. Germany was not obliged to go to war in order that her people might live and prosper, in order that her industry and trade might expand, though there can be no question that some of her thoughtful men believed that to be the case. Their justification of her action, however, was not based on any clear perception of impending economic danger, but on a vague fear of what might possibly happen at some future time if certain tendencies which they imagined they discerned in the economic policy of foreign states were carried to their logical conclusion.

It was blundering economics no less than blundering statecraft. For the economic justification rests on a striking confusion of thought by no means peculiar to German thinkers. What they intensely desire is the political greatness of their country, and they fail to distinguish this from the economic prosperity of its citizens. To quote a single sentence from Sering: "Germany sees its future shackled to a small territory, and if these conditions do not change, the strength of its political position, and with it the strong individual character of its culture, the significance of its nationality for the development of mankind will certainly disappear." This is comprehensible, but it is not economics. Germany may wage war, if she desires, for the profits of certain of her capitalists, though it looks like poor business even for them. But that such action pays the mass of her people, or is actually necessary to their economic prosperity, is conspicuously contrary to evident facts. In the interest of clear thinking, and yet more of intelligent and moral international action, it is much to be desired that political ambition and chauvinistic patriotism should not be permitted, in this or any other case, to wrap themselves up in a mantle of economic necessity. Such garments may have afforded a respectable covering in the seventeenth century; today they no longer conceal the self-defeating and piratical militarism that lie beneath.

ITALY IN THE WAR

ON May 4th Italy denounced the Triple Alliance, and from that moment war with the Central Empires was virtually proclaimed. It was just nine months from the outbreak of hostilities. Since the interval had been filled with incessant negotiation, there has been a tendency to judge to the moral disadvantage of Italy her months of calculated waiting. There seems something a little unhandsome, not to say sordid, in so bargaining oneself into war. Our ill-informed American press very generally took this view. Such a judgment of Italy's policy, will I think, hardly be held by those who fairly analyze the very complex situation that lay before her. Honestly torn in many directions, it was impossible for her to make the straightforward response of a France, Russia, or England. Her final decision was less the result of a sudden national urge than of a gradual concentration of many and conflicting motives. In these circumstances all that one can require of Italy is clearsightedness and sagacity. Those qualities, I feel, she has shown in a high degree. Nor was her choice uninfluenced by more ideal motives. Indeed the subtle interweaving of material and ideal aims into a firm fabric of policy, makes the Italian case particularly attractive and instructive to students of statecraft. Let us follow the threads singly.

At the outset of the war Italy found herself in the disadvantageous position of aggrieved and neglected partner of the Central Empires. To Austria and Germany she was bound by the defensive pact, the Triple Alliance. Immediately she was forced to offend her allies by declaring them aggressors. The alternative was to enter to her disadvantage into a war about which she had not been consulted. Under the treaty, her right to be

consulted was clear. Apart from this general right, her especial interests in the Adriatic were ignored. She had to face the prospect of a new partition of the Balkan region. Under the Triple Alliance she was assured of territorial compensation in case of any aggrandizement of Austria and Germany. But Germany and Austria without offering compensation of any sort to Italy were plainly setting out on a career of territorial conquest. In short Italy was morally freed from what had always been an onerous obligation, from the moment that Austria and Germany cast the European situation into chaos, to Italy's probable disadvantage, without Italy's assent or will, and in disregard of Italy's treaty rights. From the moment of the Austrian and German ultimatums the Triple Alliance was annulled *de jure*. Its abrogation *de facto*, nine months later, was almost a superfluity, a mere courtesy that Italy owed to herself.

Italy promptly and duly asserted her complete liberty of action. It was, however, far from a comfortable freedom. She had to fear from her former allies Germany and Austria, in the event of their military success, a vindictive revenge. On the other hand, her obvious policy of joining the Allies was beset with moral and material difficulties. It is an ugly thing, even when one is in one's good right, to fight today against the partner of yesterday. Moreover Italy, deep in debt for the Tripolitan campaign, was not ready to fight. There was as well a firmly rooted conviction among the manufacturing and banking classes that a correct neutrality would actually pay better than a doubtful war against former allies. Even those who believed Italy's destiny required war, might well have been in doubt when to turn. Supposing the people would permit adherence to the Central Empires — and that was never seriously among the possibilities — the Central Empires seemed destined to defeat, while their promises to Italy were both conditional upon their victory and upon the still more un-

certain consideration of their good faith. *Teutonica fides*, after the violation of Belgium and the rending of the Hague war conventions was something less than a satisfactory guarantee. But the better and more popular alternative of joining the Allies was also none too easy. How far Russia and Servia would admit Italy's aspiration to control the Adriatic was doubtful. The probable admission of Russia to the Mediterranean threatened an unfavorable readjustment of naval power. Other considerations opposing a quick decision were the Pro-German sympathies of the royal family and court, and the pacificist tendencies of the ultra-socialists. Besides, the Ex-Premier and veteran opportunist Giolitti, with a strong personal following in Parliament very embarrassing to the Cabinet, had taken his stand on the principle that Italy should not fight. Clearly it needed time for this complex of interests to settle into a unified national sentiment.

Still to the credit of the foresight of Italy's rulers it should be said that, whatever turn the negotiations took, Italy consistently acted like a nation that meant to fight. An enormous work of army organization and supply was steadily effected, the necessary financial measures were taken. The war spirit grew apace, while the Government prudently kept it within bounds. Between dealing with a victorious and vengeful Germany, and helping to accomplish her defeat, I cannot suppose that the Government ever really hesitated. It was from the first merely a question of going in to best advantage and getting the best terms. The prolonged negotiation with Austria should be regarded merely as a tactical and dilatory move. Italy, while free from her old pact, lacked ostensible provocation. Such ground was found correctly enough in Clause VII of the Triple Alliance, under which any signatory altering the territorial *status quo* should make a "previous agreement . . . based upon the principle of reciprocal compensation for all territorial or other

advantages" that any signatory "might acquire over and above the existing *status quo*."

So Italy proceeded to ascertain her rights under the moribund Triple Alliance. Austria finally made partial and unsatisfactory promises to cede the Italian-speaking portions of the Trentino and of the Adriatic littoral. Such engagements were indefinite, being based not on geographical but racial divisions, and susceptible of various interpretation. Besides, the concessions were to be effective only after the war. Italy trusted no such repudiable scraps of paper. From Austria, for that matter, Italy neither desired nor expected satisfaction. The whole negotiation was merely a manœuvre to gain time for military preparation, and to afford a creditable exit from the old entanglement.

It is the failure to perceive the entirely tactical character of the dealings with Austria that has vitiated most American comment. Even as well informed a journal as the New York *Evening Post* writes: "It is to be presumed that the Allies have outbid the concessions and promises of Austria and Germany." This is a perfunctory and erroneous appraisal of what should be a clear issue. From Germany and Austria Italy never had anything to expect save eventual chastisement. It was only a question of how and when she should fight, not merely for her national aspirations but also for her national existence. Nor were the negotiations with Austria of a sort to deceive anyone. They were merely a result of the false position that Italy occupied as Austria's ally. When in midwinter Italy occupied the Albanian port of Avallona she showed her hand. But already Premier Salandra's pronouncement for "Armed neutrality" could be read only in one way. When on March 22, the German and Austrian consuls advised their nationals to quit Italy they expressed an expert judgment that Italy's military preparations were complete, and war imminent.

As a matter of fact, everything was ready except to

eliminate Giolitti with his peace-at-any-price adherents, and to change the somewhat anxious neutrality of the King into a desire for action. When late in April Salandra's cabinet resigned, finding the embarrassment of the Giolittians intolerable, the issue was referred from the Government to the people. At Rome, Florence, Milan, and other great cities there were the most unequivocal demonstrations demanding war. The Salandra cabinet returned to power. Italy was in all respects ready, and the formalities of a Parliamentary vote for war on May 21, and a Royal declaration of War on May 23 merely confirmed a decision that had been already made in the hearts of fifty million people. For the opportunist *Triplicista* Giolitti the hour had passed. He publicly declared his intention no longer to interfere, and was soon to be a voluntary exile from a land whose deepest moral convictions he had affronted.

The German and Austrian comments on the decision of Italy are variously interesting. In the Austrian Emperor's proclamation it was characterized as a "perfidy whose like history does not know." This is excellent official rhetoric. But for years it had been understood that Italy could not acknowledge the *casus foederis* in a war involving England. This had become a commonplace of international speculation. Even supposing the Triple Alliance still to be worth its face value — and as regards Italy its *raison d'être* had finally expired with the annexation of Tripoli — it was plain that the *entente* with England was disabling as regarded the older pact. It was palpable also that for Italy to fight England was to court the destruction of her own Mediterranean power. In the actual case the most that the Central Empires could expect of Italy was neutrality, while their own act had made neutrality an untenable position. In short the Austrian Imperial manifesto was part of the theatrics, not of the realities, of international polity.

The German Chancellor showed a truer perception of the case when he scornfully declared before the Reichstag that "the street had won." *Vox populi, vox diaboli.* Now any just moral appraisal of Italy's warrant in joining the Allies implies a close analysis of this verdict of the Italian street, and this analysis shall be our interesting task.

Why did the Italian people want war? From a complex of motives, some material, others of an ideal sort. Dislike of the Teuton is deep-rooted among the people. The aged heroes of the *Risorgimento* are still living. The memory of Austrian oppression is still vivid. Every Italian schoolboy is taught to regard the Austrians as hereditary foes, just as every well-regulated American schoolboy of the '60s and '70s was brought up more or less of an Anglophobe. This is the legacy of history, an imponderable motive but a strong one. A more personal dislike of the Teuton is caused by the swarm of German tourists who incessantly over-run the peninsula. Grotesquely clad, noisy, overbearing, demanding much and paying little, they commit manifold and repeated offenses against the Latin notions of courtesy. The *Tedeschi* hurt more by their condescending rough-shod amiability than they do by their arrogance. They constitute for the eminently gentle and decorous folk of Italy a kind of plague. The Italian sighs with characteristic resignation, and sums up his opinion of the Germans in the statement that he finds them "antipathetic." The business success of resident Germans has given the racial prejudice a more interested tinge. From the banks to the inevitable Gambrinus Halle you find the German marvellously thriving. There was a sense that Italian commerce, finance, and manufacture were being honeycombed by German enterprise — the germ of a political Knownothingism. These prejudices are evidently of the more unhandsome sort, yet they had to be reckoned

with, and any fair allotment of the responsibility would bear heavily against Germany. She was disliked by a people naturally most openminded and hospitable. It was easy for an Englishman, an American, a Frenchman, a Russian to find a welcome in Italy, but not for a German.

When we pass from such sub-political yet important motives, to politics, Irredentism is the leading emotion. It is a cause consecrated by the memory of Garibaldi; constantly reinforced by the complaints of hapless Italians under the Austrian yoke in "Unredeemed Italy." Foreigners are prone to qualify the Irredentists as mere jingoes and land grabbers. They point to the fact that the Alpine Trentino, though chiefly peopled by Italians, has never belonged to Italy; they note that the Venetian sway in Istria, Dalmatia, and Albania was vague and transitory; they point out the inconsistency of resenting the Austrian dominion over Trieste while calmly accepting the French annexation of the Nice-Mentone Riviera. At its worst, Irredentism fairly deserves these accusations. It is in some cases merely a gross and exaggerated form of Pan-Italianism, an unreasonable desire to harbor old grudges and contest the settled verdict of history. But Irredentism is a living force in Italy today for far other and more respectable reasons. What rankles is not that Austria has pushed into the old Venetian ports on the Adriatic, nor yet that she still rules from the Brenner Pass to Lake Garda — what hurts is that the Italian people under Austrian control are abridged of their civic and political rights, harried in their business, hampered in the education of their children, in their freedom of speech, and even in the use of their mother tongue; and their youth drafted for Austria's wars. This is the real grievance, and the bitter plaint of two generations of Italians under Austrian rule has kept alive the desire to relieve these compatriots in distress. Here we have to do with a moral incentive of undeniable force. Italy has looked to a work of redemption across her borders,

just as Greece for years has yearned towards the persecuted Hellenes in a Turkish Macedonia and Thessaly. From this point of view, Italy has no reason to be ashamed of her Irredentism. And now, as she sets foot on the passes of the Trentino and the plains of Istria, her armies are received by the populace as saviours.

How little Irredentism is mere land hunger is shown by the fact that Italy has calmly accepted the quite recent annexation by France of that garden spot, the Nice-Mentone Riviera. Why? Because of the hundreds of thousands of Italians in that lovely region, none is forbidden freedom of speech, or use of his own language in education; none is oppressed in his person, or hampered in his business. France has dealt justly with her Italians, and so the wildest Irredentist accepts the hard bargain by virtue of which French arms in 1860 expelled the Austrian from Lombardy. Thus Irredentism discriminates, has its moral and humanitarian basis, and is by no means to be confused with crude expansionism.

Unquestionably, however, the resurgence of Latin ambition counted for much in the decision. Without taking too seriously the perfervid titanism of D'Annunzio and the looser sensationalism of the futurist Marinetti, the notion of a Latin renaissance has been strong in Italian hearts. Withal the more vigorous Italians have been not quite proud of her recent history. Italy exists less by virtue of her might than as a product of the bargaining genius of Cavour. In a military way she has yet to prove herself. This was, even among her more thoughtful leaders, a reason for not evading the present ordeal. It was her chance to count greatly in Roman fashion, with the alternative of fastening upon herself indelibly the disrepute of being a mere trafficker. While one cannot rate this type of patriotism highly on any moral scale, it is at least disinterested. There entered into it also magnanimous emulation of the sister nation, France, nobly spending her best blood in the cause of

freedom. From the first, Italy, as a free nation only lately liberated from oppression, was morally committed against German oligarchy, and to the parliamentary states. Again such a fealty belongs to the imponderables, but also to the more powerful sort of moral incentives.

Finally Italy has shared to the full the horror of all civilization against the Teuton warfare of barbarity. The mother of modern scholarship, the land of libraries, Italy was appalled, as was no other nation, by the sacking of Louvain. The custodian of innumerable monuments, which even centuries of war have spared, Italy felt as no other nation could the wanton destruction of the Cathedral of Rheims. My Italian cook, seeing a photograph of that noble façade, remarked, "They want to leave nothing venerable outside of Germany." It was an eminently Italian sentiment. As insensate Germany has added horror to horror and cruelty to cruelty, the grim conviction has grown that such deeds must be stopped, and that, if necessary, Italy must help pay the dire price of stopping them. It is a sentiment that has morally arrayed all civilization against Germany, and must eventually draw enough free nations into the war to effect her overthrow. The Italian feeling is forcibly expressed by a poor mother of Bari who wrote to D'Annunzio:

> We do not wish to know what advantages Italy may gain from the war. We wish to avenge Belgium, to avenge the victims of the Lusitania, and all the innocent people who have been so brutally killed.

There speaks the voice of the street. I pity him who can find in it anything unworthy or ignoble.

Such is Italy's case. She goes into the war for self-preservation and for furthering her legitimate national aspirations. She marches to relieve her exiled fellow countrymen who live in oppression. She moves to vindicate her valor. In so doing she takes her place beside natives akin to her in tongue, race, institutions, or love of liberty. She draws her sword to abate intolerable

wrong and cruelty. She thrusts back in advance ruthless foes who would make targets of her towers and domes. In the last analysis, she fights to avert from her women and children the hazard of a lot more terrible than Goth or Lombard, Hun or Vandal, Northman or Saracen conqueror ever inflicted.

Her severest critics chiefly reproach her with her delay and prolonged negotiations. It seems to me that precisely in this is shown her fine Latin lucidity. Caught without fault of her own in a false diplomatic position, she had first to extricate herself: she has done so wisely; she needed to perfect her military organization: she now enters the war, as the Russian fortunes wane, at the moment and in the condition to do most good to her allies; she had to create a unified national sentiment: she has completed the work, and is today the single nation fighting by clear popular mandate. There are hundreds of cases of nations who have plunged heedlessly into war. Has any nation ever delayed to better purpose? Italy enters the world war, in her own time, and with clean hands. Will anyone who has fairly considered her case maintain that her fight for imperative national interest is merely sordid? She fights indeed for national interest, but, as in the great days of the *Risorgimento*, national interest enlists and comprises her finest enthusiasms, her highest ideality.

GERMANIC STATECRAFT, AND DEMOCRACY

I

BEFORE the outbreak of the present war many English and American idealists looked upon Germany as the leader in those political changes which seemed to promise most for the statesmanship of the future. The ideals of England and the United States seemed definitely discredited. The growth towards individual freedom, from which so much was anticipated in the days of Bright and Cobden, had not fulfilled its promise, and those whose eyes were ever seeking the vision of the state of the future looked to Germany. There at least new ideals and great accomplishments were to be found. The "sordid money-getting ideals" of the English politicians, born of trade and the needs of capitalists, were supplanted by the humanitarian aims of the great German statesmen. In the accomplishments of the Germans, and their aspirations, the idealists found ground for high hopes. A characteristic expression of this German ideal is to be found in Schäffle's *Memoirs*. Apropos of the insurance schemes, he says:

> The highest aim of the statesman is not the wealth and power of the few, but the greatest physical, material, and moral strength of the entire people, by which the nation maintains itself in the struggle for existence. Consequently measures that give the mass of the people greater security against need, and make them contented — measures that give them increased power to resist misery by corporate organization, measures that allay class strife and prevent unrest, measures that lead men away from the notion of begging, to a consciousness of collective provision for need, measures that protect untold powers from premature decay, measures that raise the moral and political level of the lower classes, — all such measures are of inestimable worth from the standpoint of the statesman who seeks the maximum social efficiency.

Many of us have admired the efficiency of German administration. At times, methods have been directly copied and it would seem likely that our institutions are to be transformed in no small degree under this new influence. We who have ever distrusted administrative powers, now regard administrative bureaus as the readiest solution of all our ills. In the United States we establish new commissions with powers that manifest an extraordinary growth. In England, Land Purchase Acts, Small Holdings Acts, Workingmen's Insurance, and the new Poor Laws, are all based upon increased domination of social life by administrative officers. Local self-government and free competition are discredited; the power of the central government is evident at every turn, buttressed by a solid body of collectivist doctrine. The new ideas appear in all degrees of intensity, ranging from a mild and balanced insistence on the claims of the central government, to the most outspoken socialism.

The change in English sentiment appears in many passages of Mr. H. G. Wells's *The New Machiavelli*, most particularly in the state-building dreams of the adolescent period in Switzerland.

"We were socialists," says Remington, "because individualism for us meant muddle, meant a crowd of separated, undisciplined little people, all obstinately and ignorantly doing things jarringly, each one in his own way. 'Each,' I said, quoting words of my father's that rose oft in my memory, 'snarling from his own little bit of property, like a dog tied to a cart's tail.'" And later: "Order and devotion were the very essence of our socialism, and a splendid collective vigour and happiness its end. We projected an ideal state, an organized state as confident and powerful as modern science, as balanced and beautiful as a body, as beneficent as sunshine, the organized state that should end muddle forever; it ruled all our ideals and gave form to all our ambitions." Again: "And a hundred times when I have thought of England as our country might be, with no wretched poor, no wretched rich, a nation armed and ordered, trained and purposeful amidst its vales and rivers, that emotion of collective ends and collective purposes has returned to me.

I felt as great as humanity. For a brief moment I was humanity, looking at the world I had made and had still to make."

We become accustomed to think of this well-ordered state as an ideal, partly because it is foreign to us, partly because it seems too good to be entirely true, but it is well to remember that such ideals of statecraft have prevailed in Germany for two centuries, and that modern Germany is as near an approach to this ideal as human skill and aspiration can make it in that space of time. An elaborate discussion of the writings of the Cameralists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is impossible here, but two brief quotations from Von Justi will suffice to show the presence of the ideal in the past. He says in his *Staatswirtschaft*,

From the combined welfare of the ruler and the subjects alone springs the real strength of a state. . . . For neither the well-filled treasury and formidable army of the ruler, nor a land living in riches and abundance, makes this strength.

In his view, "happiness" is the aim of statecraft, defined at length as follows:

Such good arrangement and structure of a state that everyone may enjoy a reasonable freedom, and by his diligence may be able to attain those moral and temporal goods which the demands of his social station make necessary for satisfactory living.

Such was the aim of government. The only means was, in the mind of the Cameralist, a staff of professionally trained officials. The notion of the ordered state was inconsistent with democracy. Popular institutions meant disorder, "muddle" to use the phrase of Mr. Wells. The proper regulation of the delicate mechanism of the state could be intrusted only to officials trained to high ideals of public service and schooled in all information necessary to the performance of their task. Chairs devoted to this political science were established in the universities, and the entrance into public service was open only to proficient students. The roots of Prussian administration lie in this

intelligent striving towards the ideal, which has begun so recently to attract our attention as something worthy of imitation.

II

This ideal of the well-ordered state has appeared to us in the past in its amiable guise, "as balanced and beautiful as a body, as beneficent as sunshine." We have been prone to forget the significance of those outbursts of cosmic emotion to which the ruler of the well-ordered state seems peculiarly subject. It is not a difficult feat of imagination to associate with the German Emperor many of the ideals of constructive statesmanship that flitted through the mind of Mr. Wells's dreamer. Such a constructive ruler is peculiarly sensitive to "that emotion of collective ends and collective purposes," from which there is such a natural transition to the dream of world empire. The inner purpose of much constructive statesmanship in Germany has indeed been militaristic from the beginning. The thought of military power is present even in the humanitarian idealism of Schäffle, and the full meaning of the "social efficiency" which has been Germany's ideal is most completely expressed in terms of military power.

Militaristic policies have played an important part in the history of Prussia, and the domination of Germany by Prussia has given those ideals of social efficiency a larger and more commanding field. In its actual embodiment the "well-ordered state" has been militaristic to a greater or less degree throughout its history. Before we adopt such an ideal of statecraft, may we not wisely endeavor to discover the nature of this association of militarism and collectivism? If there is any deep inner bond between such aspects of statecraft, it would seem that we might well be cautious, and slow to abandon the political and social ideals that have long been the inspiration of English-speaking peoples.

It must be admitted that the conditions of Prussian

history have laid peculiar emphasis upon military power, and the general significance of the rise of Prussia must be regarded as an established historical fact. Germany in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries presented a spectacle of political disintegration that was calamitous. The sharp division between town and country, and the inflexibility of class structure, were serious obstacles to normal economic development. The minute political subdivisions were an insurmountable barrier to the growth of commerce and the reorganization of industry. These conditions required heroic measures. There was a peasantry to be first redeemed from a demoralizing survival of medieval land laws, and then instructed in better methods of agricultural exploitation. Moribund industries were to be freed from the benumbing influence of special privilege. The petty protective measures which so frequently set town against town in an aimless industrial rivalry were to be repealed. The internal affairs of state were in need of a thorough reorganization, which by necessity must be the work of a beneficent and competent ruler. The reforms of Frederick the Great and the completion of his work by Stein are eloquent of the value of the ideal of the well-ordered state to Germany. But these reforms in Prussia would have been of little significance if the general political disorganization of Germany were to continue. The reform of inner structure could be accomplished only by the wisdom and tact of statesmen who had the coöperation of efficient professional officials; while the organization of an efficient state out of the debris of medieval empire could be brought about only by blood and iron.

The history of the military aggrandizement of Prussia in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is too well known to need repetition. The scheming for alliances, the sacrifices made to military power, are familiar to all. The sombre tone of the Prussian court in the youth of Frederick, the atmosphere of preparation for a life and

death struggle, the devotion of the father to his army, have all been vividly portrayed by Carlyle. We all have some acquaintance with the unequal struggle maintained by Frederick against his neighbors. The humiliation of Prussia by Napoleon, the origin of the present army, the appeal to the German people, and the hearty response, all this we know. The great victory over Austria in the short, decisive campaign of Sadowa was historically necessary. To this point in the military history of Prussia we can all follow with a clear conscience, and with the conviction that military power was no more than a necessary means in the upbuilding of a state for which there was a definite place in the family of nations.

The Franco-Prussian War and the present struggle hold very different places in history. To an unusual degree these wars have given rise to a vast literature of criticism and justification of motives. Delicate questions of historical casuistry arise, and the judgment of the outsider is prone to ascribe these wars to an excess of militarism. The only parallels to be found are the later wars of Napoleon and the wars of Louis XIV, and few historians have ever deemed it worth while to offer any defense for either Napoleon or Louis XIV. Those wars were more largely personal, and the brunt of the opprobrium is usually definitely placed on the shoulders of the rulers. The wars which have disturbed the peace of Europe of late, are not personal wars in the same sense of the word. We frequently speak of the war of 1870 as if it were in fact Bismarck's war. It was indeed the product of his brain, but it was adopted with hearty enthusiasm by the German people. In legal language we might characterize the people as "accessories after the fact." For the present war, the Emperor William is at times held accountable in a peculiar degree, and at times a "war party" is held accountable. Such views underestimate the significance of the state of mind among the people at large. No ruler and no court

faction would have dared undertake a struggle of such moment if not assured of the hearty coöperation of the entire people. Furthermore, there is abundant testimony to the devotion of the people to the cause. Even the most bitter opponent of Germany must concede that the temper and belief of the people have alone made possible the extraordinary sacrifices of these months of war, not to mention the years of preparation that preceded the outbreak. Think what we may of the grounds of German opinion, we cannot question the intensity of conviction that is behind the German colors.

Events of such a nature are not the result of chance. They express the qualities of the German people, their ideals of statecraft, and the relations of the individual and the state. There is, too, an inner relation between the ideal of the well-ordered state and these excesses of militarism. The Prussian conception of the state exalts the state above the individual. The individual is a subject, a more or less passive thing, to be fashioned by the statesman. The habit of obedience, the disposition to look to the leaders of the state for commands, the constant emphasis upon the advancement and prosperity of the state, tend to increase the control exercised by the leaders of the state. The statesman has an immense power and responsibility. In his exercise of power he meets little opposition from individuals, and sporadic opposition can be decisively put down as contrary to the collective interest and social efficiency. These various facts and tendencies do not in themselves lead to war, but they facilitate militaristic aims. Collectivism exerts an influence upon the mind of the people. Men are more quickly dominated by the emotions and sentiments of the crowd. Ideas acquire force, not on the basis of intrinsic merit, but because espoused by others, above all, because they represent the policy of the state. How else are we to explain the extraordinary statements that have been signed by German scholars since the outbreak of the war? The great wave of

feeling has subdued independent opinion, no less completely than the uncritical opinion which we should expect to be easily accessible to general sentiment. If not positively engendered by the ideals of the well-ordered state, militarism finds in such a state a condition of mind and a subservience to authority which are of immense significance in the execution of military designs.

The great obstacle to militarism is a keen conviction that the individual is of more moment than the state, — the ideal of the English-speaking peoples that the state is the servant of the individual, a means to certain ends, rather than a master. This conception of the state has been termed the individualistic theory, in contrast to the governmental theory that is represented most intensely by the collectivist conception. The former makes for peace and international comity, the latter emphasizes and exaggerates natural differences, and tends to create the jealousies responsible for wars. The difference between these points of view is eloquently illustrated by the so-called need of a militaristic policy in Germany to further economic development.

From that point of view, she must first secure adequate space for the growing population, and from the standpoint of the governmental theory there is a case. The population is growing rapidly, the territory of Germany is rigidly limited and completely settled. The ore deposits of Luxemburg and Lorraine are of immense importance to Germany, but are at present located on foreign soil. The growing industries of the Rhine Valley have no outlet except through foreign territory. They must needs reach the sea at Antwerp, Amsterdam, or Rotterdam. Germany's development is "cramped," her industries are "at the mercy of the foreigner." Such in general is the governmental view, with the rather obvious implication of necessary territorial expansion.

From the individualistic point of view, the case is en-

tirely different. The population of Germany, represented as being pent up within the narrow confines of imperial boundaries, has the world at its command. There is no considerable or significant restriction on the freedom of the individual German to migrate wherever his heart may desire. He can find law-abiding countries which afford adequate opportunities for his peaceful accumulation of material wealth. He cannot carry his law with him, as did his remote ancestors in the declining years of the Roman Empire; but otherwise the frontier is open to him under equally favorable or more favorable conditions. The German people has the whole known world in which to expand, and only an intensely imaginative mind, deeply imbued with the governmental theory, could think of this race as "pent up" in dire need of room to expand. The collectivist view can find an urgent militaristic problem in circumstances which do not present any problem to the individualist.

The other economic needs of Germany also appear in a different light when considered from the individualistic point of view. The absence of a domestic outlet for the Rhine Valley presents an interesting subject for reflection. The governmental theory presents a dismal picture of German trade hampered and harassed by this dependence upon foreign ports. What are the facts? One of the most important branches of trade in the Rhine Valley is the import of grain. As now organized, this trade is largely centered at Mannheim, far up the Rhine Valley. The larger import houses at Mannheim have purchasing agents in New York and other cities of the United States. The grain is shipped under a special type of bill of lading, which provides automatically for transshipment at Rotterdam or Amsterdam, so that the grain is never technically entered at the Dutch port. The development of this special bill of lading has resulted in a distinct falling off in trading at the Dutch ports. They are coming to be a peculiar type of port, a mere place for

the physical transfer of goods from oceanic to river or rail carriers. It might be alleged that the port mechanism would be less adequately cared for by a "foreign" government, but no one familiar with the history of these ports in the last generation would attach any weight to such a charge. The utilization of the ore deposits of Luxemburg and Lorraine is likewise free from any disturbance attributable to the international boundaries. All these cases can be made to appear complicated and difficult, but it is hard to feel that real economic problems are involved. The governmental theory creates a difficulty by implying or asserting that it is a matter of moment that all these concerns should be regulated by one and the same government. Such a theory, if carried to its logical conclusions, would lead to the assumption that the entire world must be subject to one government. Government is a necessary means to the ends of the individual, but the individual can be served by any government, and it is not to be supposed that the world's needs of commercial and industrial intercourse can be served by any single government.

III

However attractive the administrative ideals of German statecraft may seem in their more amiable aspects, we must feel some hesitation when we think of abandoning the ideals of individualism for these collectivist ideals which involve covertly so much of aggressive militarism. It may be that we have had cause to be discontented with the ideals of individualism as they have been expressed in the past, but we should remember that at times our actions are inadequately expressed in the catchwords of the day, and that it has been the peculiarity of the English-speaking peoples to be wise in action, rather than felicitous or profound in speech. As Carlyle says in *Past and Present:*

> Of all the nations in the world at present, the English are the stupidest in speech, the wisest in action. . . . Ask Bull his

spoken opinion of any matter, — oftentimes the force of dulness can no farther go. You stand silent, incredulous, as over a platitude that borders on the Infinite. The man's Churchisms, Dissenterisms, Puseyisms, Benthamisms, College Philosophies, Fashionable Literatures, are unexampled in this world. Fate's prophecy is fulfilled; you call the man an ox and an ass. But set him once to work, — respectable man! His spoken sense is next to nothing, nine-tenths of it palpable *non*sense; but his unspoken sense, his inner silent feeling of what is true, what does agree with fact, what is doable and what is not doable, — this seeks its fellow in the world. A terrible worker; irresistible against marshes, mountains, impediments, disorder, incivilization; everywhere vanquishing disorder, leaving it behind him as method and order.

This is singularly true of English statecraft, and it is as true of the United States as of England. Our ideals are really to be found only in the history of events, in the "muddle" of actual growth. Beneath our notions of statecraft there lies a different conception of the nature of the state. The German thinks of the state as a magnificent piece of mechanism which is, or may be, entirely harmonious and self-consistent. If the plan is good, the machine will work perfectly. Hence, the statesman must be large-minded: for upon his constructions rests the happiness of all his subjects. It is the function of the statesman, according to this view, to prevent discord or lack of adjustment, by cleverly constructed mechanism. This is not merely a Germanic idea, but the naïve idea common to all whose thought is not elaborately grounded in actual politics. This word "naïve" is perhaps a question-begging epithet to affix without discussion to this notion of the state; but let us hope that the offense will be overlooked, as no opprobrium is attached to the word.

In England and the United States we are disposed to think of the state as an intricate equilibrium of opposing interests. The condition of equilibrium in which we live, or better, the condition of approximate equilibrium, has been built up by an historical process. It is not mechanical, in any exact sense of the word, though various polit-

ical mechanisms are of moment in its achievement. The reality lies in the consciousness of each group that its desires can be achieved or gratified only within certain limits, which are discovered and expressed in the complexities of party strife. The hollowness of party government can easily be satirized; but underlying the system of government by parties, there is a great truth and a great ideal. Freedom becomes keenly conscious of what is doable and what is not doable. In the autocratic government this clear definition of the substantial limits of action is lost. The benevolent despot fails from no lack of good intentions, but because his measures cannot be so closely adapted to the needs of the time. Ambition for the public welfare, and energy in administration, are thus virtues of dubious value in an autocracy. The individual enjoys more freedom, and neighboring states are more secure, when the autocrat is lethargic. There is less political experimentation, less disposition to suppose that ambitions for aggrandizement can be satisfied at the expense of neighbors.

The Germanic conception of statecraft, however, makes a wide appeal, because it is the naïve conception; naïve in the sense of being founded upon force. It is conceived under the creative will, which is the manifestation of intelligent force; and it is executed and maintained by military power, which is the incarnation of brute force. Is it necessary to engage in a long, metaphysical discussion to establish the naïve quality of ideas which find the entire explanation of phenomena in external force? In the childhood of the race all phenomena are explained by the imaginative creation of personified forces. In maturer stages, the forces become abstract, but remain external to the events. It is only in the latest stages of reflective development that we find our explanations in the very nature of the things themselves, substituting for notions of creation by fiat, the notions of evolution and a growth by natural inherent processes. When we think of the

state and social relations, the same principles apply; there are naïve ideas which describe the state in terms of brute force and clever but external mechanism; there are developed notions which see in social phenomena a something profoundly rational, an inherent solidarity that is a growth rather than a creation.

This evolutionary conception of the state leads to a notably different idea of the function of the statesman. He is not an artificer with something in his hands over which he has complete control; possessed of power to tear down and power to build anew from the foundations. The idealist seems to have in mind such a builder, possessed of a plan, surrounded by a mass of unorganized materials, and confronted with the task of making a complete edifice. The function of the statesman should be likened rather to the director of what is called the "fabrique" of a great cathedral. He is entrusted with the maintenance and completion of a structure that is already imposing, already more or less complete. The task of the statesman lies in the maintenance of a social equilibrium that is not quite complete and stable. The elements of instability are diverse; some due to the slight but persistent alterations in the balance between permanent social oppositions, some to the appearance of new social antagonisms that must be brought into harmonious balance.

The evolutionary conception of the state differs from the naïve conception most notably in its frank acceptance of social conflict and opposition as a persistent phenomenon. To use ethical terms, the clash of interests is regarded as bad by the naïve thinker. It is in his mind opposed to harmony and order, and entirely avoidable by proper mechanical constructions. In the process of constructive evolution, the clash of interests becomes the basis of equilibrium and harmony, the very essence of reason in the state, just as the thrusts and counter thrusts of the Gothic arch become the essential principle of beauty in the cathedral. Such a conception of the state excludes

the implication that perfection is within the bounds of possible attainment. The doctrine of the well-ordered state has this perfectionist implication as one of its essential features. Those who are fond of ideal constructions may find the evolutionary conception less attractive, because it holds out no hope of ending the muddle forever. But English-speaking peoples are characteristically "tough-minded;" we prefer to face facts, even if they are distressing, rather than seek in idealism an escape from the consciousness of a disagreeable reality.

Inasmuch as the German's conception of statesmanship is in a sense inferior to the English conception, it may seem strange that German statesmen should have accomplished as much as they undoubtedly have. This is to be explained by the difference in political and social conditions. The deliberately constructive achievements of Frederick the Great and Stein were possible because Germany was socially backward in her development. Ideas that had been tested and tried in France and England could be borrowed. Conditions that already existed in these neighboring countries could be reproduced as near as might be. The development of social institutions in Germany has not been a spontaneous growth to the same extent as in France and in England. In recent times, there has been more of conscious imitation, and a deliberately conscious statesman can become the vehicle of such influences. Results are achieved somewhat less painfully, at all events with less appearance of groping and struggle. Under such circumstances, the statesman becomes more comprehensible to the naïve idealist, and there is a real danger of supposing that similar methods can be followed when definitely new social adjustments are necessary. As Germany approaches the political condition of her neighbors, some change in ideals of statecraft will become inevitable. Accomplishment will become less easy, and the creative power of her statesmen will be less evident. The present

anxiety of Germany about her importance in Europe may be regarded as a jealous consciousness of the inferiority that has been a fact in the past, and an impatient reaching forth for the substantial equality of position that must come in the future. There have been many mistakes in the appraisal of national ideals and culture, and the mistakes have been made upon both sides. In the process of civilization each nation has much to learn from her neighbors: for cultural growth is founded upon contact and the stimulus of differences in opinion and interest. But it is essential that all should seek to learn the true lesson. The English-speaking nations have much to learn from Germany, but the lesson is not to be read in ideals of a statecraft based on force. The Germans have much to learn from the English-speaking countries, and it would seem that one very significant lesson is that the power of the state at home and its influence abroad is not based on force.

THE OLD PARTIES AND THE NEW POWER

DURING the greater part of the last century, nearly every one in this country believed in party government. It seemed almost as natural that there should be two parties as that men should have right and left hands, or as — it used to seem — that there should be two sexes. We read in the books and were told at college that the government of England had always, in modern times at least, been carried on under the two-party system; and we believe it.

But this traditional reverence for part government is gone. It is now commonly said that the two-party system does not exist outside the English countries; and it seems badly shaken even in them. True, it has been shaken before, and recovered itself; but it was then believed in. It is coming now not to be believed in. The younger generation have had it preached to them that party rule is an abomination, a relic of an evil past. One may, one often must, vote for the nominees of a party. But that needs imply no approval of its principles, and certainly no loyalty to its organization. Our young men, and to some extent even our young politicians, seem to be now rather opportunists than partisans. Some of them proclaim triumphantly that the old order is passing; and it must be admitted that, even if the days of party organizations are not numbered, they are now rather dark days.

But however this may be, one fact must be faced. There is a certain principle without which no government, except a despotism, can exist or can be conceived to exist. It is that of majority rule; which means simply that if two men ride a horse one must ride behind. There must be a legislature, and the legislature must act. No member may like to have the thing done in the way it is done; but it has got to be done in some way, and the

majority would rather have it done in that way than not done at all.

In this necessity for agreement lies the germ of party government. The agreement may be temporary. Even in the English countries there may be groups or factions that will act together only for a time. They may unite merely to vote the taxes necessary to carry on the government, and then fall asunder. But they often find that they can act together for other ends, and in this way the habit of coöperation may be formed.

Out of this coöperation in matters of deep public interest the great historical parties have arisen. The habit of coöperation becomes very strong, and feelings of comradeship and loyalty are created. The members learn the advantage of mutual help, and the game of give and take can be played with much profit. In the gossipy memoirs of Thomas Raikes we read of an old member of Parliament who said "I have heard all the great speeches for many years, and they have often changed my opinion — but never my vote." Even after his day, some one looking down on the solid ranks of country gentlemen in the House of Commons, called them the finest body of brute voters in Europe.

So long as public opinion approves the course of the majority on the main question, its members can do very much as they please about other matters. They have the spoils of office, and they can reward the fidelity of the rank and file. On the other hand, so long as the difference of opinion on this policy remains vigorous, there will be a certain number of members representing the unpopular side, and these tend, for self-preservation, to form a party organization. They are supported by the hope of change in public opinion, and, owing to our federal form of government by the occasional spoils of local office.

Thus when there is a real "issue"; when there is a question of permanent policy concerning which a large number of people have sincere but conflicting opinions, the two-

party system of government seems to be a natural if not a necessary development. The opinions may not be reasoned opinions, but they are inflamed by emotion, and fortified by prejudice and habit. A genuine partisan clings to his party as an ordinary man clings to the religion which he has been brought up to reverence. To outside observation there may not seem much to cling to except empty phrases and formalities; but he would feel lost without them. The Roman Augurs perhaps could not keep their faces straight when they met one another, but they felt obliged to keep on performing their ceremonies with outward decorum.

In this country, during the early part of the last century, there were some real party issues. The Federalists and the Republicans hated each other. There was intense feeling over the financial issue, and over the tariff issue. And looming up behind all was the black cloud of slavery, which in spite of all the compromises and subterfuges of politicians brought opinions into such passionate conflict as made two parties inevitable.

But, although a party may subsist on political hatred for a generation, or even two generations, when the issue which caused the bitterness is finally disposed of, the feeling cannot last indefinitely. No one can seriously maintain that there is now any issue but the tariff between the Republican and the Democratic parties. The old party cries are as obsolete as those of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. The Democratic party — the party of State rights, of hard money, — vies with the Republican party in enlarging the functions of the central government, and has shown an even greater leaning toward "fiat" money. Both parties agree in favoring income taxes, and in harrying corporations.

And as to the tariff, there were never many genuine free-traders even in the Democratic party, and there are now almost none — there, or anywhere else. Twenty-three years ago there was some pretence of a tariff issue.

The Democratic party was after a violent struggle brought reluctantly to adopt a platform declaring for a "tariff for revenue only." The leaders did not believe in it, and when a bill tending mildly in that direction was brought in, they be-deviled it so in Congress that its sponsors were ashamed of it, the country was disgusted, and the Republicans promptly regained power. No intense public opinion, no strong party feeling, can be aroused by such a gentle modification of customs duties as has recently been made.

The Republican party could have given the country a good banking system at almost any time within forty years, certainly within twenty years. It did almost nothing. When it lost control of the government, its forty years of imbecility and procrastination estopped it from opposition, and its final vote was a confession of incapacity. The subject was intrinsically rather too technical for a party issue. Perhaps it could not have been made one. At all events it was not made an issue, and it is not now an issue.

Some would say that as there is no party issue now, so there is none, unless it be the tariff, indicated in the future. Some people go even farther, and say that there is no reason why there should be. Governments have their hands full with the practical problems of administering the numberless affairs of which they have taken charge. So, these people reason, the two-party system must come to an end. If there are no party issues, why should there be any parties?

There are a good many answers to this question. If there had been no great issues, there might have been no great party organizations; but there have been issues and there are organizations. As we have seen, government cannot be carried on without something in the nature of an organization, and as this need is permanent, so there is an element of permanency in the organization that subserves it. There is an amazing vitality in human institutions. Consider the prolonged endurance of the great mendicant

orders of the Catholic Church; consider the flourishing state of many sectarian organizations whose separate existence is ostensibly due to differences in their interpretation of certain phrases employed by Greek metaphysicians fifteen hundred years ago! Until to-day, the great nations of Europe had had no wars of consequence for nearly half a century. There was no good reason why they should have any now. None of them can gain by war one-tenth of what it must lose. Yet military and naval organizations, so far from declining, have increased tremendously.

It is true that devotion to a military organization, even after a prolonged peace, may be caused by more generous emotions than those which attach men to their parties. But party attachment is strong, because it is supported by a very intense feeling — the desire for self-preservation. To get and hold office is the only business of a politician; it is a matter of life and death with him. Comparatively few politicians could earn as much in private life as they get from public office. Most of them never earned anything like as much. Mr. Perkins is reported as saying that the ordinary member of Congress could not hold a twelve hundred dollar position in a well-managed private corporation. Some of them could not get any position in such a corporation. They have won office, as a rule, by very hard work, by strategy and intrigue, by using what little money they possessed or could borrow from their friends. They know that if they lose office they may never get it again. They will be ruined, and some of their relatives and friends will be carried down with them. It is idle to think that men will not cling with desperation to an organization if they believe it can save them from such calamities. It is idle to suppose that men will not be devoted to an organization that can help them to attain the contrasted blessings. This is the vital principle that preserves party organizations long after the ostensible reasons for their existence have disappeared.

No man can get office without the aid of an organization. A popular favorite, if well advertised, may sometimes carry everything before him; but as a rule no one can nominate himself. He would be laughed at. He would have few supporters; he might have none. Some time ago, when it appeared that the State of New York was likely to choose an inferior man as Senator, Mr. Choate nominated himself. He was a man of great ability, of the highest standing, and in every way fitted for the position. But he had the support of no organization, and he got hardly a vote. No one wanted to commit political suicide on his account.

If any one is inclined to question these statements, let him consider the history of Tammany Hall. Can it be made to appear that this organization has any political end except to get places for its members? Are these members attached to it by any real sentiment except the hope of getting office or the fear of losing it? There is often disaffection. There are mutinies and rebellions and secessions. But in spite of frequent defeats and severe losses, the prolonged existence of Tammany Hall shows that its members have been on the whole loyal and devoted. One would suppose that the record of this association would have buried it in ignominious oblivion. Such obloquy as it has incurred might well have overwhelmed any conceivable organization. Yet it persists. It is just now suffering from popular odium. It has suffered from it and survived it before. It does not lose heart because it loses a battle. As Gortchakoff said of Russia after the Crimean War, "elle ne boude pas, elle se recueille." So long as there are lucrative offices in New York, the politicians will strive for them; and so long as organization will help them in the strife, organizations there will be.

Last year the people of New York were asked to say if they would have a new constitution. Rightly considered, this question is about as important as any that can be asked. But the people of New York took no in-

terest in it; perhaps because the base-ball season was opening. Only one in six of the registered voters went to the polls. But Tammany Hall was as alert as ever. It decided that it was for its interest to have a new constitution, and a new constitution there is to be.

Tammany Hall is of course Anathema Maranatha. It is always in order to denounce its wickedness, and every preacher of political righteousness inflames the zeal of his hearers by pointing to this horrible example. But it must be said that the blackness of Tammany's history looks pale beside the astounding record of the Republican party in its distribution of pensions. The cost to the country measures the political value of the loot. The Republican party had to face the demands of the Grand Army, with its tremendous prestige and voting power. To refuse these demands meant political ruin to many a politician, if not to the whole organization, while to grant the pensions made their tenure of office secure; and they paid the price. It was an awful sum. The figures are too well known to be repeated. No votes ever cost so much: but the cost was borne by the people. For the Republican party the bargain was a profitable one. It secured the control of the government for nearly half a century. It was worth everything to the politicians, and nothing was lost save honor.

The power of the Grand Army is waning fast, and in spite of the waxing demands of the veterans of the war with Spain, it seems incredible that the disbursements for military pensions should not decrease.[1] But there are other ways in which voters may be bribed, and through which political organizations may be maintained. The patronage of our government is now enormous, and is rapidly growing. Taxation increases by leaps and bounds, and increased revenue means more offices and more jobs. What is cheerfully called the reform of the civil service has, it is true, hampered the politicians in the distribution of

[1] They *have* begun to decrease.

the minor spoils, but the *spolia opima* do not escape them. The creation of new departments and the multiplication of commissions have given them new opportunities. The number of office holders under these new bodies is much larger than is commonly known, and the faithful still get their rewards. Some of these commissions are called non-partisan. This means that the party in power understands the wisdom of building a bridge for the flying enemy. This is the meaning of the aphorism: "In real politics there are no politics." It is prudent to yield some of the spoils to the adversary, if he will help to increase them. The patronage of the States must be considered in distributing that of the general government, and mutual concessions may be advantageous to both parties. The children of this world are wise in their generation.

Yet, while party organizations are indispensable, and as human institutions go, permanent, the position of a party having no principles that arouse a strong public opinion is precarious. If the leaders have any capacity, if they have not become too old or too indolent, they anxiously watch the signs of the times. Politicians great and small "keep their ears to the ground." There is always plenty of criticism and denunciation of the party in power, and the problem to be solved is whether this is empty talk, or whether it represents the opinions of any considerable number of voters. No farmer, no speculator in grain, watches the weather probabilities with more care than an astute party leader devotes to the study of the political indications. If eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, it is also the price of political success.

Of course there are always some independent voters; occasionally there are a good many. They must be watched, and, if it be worth while, placated. They often disturb the plans of the politicians; but they are not, on the whole, a serious menace to party rule. For, after all, they are not disciplined troops, but guerillas. If they were devoted to a definite policy, as the English free-traders

were, or as the abolitionists were; if they cared only for that, or for that much more than for anything else, they would be formidable. But their strength is their weakness. They disapprove of the practices of the party in power, but they fear that the other party will do no better. They want things changed, but they do not agree as to the changes. They are educated men; they have ideas, but not the same ideas; theories, but different theories. If they can be brought to combine, it can be only by the surrender or compromise of opinions that they hold conscientiously.

But compromise disheartens and discredits them. It dampens their enthusiasm, for it involves political deals and trading in offices. They do not like to fight the Devil with fire; they are afraid of burning their fingers. Both parties are ready to pander to them, but they know that neither party is sincere. They may incline to favor one party rather than another, but its candidates in some districts may be too bad to be supported. The independent stultifies himself if he votes for a bad man as against a good man for the sake of party success: he is doing evil that good may come, and how is he better than a partisan? What thank has he? Do not even the politicians the same?

What do the enlightened "Progressives" in the country at large think of the choice of ex-Governor Sulzer as their representative by the Progressives of New York City? Is that an earnest of the reforms that are promised? Whatever the Progressives think of such performances, there is no doubt that they gladden the heart of the politician. He knows that men of high principle — the independents that he fears — cannot long endure the company into which they have fallen. They are now held together only by personal devotion to their leader, and are formidable because he is known throughout the land. Without him they would scatter like a flock of sheep that has lost its bell-wether.

It is not the isolated, unorganized, undisciplined, discordant independents, even if they be many, that are either useful or formidable to the politicians. But there has recently come into being a new power — a body of voters, numerous, united, organized, disciplined, knowing what they want and determined to gain their end. This power is the Trade Unions. Their number is not accurately known, but it is probably between two and three millions — nearly all of them voters. There is a good deal of rivalry between some of the Unions, but they are substantially united. There are jealousies and disaffections, but no more than exist in any large organization; and this organization is more complete than that of any political party. The discipline, considering the character of the rank and file, is remarkable. The penalties for mutiny are severe. Sometimes the penalty is starvation; sometimes it is death. Treason is worse than mutiny. The avenger of blood pursues the traitor; the punishment of Cain is upon him.

The discipline, like all discipline, arouses discontent, but it is submitted to because it is essential for the purpose of the organization. To the attainment of this purpose nearly all the members are sincerely, many of them enthusiastically, some of them fanatically, devoted. This purpose, no matter what the Unions profess it to be, is monopoly — the monopoly of the labor-market. A Trade Union's main usefulness, in the minds of its members, is the prevention of competition. Whatever work is done in that trade is to be done by Union laborers; if they have their will, no outsiders need apply. They are warned not to apply; they are threatened, and if they succeed in their application they are persecuted. If they are not driven out, the Union laborers will strike work, and woe to those who fill their places. In trades where the Unions are very strong, it is madness for the ordinary laborer to compete with them. He does so at his peril; at the peril of his home, sometimes of his life,

and even of the lives of his wife and children. He is a Pariah. Only the most desperate men can face such dangers.

So radical a body as the Constituent Assembly of France, on June 14, 1791 anticipated the monopolistic character of Trade Unions. They passed a decree forbidding all administrative or municipal officers from receiving any address or petition from such Unions. Section 4 reads:—

> If, contrary to the principles of liberty and the constitution, citizens engaged in the same professions, arts and crafts, should hold deliberations or should make among themselves agreements which aim at refusing in concert or granting only at a settled price the assistance of their skill or their labors, the said decisions and agreements . . . are declared unconstitutional, attacks on liberty and the declaration of the rights of man, and of no effect.[1]

Their authors are to be fined 500 livres each and deprived of the rights of active citizenship including the suffrage. They are also to be refused all employment on public works. If threats of any kind are made against

> the employers, artisans, workers, or foreign journeymen who shall come to work in the place, or against those who shall content themselves with a lower compensation,

their authors and investigators shall be punished by a fine of 1,000 livres each and three months in prison. All mobs composed of artisans, workers, journeymen, day laborers, or those incited by them against the full exercise of skill and labor, shall be deemed seditious mobs, and punished according to all the severity of the laws.

Strangely enough the Unions are countenanced by many of the unorganized laborers. It is easy to show that their sympathies are opposed to their interests. What the ordinary laborer needs is a free market, and the Unions

[1] Taken from *Constitutions and Documents Illustrative of the History of France, 1789–1907*, by Prof. Frank Malory Anderson, Minneapolis, The H. W. Wilson Company, 1908.

deny him a free market. If there is any work left after they have provided for their members, he may take it; but he must wait his turn. If there is room for more members in the Union, he may be admitted; but he must not compete. Sometimes it may be politic to "unionize" whole masses of laborers, as the Roman emperors admitted the Barbarians to citizenship; but there are limits to this policy. If all the people who labor with head or hands were unionized, the monopoly might be too complete. The condition of things might be much the same as if there were no Unions at all. Competition in its worst form might arise; the competition between Unions.

While it is easy to prove in this way that the interests of Union laborers conflict with those of outsiders, and difficult to see why the outsiders do not accept the conclusion, there are some reasons why they should not. Men are, after all, but imperfectly rational, and ignorant men can hardly be expected to understand the principles of civil liberty or the teachings of economic science. Some of them, no doubt, are aware of the conflict of interests, and are jealous of the Union monopolies, just as some of the Union members loathe their subjection to the Union rulers, but it seems true that many common laborers sympathize with the Union cause to the extent of helping it with their votes. The political power of the Unions is thus not to be measured by the number of their members. How much greater it is we do not know, but it is certainly greater, and it may be very much greater.

Perhaps this may seem less surprising when we reflect that the country is thoroughly indoctrinated with protectionism. After all, what more do the Trade Unions ask than what manufacturers and farmers have asked and obtained, and still ask and obtain? All of them want to be protected against competition; they want the advantages of monopoly. The protected industries want to sell their product to the people at higher prices than they could get if trade were free. They told the people that if

they got these higher prices by excluding foreign products, they could pay higher wages; but they did not exclude foreign laborers. The competition of millions of immigrants was perhaps more effective in reducing wages, than tariff taxes in raising prices, but people who could not understand that trade is barter could hardly appreciate such subtleties. At all events people who believe that tariff taxes cause high wages, which in turn cause general prosperity, are not in position to deny that Trade Unions may have like beneficent results.

Furthermore, if the Union laborers were familiar with economic theories, they might make an even stronger case. They might plausibly contend that their monopolistic gains are made, not by reducing the wages of competing laborers, but by reducing the profits of protected manufacturers, and the economic rent of lands, whether held by farmers or by city landlords. It is commonly held that these rents are largely unearned — that they are caused, to a great extent, not by the industry of the owners, but by that of the whole people. In the large cities the building trades are very completely unionized; the owner of land who tries to build on it by using free laborers will think Job's troubles were nought compared with those which he has brought upon himself. He must pay the price that the Unions demand. His own rent is a monopoly; why should he not share it with other monopolists, whose toil seems to many to have more visible results in the increase of substantial property than the inconspicuous and sometimes insignificant exertions of landlords? Nor can it be denied that many professors of economics and many social reformers give countenance to views of this kind.

No political party can disregard such a power as the Trade Unions. Both parties will compete for their favor; their members are voters, therefore to be wooed; they are voters, therefore to be won. They hold the balance of power. If either party dared oppose them, the other party

would quickly take advantage of such a blunder. Were any strong public opinion aroused against them, the politicians might venture to thwart them; but if there were any such public opinion, it would have little weight unless a great many people shared it. Votes are counted, not weighed. In all the manufacturing States, in all the large cities and in many of the small ones, the Unions are very strong. They can insist on the nomination of candidates that please them. They can dictate to legislatures, they can intimidate executives, and when the Progressive program is carried out, they can dominate the courts.

Many of the desires of the Trade Unions have been granted. In nearly all public works, no one is employed for a longer day or for less wages than the Unions choose to fix, and their members in many cases monopolize the service. They forbid the employment of contractors who do not comply with their rules. They have had departments and commissions created, and their members have offices in these bodies, even in the Commerce Commission and in the Cabinet. When they engage in a strike, their violent acts are seldom punished severely; the attempts of our rulers to preserve order are always belated, and usually feeble. A politician hates to use military force against laborers, as the Devil hates holy water. In almost every strike, even in the ferocious outbreaks at Pittsburgh, and in the terrible Pullman strike, the places of the strikers could have been at once filled. The country was full of unemployed workmen. The railroad managers at Chicago had an ample force engaged. But they did not dare to give them work. They knew that the civil authorities would not protect them, and they deemed it wiser not to fight. The recent unconditional surrender of the Delaware and Hudson Company shows with startling clearness where the political power lies.

In some ways it is easier for the party managers to bargain with the Trade Unions than it was to deal with the Grand Army. Pensions are a direct charge on the

revenue of the government, and plainly increase taxes. It would be impossible so to subsidize the Trade Unions. But within a few years a very ingenious plan for accomplishing the purpose has been devised. The plan is peculiarly meritorious from the politician's point of view, because it does not interfere with his patronage; the offices can still be kept for members of the organization. It is also meritorious because the subsidies do not come out of the public revenue; they are charged on the railroads and other public service corporations. As has been pointed out, if these corporations try to throw off the Union monopolies by employing free laborers, the civil authorities can tie their hands. If the Unions demand more pay, and the corporations refuse the demand, a general strike is threatened, and the corporations have to beg the politicians to intercede for them. No need to ask the result. It is equally satisfactory to the politicians and to the Unions. Sometimes the goal is reached by a short cut. The legislatures of twenty States have passed what are known as "full crew" laws, which require two men to be employed where only one is needed. These laws affect more than two million trains. They are of advantage neither to the railroads nor to the public; but they enable the members of the Unions to draw extra pay to the amount of nearly seven million dollars a year — an instructive example of an "unearned increment."

Ingenious as this device may seem, it evidently has limits. If the Unions are to exact revenue from the railroads, the railroads must have revenue wherewith to meet the exactions, and the politicians have been cutting down this revenue. The proverbial goose must have nourishment if it is to keep on laying the golden eggs. It seems strange that the Unions have not perceived this before now; but the discharge of many thousand workmen may open their eyes. Should they come to understand the situation, it is safe to say that the railroads will get their advance in freight rates.

A good many people are incensed at the manner in which the Trade Unions have used their power. Some distinguished men publicly complain of it. Some journalists write against it. They gravely warn the Unions that their proceedings are subversive of constitutional guaranties and fundamental rights, and are altogether reprehensible. The attitude of these well meaning citizens resembles that of an elderly gentlewoman in Connecticut at the outbreak of the Civil War, who exclaimed when she heard that Fort Sumter had been fired on, "Somebody ought to be spoken to about it." The Union leaders do not mind such remonstrances. They do not listen when they are spoken to. They distinctly announce that the law against monopolies is not to be enforced against their monopoly; and it is not enforced. The judgment against the conspirators in the Danbury Hat case was rendered thirteen years ago, but it has not been collected, and Mr. Gompers is not yet in jail for contempt of court. The American Federation of Labor now proposes to have Congress pay this judgment. At all events no such judgment is to be rendered hereafter, for this organization declares that it, "by its activities growing out of the necessity as developed in the Hatters' case, has secured the enactment of the Clayton anti-trust law, Oct. 15, 1914. This law precludes the possibility of any similar suit being brought in the Federal courts."

Upon the whole, this new political power cannot be said to have materially weakened the two-party system of government. The old organizations still flourish. The old party leaders have managed skilfully. They have contrived to hold on to the patronage of their parties, while they granted the demands of the Unions, and they will struggle to maintain this position and this policy. The Unions have obtained so much — so nearly all that they have asked, that they may think it prudent to ask little more. The parties are now subservient, and there is no public opinion that is politically formidable. Such

public opinion might be aroused if the leaders of the Unions became too arrogant. Should they resist the military force of the government they would imperil their position. If their demands for office became too exorbitant, even the politicians might rebel; for the party organizations must be sustained. The laborers not included in present Unions may form a rival body, as seems to be attempted by the "Industrial Workers," and such a Union might control many votes. Even the farmers of the country may discover that the Trade Union policies conflict with their interests.

The possession of power carries with it the temptation to increase it. The leaders of the Unions may think themselves strong enough to form a political party. Some of them are already talking of this; but it will be a dangerous experiment. If their leaders are wise, they will be content with getting what they want from the old parties. It is better to be king-maker than king. The Trade Union organizations are not fitted for politics. A new organization would have to be formed, and it might break up the old ones. The alliances with the old parties would be dissolved. The new party would have to declare its principles, and they might prove unpopular. To direct a party would take more political wisdom than the Union leaders have hitherto shown. The rivalry for leadership would bring on violent quarrels, from which the old parties would know how to profit. We must wait to see what the future has in store for us. Meanwhile it will be instructive to watch the pattern now weaving on the roaring loom of time in Italy, in France, and in England.

A POET OF INDUSTRIAL EVOLUTION

ONE of the most significant transformations of life in the present age has been the change from a rural to an urban existence, influenced by the concentration of forces in the huge industrial cities. Fundamentally the result of scientific experiment and invention which have opened up new channels into which the activity of men have been directed, this transfer of great populations into new environments and new occupations has occasioned, as a direct consequence, a readjustment of every department of life. Its more striking social manifestations — trades-unionism, coöperation, syndicalism, sabotage — have all been attempts to solve the problems engendered by an industrial expansion so tremendous in its scope that the organization of society has had great difficulty in keeping pace with it. The spirit underlying the radical propaganda lately so prominent has been the outcome of a mental development brought about by purely economic pressure; it has been identified with the determination of the laboring masses to obtain social justice and self expression. And it has been but one phase of the transition of mind from its primitive characteristics in rural life, to the development that it has attained in the modern struggle of industry.

Primarily this intellectual transition may be viewed as a product of the struggle between an agricultural and an industrial civilization. In rural life the creative impulse labors within the limits set by an already determined cycle; man is restricted by purely natural causes: the progress of the year, the influence of the weather, control the result of his diligence. The element of chance, however, exerts a potent dominion over him, and it is this wholly fortuitous phase of nature that he has deified. The calm and the undisturbed peace of rural existence

have given birth to the Madonna and the spirit of resignation traditional in Christianity; but the fear of the ruining tempest and of those subtle powers over which he has no control, which can obliterate in a moment the work of a year, has made man in his rural state a creature of supine submission, blindly hoping, prayerful, in whom the spirit of revolt and the will to do for himself have been utterly crushed. Economically it has left him equally without resource: for the agriculturalist is necessarily an individualist, unable to cope with the competition instituted by the widely organized, highly specialized industries that have encroached upon his domain. The city, offering a prospect of wider opportunity and greater gain, has absorbed from the country its best forces, and left it bleak, desolate, wasted, in the hands of the aged, the infirm, and the feeble-minded. And thus it is that the country, jealously guarding its primitive beauty and antique customs, has become the symbol of conservatism, the clammy touch of a dying past clinging with spent energy to a vital present, and hampering the development of the future whose genesis is implicit within it.

The city, however, is the symbol of evolution incarnate, evolution achieved through an ever-increasing control exercised by man over his destiny. Primarily this state is consequent upon a new social stratification, in which the mass has taken the place of the individual. The multitude is preëminently the creation of our time, it has come into being because of economic necessity, it has sprung up as a part of the great industrial and social evolution that is the contribution of our age to history. It takes the diverse individuals gathered from all quarters of the world, and from them it welds an organism in which all are equivalent, possessing a life and a psychology that are strictly its own, straining toward an ideal not perfectly visualized, which has its realization in the future. But the mass, while a sharply defined product of the particular city of its locality, is in no sense an isolated entity, it is

related to every other such individual conglomeration by the thread of life on which it subsists. Commerce forms its sinews, and, breaking down the old distinctions due to distance, has solidified the forces of traffic throughout the world. Political boundaries form no obstacle to the organization of a social democracy having its foundation in the common instinct that everywhere binds together the masses — the desire for money and material welfare. Traffic, therefore, has become the soul of the cities, commerce their raison d'être. In a measure this has resulted in a transmutation of psychological and spiritual values. Modern life is no longer, as life was under an agrarian society, a placid stream of even tenor, but has become a feverish, uncertain current in which the multitude, keyed to the highest point of its endurance, incessantly toils that the flow of traffic may continue unchecked. The tempo of life itself has become accelerated until the mere rhythm of living beats to the speed of a riveting machine. By day the masses labor for the god of traffic, by night they seek relief in the burning heat of passion, itself a form of traffic. Modern life is the epic of gold; gold, which by a new alchemy is translated out of the energies of the masses. Science, art, industry, speculation, vice; the brothel, the bourse, the laboratory and the factory are the alembics in which a new life is being born.

Out of this dynamism has come a new conception of beauty, one that is changing, evolving, supplanting an elder beauty and religion, which, because of their remoteness from life, leave us cold. The new beauty and the new religion are both inchoate, formative, seeking expression through conditions as yet imperfectly understood. It lies, essentially, in physical and intellectual struggle, in the force of a people spending itself on a never completed labor. It is visible in the congeries of rectangular factories, it is audible in the droning whirr of countless machines. It is present in the laboratories of science, in

the crowded marts of commerce, reaching even the flaming sky above the furnaces. But while these are its symbols, they are not its essence: the spirit of the new beauty lies not in labor or in passion, but in the supreme untiring energy that they both express, in the adjustment of a new order that they both convey.

It is because he has found in the material consequences of this change, the indication of a spiritual and an intellectual development, that the work of Emile Verhaeren stands as an enduring poetic interpretation of modern life. Out of it he has carved *Les Campagnes Hallucinées* and *Les Villes Tentaculaires*, which, with his play, *Les Aubes*, constitute a trilogy expressing the essence of our function as a period. Over all looms the flaming life of the cities, restless, turbulent, passionate, sucking in the forces of the countless millions.

The first book is a description of the country, deserted by its inhabitants, stagnant and forlorn.

> La plaine est morne et ses chaumes et ses granges
> Et ses fermes dont les pignons sont vermoulus,
> La plaine est morne et lasse et ne se defend plus,
> La plaine est morne et morte — et la ville la mange.

And again —

> C'est la ville que le jour plombe et que la nuit éclaire
> La ville en plâtre, en stuc, en bois, en marbre, en fer, en or,
> Tentaculaire.

He is concerned not so much with the pathos or the picturesque decay of the country, as with the consequences of the inevitable conflict between conservatism and progress. He finds huge numbers of individuals dominated and uprooted from a placid existence by the lure of materialism, forced to sacrifice their personal individuality to the greater individuality of the new class of which they will form a part. And in *Les Campagnes Hallucinées* Verhaeren has traced the genesis of progress as it appears to those who resist it.

In *Les Villes Tentaculaires* he visualizes the spheres of activity which most clearly express what he feels to be the idea underlying the whole of modern life. He sees the city as an organism governed by ideas —

> Sur la Ville, dont les affres flamboient
> Regnent, sans qu'on les voie,
> Mais evidentes, les idées.

And in a poem on science he expresses the hope of the future, which he has stressed with greater force in *Les Aubes* —

> — Viendra l'instant, ou tant d'efforts savants et ingénus,
> Tant de génie et de cervaux tendus vers l'inconnu,
> Quand même auront bâti sur des bases profondes
> Et jaillissant au ciel, la synthèse des mondes!
> C'est la maison de la science au loin dardée,
> Vers l'unité de toutes les idées.

He sees in the great social struggle that parallels the growth of industrial efficiency, the hope of a more splendid future toward which the new forces are consciously building: for the present is but an infinitesimal moment in an evolutionary development that reaches toward infinity.

In his lyric play, *Les Aubes*, the epilogue of his trilogy, Verhaeren has pictured the end of the bitter struggle, the last onslaught of conservatism upon Oppidomagnum, the city of the future. And in what he considers the final tragedy of the individual, Verhaeren finds the reconciliation of the opposing forces in the harmony of progress.

His own intellectual development has largely been a reflection of the change in life that his poetry expresses. His earliest work, *Les Flamandes*, is a study in the manner of Teniers, a series of paintings of the life of his race, of whom he later says —

> Je suis le fils de cette race
> Tenace,
> Qui veut, après avoir voulu,
> Encore, encore et encore plus.

He contented himself with celebrating the more vivid

aspects of Flemish life, the physical joy of living, the superabundant vitality which expresses itself in brutal sensuality, untutored virility finding the channel of its escape in lust. But even though restrained by the traditional form of French verse, this first work of Verhaeren's betrays an interest which remains intact even to the very latest of his poems — the quality of finding in its intense activity the essential characteristic of modern life. This point of view is accentuated in his second volume, *Les Moines*, a study of the parallel contrast in Belgian life, an impression of the beautiful dead cities wherein the contemplative life of religion seeks its last stronghold. It is this field that Rodenbach, in *Bruges la Morte*, made peculiarly his own, and both the delicacy of his genius and the clouded beauty of his style have made him the unique interpreter of the dying medievalism of Flanders.

To Verhaeren the appeal came through a different set of values. Beauty he sought not in the romantic reliquaries of the past, but in the hearts of the monks, who, in those remote cathedrals, devote their lives to the pallid love of a dying creed, finding no echo in the life that has forgotten them. It is their courage and the strength of their weakness that he sings, their cruel cherishing of an antique beauty. It is the life of death that he sees in this spiritual force lashing men to an unequal struggle in which they are foredoomed to failure. These two books, purely external and objective, portray the combat raging within his soul, the enforced choice between the placid quiet of the past, with its denial of life, and the present, with its crude activity, its will to create. To both subjects he has returned at a later day, in his play, *Le Cloître*, and in his poems, *Toute la Flandre*.

Subsequent to this period of indeterminate activity came a period of negation, reflected in three books, *Les Soirs*, *Les Débâcles*, *Les Flambeaux Noirs*. These books are, however, of value only as the record of an

intellectual transition, for they contribute nothing to his purely constructive thought. His philosophy, up to the period represented by these volumes, had been one of intense egoism, and he found himself, much as Carlyle had, in the early chapters of *Sartor Resartus* an individual in conflict with the world. He discovered his standard of values to be false, his old beliefs deserted him, and, in the struggle for certainty that followed, his former self-sufficiency was completely obliterated. He found that men were conquering hitherto unconquerable forces through the application of scientific knowledge to the problems of experience, and it is in the ever accruing fund of science, giving a constantly progressing control over the forces of nature, that he bases his hope of a wider freedom for man. Religion, art and science appear to him to be three paths which have attempted a final solution of the mystery of life, but in the progress of science only does he find that the unknown is gradually becoming the known, and that man is constantly achieving a more complete control over his destiny.

Just as he discovered the æsthetic values implicit in industrialism, he has found a moral and philosophical value in science, and in this lies the essence of his contribution to constructive thought. In the history of civilization man has always deified the forces over which he had no control, which hampered his progress until, in science, he found a means of bending them to his will. Every increment to knowledge translated into the terms of control robs the unknown of a vestige of its power over man, until, in the progress of science, man will have achieved a control over nature so far-reaching that he will have attained complete freedom from chance and from the supernatural, and become as God. It is as a progress toward this ideal that he celebrates our age, an age of wonderful scientific achievement, of huge industrial expansion in which the greatest value is set on creative effort. Creative effort, physical as well as in-

tellectual labor, is the broad path leading toward the ideal condition in which man will have truly become the captain of his fate.

The restless impulse of progress has been the inspiration both of Verhaeren's theory of poetry and of his philosophy of life. His poems are preëminently the expression of the vital dynamism, bursting through the limitations of a form too artificial to constrain them. In that they are descriptive of the genesis and life of a mood, they are lyric, but the mood is invariably cosmic, always dynamic, never purely reflective. In that they illustrate the contending of forces at a white heat and the reaping of the past by the present, they are dramatic; and in their splendid vision and prophecy of the future, their significance is epic. The vision of a seer inspired is the dominating motive of Verhaeren's later work, the physical necessity for the expression of his message. His poetic form has been taken from the rhythm of modern life, the panting of its huge machines, the fevered cry of the workers, the music of the mob. Technically it is a form of free verse, the poetic form of the Bible, but its enthusiasm is an expression of his own philosophy. For progress depends not only upon clear and lucid thought, but also upon an innate enthusiasm for life itself. Nature, for him, has become the life of the masses in the cities of industry, and he, like Wordsworth, is a pantheist in that he believes that only through contact with nature, by a passionate resolution of the individual into the mass, will be obtained the final unity wherein the terms humanity and divinity will become synonymous, and man, purely by creative effort, will be the arbiter of his destiny.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FLUX

I

MR. PAULUS laid down his glasses on Mrs. McNeegle's package of granulated sugar; Mrs. McNeegle carried off the glasses hooked accidentally in the string which surrounded the paper, which confined the sugar; Mr. Paulus, being shortsighted without his glasses, presently searched and found them not; therefore he ran anxiously out of his grocery store into the road, that he might call aloud to Mrs. McNeegle; there he stepped upon a hen, which warmly nestled her chest in the soft dust of the highway; she, so strangely assaulted, rose and fled in agony of alarm, startled, outraged, fearful of all manner of ill, into the thickened hinder legs of a brown horse, which stood in meditation in front of the store; he, indignant, first kicked in the dashboard, behind which sat Mr. Penrith reading his newspaper, and then, upon second thoughts, ran away.

Mr. Penrith went backward from the buggy in a circle of overturn and reversal, dropping the newspaper on the seat. Mr. Harvey Cummings came out of the feed shed behind the store, shouted "Whoa!" once, no more, and ran silently, save for his laboring breath, after the horse, which ran down the hill, thundered across the bridge, and so startled Mrs. McNeegle that she dropped the granulated sugar over the railing into the soft murmur and silken glisten of the brook below.

"Demmit!" said Mrs. McNeegle, "It's gone!" She was a heavy faced, wintry looking woman. She turned back in search of more granulated sugar.

The horse stopped beyond, and fell to cropping grass by the wayside. Mr. Cummings, arriving, climbed in, said "Gedap!" once, no more, and drove northward making no comment.

"It reminds me," said Mr. Penrith, sitting in the middle of the road, his coat and necktie dusty and disordered, "of my youth. In those days I performed actions of this kind with a certain indescribable pleasure."

"Did your hoss run away?" said Mr. Paulus, blinking vaguely.

"I think so, I think so. And yet, no. It was not my horse. It was Harvey's."

"Mrs. McNeegle's got my glasses," said Mr. Paulus, "maybe."

"Maybe! It may be so," said Mr. Penrith, earnestly rising and taking Mr. Paulus by the button. "But did you notice, Paulus, did you observe the motion which I described. It was not a true circle. It was in point of fact a spiral."

"Can't see nothing without my glasses," said Mr. Paulus.

"It was a spiral, or coil, because the motion backward, coincident with the circular motion— And yet, no! Not at all. I am wrong."

Mr. Penrith being tall, thin, and, as it were, topheavy by reason of large head and ambient hair, and Mr. Paulus being short, stout and solid,—Mr. Penrith overleaned and beamed down upon the face of Mr. Paulus, round, upturned, recipient. He grasped Mr. Paulus' coat lapel with his left hand, and with his right forefinger defined truth upon the end of Mr. Paulus' nose.

"For," said Mr. Penrith, "the motion of the wagon, and hence my own, was forward in a straight line and opposite to the backward and circular motion produced by my head moving in circumference upon my haunches as the center; hence my total coefficient was neither a circle nor a coil, but a loop. Consider and you will see the figure. It was a loop!"

"Can't see nothing without my glasses," said Mr. Paulus obstinately.

"A loop!" cried Mr. Penrith. "Consider the figure!"

Mr. Paulus considered, not as one who has seen, but as one who could conceive.

"The figure," he said, "was ridiculous."

Mr. Paulus went across the road to his house for another pair of glasses, and returning, found Mrs. McNeegle wanting more granulated sugar.

"The human mind," said Mr. Penrith, "the human mind, Mrs. McNeegle, acts upon suggestion. Your mind acts upon granulated sugar, Paulus's on spectacles, mine on curves."

"I dropped the sugar in the brook," said Mrs. McNeegle.

"Then you dropped my spectacles in the brook," said Paulus, "maybe."

"Maybe indeed!" said Mr. Penrith and the three went northward toward the bridge. "Maybe, indeed," said Mr. Penrith. "Maybe, Paulus, is a word most suggestive, most pregnant. The mathematical theory of chances is expressed in a complex series of equations, which constitute in toto a definition of maybe, as thus: $x+y-z$ = maybe."

They drew near the bridge under which the running mill stream flowed, and on the rail of which at the moment two phœbe birds sat twittering of their young loves and nested hopes.

"In every maybe, Paulus, in every perhaps, in every peradventure, Mrs. McNeegle, lies hidden an exact modicum or measure of probability. Chance is not a goddess, but a formula. Luck is mathematical."

"Mine," said Mrs. McNeegle, "ain't any good."

II

Mr. Flux (or Fluchs as we understand it used to be spelled, but he changed it for reasons of philosophy) sat under the bridge, where the horse thundered over, and the sugar fell into the brook, and Mr. Penrith's newspaper, blown from the wagon seat, settled slowly, with the rustle of world-wide tidings, by the brookside, in plain view.

Why thus sitting by a murmuring but inarticulate stream, Flux, the philosopher, his gray beard, red face, thick nose, and loose ungirt abundance, exiled from the cafés; his invincible dialectic lost to its admirers, who brushed their hair symbolically *à la russe;* his flood of shattering doctrine (wherein nevertheless one discerned, now obscure, now rising clear out of the wreck and *débris* of all things reasonable and accepted, the vision of a new society, "The cloud capped towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, the great globe itself," defined and displayed)—why here so far astray from centers of conversation? It occurred in this way.

"Nature," said Mr. Flux, one night at the Café Alice—"Nature acts"—He paused and reflected. "But how, in point of fact, *does* nature act? There lies the uncertified element in my philosophy. Let us not be hurried. The argument rests, temporarily, here. Tomorrow I shall set out personally," he concluded "to examine nature."

When the newspaper and the sugar had fallen, and Mrs. McNeegle had said "Demmit!" and departed, Mr. Flux arose, came forth, and possessed himself of these abandoned properties, meaning by "these" not Mrs. McNeegle or her "Demmit" (of whom the one had departed toward Mr. Paulus's grocery store in search of sugar, the other heavenward in search of charity), but meaning the newspaper and the sugar, of which the package was broken, and only a handful of watery sweetness remained, with a pair of spectacles hooked into the string. Returned to his place under the bridge, Mr. Flux set himself to read Mr. Penrith's newspaper, through Mr. Paulus's glasses, now and then stirring a finger in Mrs. McNeegle's sugar, and sucking the finger. The brook murmured, the grasshoppers chirred in the grass, the phœbe bird chuckled in her comfortable habitation of gray clay plastered to the beam above his head. In the newspaper the great world chattered and quarreled, petty, slanderous, unjust. "Nature," he reflected "is harmonious to the ear, as

society is a discord to the understanding. Be it so. Now if any accommodating Providence, by sending me a newspaper, spectacles approximately suited to my eyes, and white sugar in a brown paper, by any such insidious conspiracy thinks to corrupt the rigor of my criticism on its general dispensations, the plot fails. I denounce it, and regain my moral integrity. In the face of the world oppressed, a special providence is a piece of frivolous favoritism and misleading graft. I denounce it," he murmured, "I reject it." His wet finger fell from his mouth. Some moments slipped by. He slept.

"There's my spectacles," said Mr. Paulus.

"He got 'em off the sugar," said Mrs. McNeegle, "p'rhaps."

"Perhaps indeed!" said Mr. Penrith. "How delightful a thing, Mrs. McNeegle, is a verifiable hypothesis! Perhaps, moreover, he will wake up, if we say *Hi!* Let us say: *Hi!* thus in unison."

"Hi!"

Mr. Flux awoke.

"My newspaper," said Mr. Penrith.

"You et my sugar," said Mrs. McNeegle.

"Them spectacles," said Mr. Paulus, "is mine."

"Welcome," said Mr. Flux, rubbing his eyes, "to my humble dwelling."

"Ain't yours," said Mr. Paulus, who came in nevertheless under the bridge, followed by Mr. Penrith and Mrs. McNeegle. The three sat down, each on a dusty rock by the side of the shrunken brook, facing Mr. Flux. "It belongs to the town."

"Ah!" said Mr. Flux, aroused, alert. "You mean the bridge. But have you, sir, have you distinguished, have you defined, have you noted that 'belonging to' a political aggregate, such as a town, is not ownership, but trusteeship. But let us not be hurried."—Mr. Flux moved forward fleshily, like an octopus, away from the stone foundations of the bridge, lest freedom of gesticulation

should bring the fist of eloquence into contact with inorganic masonry.—"Let us consider with every discriminate care what rights and titles I have in this bridge, these glasses, this newspaper and this sugar."

"Ain't got any," said Mr. Paulus.

"My stars, Paulus!" said Mr. Penrith, "How do you know till it's argued? Never can tell till it's argued."

" 'Taint argument," said Mr. Paulus, "it's property."

"I brief my title to the said properties," said Mr. Flux, "as follows: first, upon their usefulness to me; secondly, upon the harmlessness to society of the use which I make of them. Regarding the spectacles in particular, I add two special considerations; first, that while I need them to read with, you do not, for you have another pair; secondly, do you, or do you not, notice a marked difference in my appearance when I have them on, thus! from when I take them off, thus?"

"With them," said Mr. Penrith, marking precision with his finger, "you suggest the benevolent; without them, the disreputable."

"And benevolence," said Mr. Flux, "is the idea which my appearance should suggest, and thus induce in other people for the successful practice of my profession, which is, at present, mendicancy; therefore I need them professionally. Thirdly, perhaps from long residence, sir, upon your own benevolent though obstinate nose, perhaps from some antecedent virtue in themselves, perhaps as a secondary result of my resultant looks—a sort of inward striking of the outward semblance—in short, I take their benefit to heart. Somehow they do me good. When I put them on I feel that I am a better man. Therefore I need them morally. Putting all these together, you see that my title to these spectacles is complete and convincing."

"Q.," said Mr. Penrith, "E. D.! Paulus, the spectacles are his."

"Ain't either," said Mr. Paulus.

"They are!" said Mr. Penrith. "It's logic!"

"It ain't law."

"Let us," said Mr. Flux, "not be hurried. Let us examine the nature of property. Let us examine it historically. So examining, we shall see that its law develops logically. The first law of property was force; something is mine because I can take and hold it. The next law of property is habit; something is mine because it has been, or else it was passed over to me by someone who had it before. The new and final law of property is need; property, it says, is merely the right to use according to need, to use up if such is the nature of the article; litigants have to prove their needs. There is to be hereafter no other right meaning to the words title and possession. The greater need the better title. This produces the right division of possessions automatically, because as fast as a man gets too much, he loses title to the superfluity. It does not produce equality; equality is unjust; but it gives to each what he needs; and title, ownership, possession, become fluid in place of solid, and so fit themselves to the varied and changing surface of life, as water fits the place whereon it rests. It gives to me, as you are now convinced, good title to this bridge, these spectacles, this newspaper, this sugar."

"I don't want the sugar," said Mrs. McNeegle. "It's bursted."

"I do," said Mr. Flux. "Defendant's title is established. Plaintiff withdraws suit."

"The newspaper ran away with the horse," said Mr. Penrith, tapping his forehead doubtfully. "I hadn't finished it."

"I have," said Mr. Flux, handing him the paper. "Defendant's title has run out. Plaintiff's is reëstablished. But can the third plaintiff deny that these spectacles are mine, in the face of such cogent reasoning as I have presented; in the face of proof of no title on his part, so plainly admitted and confessed as that other pair of

spectacles which rest at this moment upon his own nose; in the face of a need and utility so completely demonstrated by me, both morally to the improvement of my disposition, and professionally to the practice of my calling as a mendicant?"

"He can't!" said Mr. Penrith with enthusiasm. "Paulus, they're his."

"Ain't either;" said Mr. Paulus placidly.

"Mendicant means beggar," said Mrs. McNeegle severely. "It ain't respectable."

"True," said Mr. Flux. "But that's only one of its virtues."

"Ha!" said Mr. Penrith.

"They cost two dollars and a half," said Mr. Paulus.

"Let us," said Mr. Flux, "not be hurried."

III

"That mendicancy is despised," said Mr. Flux, "of course speaks well for it. But I adopted it not only because it is creditably despised, but, secondly, because it offered a reasonable support, and, thirdly, because it was the most useful occupation I could think of."

"Useful!" said Mr. Penrith, "creditably despised! Pending explanation, I comment thus: Fiddlesticks!"

"Creditably," said Mr. Flux, "because it is creditable to be despised by a standard which is despicable; useful, because by its means I first loosen the hearts of those whom I induce to give, as one spades the soil of a garden; in which loosened soil I plant ideas, as one plants peas."

"Hum!" said Mr. Penrith.

"The great enemy of progress," said Mr. Flux, "is crust. Different methods are in use to do away with the dried and hardened surface of society and men's minds, and this method of loosening the soil, which I use at present, is of course no invention of mine. It is widely practiced in the east. The begging friars used it of old as an essential part of their system. But indeed most accepted

methods of treating crust are open to the beggar. There is for instance the method of shock. A beggar can preach more effectively than a clergyman, because he is not expected to preach at all. He preaches from the pulpit, and with the authority, of the unusual."

"Ha!" ejaculated Mr. Penrith.

"The tactics of shock," continued Mr. Flux, "have many phases, but the principle is one, namely, an explosion to break the crust. The paradox and the bomb are thus brothers. Dynamite is a symbol. That it kills and destroys is an incidental misfortune. The theory of it is that it wakes up."

"Pooh!" said Mr. Penrith.

"Theoretically therefore I admit the argument for dynamite. Theoretically it is plausible. But practically I regard it as pretentious. I sympathize in a measure with your ejaculation 'Pooh!' For I perceive that the moral efficiency of the bomb does not equal its indiscriminate noise. Personally I do not use it except in the modified form of the diminutive and homeopathic fire-cracker, which my personal experience leads me to regard with interest and favor. A fire-cracker, introduced into the coat-tail pockets of an ultra conservative, has been known to alter his point of view on more subjects than one would suppose."

"Pish!" exclaimed Mr. Penrith.

"Pish! do you say? But you have, sir, yourself, I observe, a taste for ejaculations. You use them with variety, with selection, with sentiment. Consider the nature of the ejaculation. The ejaculation is the veritable self, the human reality, breaking through the crust of the formal sentence. It is free, it is natural, it walks a god, naked and unashamed; it is direct, immediate, undisguised. In the verb, the noun, the adjective we hide, we palter, we elude. In the ejaculation we are ourselves, and alone with truth and nature. Now, ejaculations are, in fact, explosions."

"My stars!" said Mr. Penrith. "So they are!"

"Explosions, my dear sir, of pure nature. Expanding force, oppressed or confined, explodes. Now where we imitate nature we succeed. The Maine lumberman uses dynamite to break log jams, the Arizona rainmaker to break droughts. It is a question of method, the treatment of congested conditions by the method of shock. Some rains come with thunder and with bolts; some social progress is revolutionary and violent: some speech must be ejaculatory in order to be adequate; applications all of the method of shock. But the long deep soaking rains come slowly and quietly; most social progress is not a cataract, but a current; most speech is measurably consecutive. Very true."

"Humph!" said Mr. Penrith.

"Now, the trouble with society is insufficient rainfall. We suffer from lack of humidity. I am aware that primitive societies are yet more arid, that ages pass over tribal life without one green idea springing newly from the soil. It rains oftener now than it used to. Moreover we irrigate. The printing press is a method of water supply. Irrigation is the bringing of water from its useless confinement in the narrow channel or reservoir of a class or group, and distributing it over the broad fields to waken them to life. For as more rainfalls occur in the highlands, so are ideas more plentiful in certain circles than in others. I am myself, as it were, in my humble way, a small irrigating ditch, and you certain caked and dry fields, convinced of the immutable and blessed reasonableness of your aridity. I bring the fluid, the flowing. Life is moist, death is dry. Let the rivers run free, let the bowels be open, let not the blood clot in the veins. Nature has one great solution for all problems, namely, her own abounding vigor. She treats problems as a river treats obstacles. She over-flows them. Truth itself is not absolute but relative, not fixed but flowing, not inorganic and changeless but a living growth. As Carlyle wrote the Philosophy

of Clothes, so would I write the Philosophy of Explosion; or rather the Chapter entitled "Shock," in the Division or Part entitled "Methods"; for inclusion in that Book of Books, the real, the true, the great Philosophy of Flux, the Law of the Fluid or Theory of Moisture. Nothing escapes the application of that Philosophy. It gives not only the law of the cosmos, but the law of property. It explains the functions of ideas and of rain."

"There's considerable weather," said Mr. Paulus, "in these parts."

"Tush!" said Mr. Penrith, "I retort. I rejoin."

"To truth," said Mr. Flux, "there is but one retort, rejoinder, or reply,—sophistry. I await it."

IV

"I reply," said Mr. Penrith, "in the interests of clear air and dry feet, thus: In the beginning the earth was without form, and the waters covered it. And the waters receded but a little, and in the shoals the sea weeds grew like trees; and again the waters receded, and creatures, all belly and mouth, wallowed and soaked in the slime. Finally dry land appeared, and with dry land life began its more steep ascent. Here beginneth the Theory of the Dry, the Law of the Solid, the Philosophy of Standfast. Is it sophisty?"

"Doubtless," said Mr. Flux. "Continue."

"As cosmos succeeded chaos, and the stable the unstable, so ordered society came out of the shifting horde. As in nature, so in society. To create is to make order and system out of chaos. Science which classifies, art which gives form to the formless, poetry which names the nameless and images and places the unimagined, all are creative. Now, there is no order or form or place in the fluid or gaseous. Hence the first work of creation is to obtain a medium in which results do not vanish as fast as gained, in short, to eliminate the superfluous wet.

Civilization is built of solids. Among its solids is the institution of property."

"Civilization," contended Mr. Flux, restless with inward commotion, "is dry-rotted with property, stagnant and scummed over with property!"

"Stuff!" exclaimed Mr. Penrith. "Chatter! Property is a tool for the shaping of persons. But wait! The point is obscure. I elucidate. Man is a part of the stream of things, but he has somehow obtained a footing in the flood that enables him to stand poised, to watch the current roll past him, to say 'I am I, and that is something else.' This is his distinction. Self-conscious man stands, as it were, on land. The unself-conscious animal is afloat in his species. The function of humanity is to produce more and more distinct and steadfast persons. Now, the conception of private property was a step forward in the process of self-realization. Saying 'This is my own,' helped a man to say 'This is myself.' Such is the ethical foundation of ownership. Hence——"

"Aye!" cried Mr. Flux, "and to keep on saying it! To choke up his soul with that pitiable delusion! To repeat it, 'Myself, Myself!' till he is all become one dry hot point of self, infinitely small, infinitely wretched, one concentrated nucleus of waterless desolation. 'Mine, Mine! Myself, Myself!' Yea, what is he become? He is become a pimple on the skin of nature, a painful pustule containing the poison which he calls property and the pus which he calls personality."

"Sir!" cried Mr. Penrith starting to his feet. "You talk pestiferous gabble, pestiferous gabble!"

"And you," thundered Mr. Flux, rolling upward upon his feet, "talk venomous stupidity."

"Give me the stable!" cried Mr. Penrith, shaking his fist.

"Give me the mobile," cried Mr. Flux, shaking both his fists.

"Give me my glasses," said Mr. Paulus.

"Reason," yelled Mr. Penrith, "is absolute."

"Reason," thundered Mr. Flux, "is relative!"

"Men," said Mrs. McNeegle, "is foolish. Mostly."

"Mostly!" said Mr. Penrith. "True, Mrs. McNeegle! But not wholly. Man is but nine-tenths wet folly. He is one-tenth dry reason."

"He is nine-tenths wet nature!" cried Mr. Flux. "He is one-tenth dry convention, and lies under the cursed class tyranny of that tenth!"

"Your doctrine is the slime of slums!" cried Mr. Penrith.

"Yours is the putrescence of provincialism," bellowed Mr. Flux.

"I will not listen," shrieked Mr. Penrith. "In the name of intelligence and civilization, I will not listen!"

"Civilization is a disease!" roared Mr. Flux, and turning, splashed through the brook with saurian tread, and departed from under the bridge.

"Abominable!" cried Mr. Penrith. "Abominable!" and so, fleeing in turn, climbed the stone wall which bordered Mr. Paulus's apple orchard. "I say to you," he called from the top of the wall, "I say to you: Go back to your primordial mud!"

"I condemn you," retorted Mr. Flux, "to a fate more dreadful yet, a degradation more appalling. I say to you: Stay where you are!"

"Pah!" said Mr. Penrith.

"Bah!" said Mr. Flux.

"Them spectacles," said Mr. Paulus, "is mine."

"They are opaque," roared Mr. Flux, "as the eyes of a dead cat!"

Mr. Penrith leaped and ran, as one who fled from Sodom or Gomorrah, through Mr. Paulus's apple orchard, toward his own house which lay beyond.

As he ran, with hands against his chest, he noticed, at first subconsciously, then consciously, that his arms made each an acute angle at the elbow, and his legs each,

alternately, made or approximated, two right angles, one at the knee, one at the hip. So continuing to run, with lessening anger and increasing interest, he ran at length altogether experimentally through the apple orchard. For, in point of fact, did not all these angles tend to increase or diminish inversely as the speed? They did. He noted first the fact, then its significance.

"The elbow," he thought, "is the angle of mental tension, say x: hip and knee, or y+z, contain the formula of a given speed. Hence x is to y+z as the will-to-run is to the resultant running. I approach," he panted, "to a law, a precise relation (huh, huh) of mind to matter (huh), whose verification however is (huh) singularly laborious."

Mr. Flux hastened along the dusty road, muttering heated prophecy, and flowing from every pore. He exuded humors, he shone and dripped with moisture. He noted first the fact, then its significance.

"Agitation and fluidity!" he murmured. "Nature is superbly related. All revolutionists should perspire freely."

Mr. Paulus and Mrs. McNeegle returned to the grocery store.

JUSTICE

(*Justitia quid est? Animus quodammodo se habens.*—SENECA)

IT is an odd but undeniable state of things that a writer should feel a certain need of apology when he asks his readers to consider with him such a topic as that which stands at the head of this essay. For, after all, no other subject of debate, I suppose, is so perennially interesting and fruitful as the definition of the abstract virtues. That at least was the opinion of Socrates long ago, when he told his friends of the market place that he should like nothing better than to pass his whole life long in this kind of conversation; and anyone who reads the newspapers to-day ought to know that, despite our apparent disdain of such themes, we really have the same insatiable curiosity towards them. What else is all our ocean of print about the war but an effort to fix the responsibility for its origin where it justly belongs? And what else is our discussion of the national traits of the various combatants, our talk of militarism, liberty, culture, humanitarianism, efficiency, and the like, but an endeavor to arrive at a clear definition of that virtue of justice upon which civilization itself is thought to hang?

Now, in a way, justice is easily defined: It is the act of right distribution, the giving to each man his due. Nobody will question this definition; but obviously, also, it carries us nowhere until we have further defined what is *right* and *due*, and have discovered some criterion by which we may know that a particular act in the conduct of life falls within our general definition.

The impulse of the modern man will be to look for an objective standard of justice in the law and operation of nature in the animate world; and, immediately or inferentially, he will find there what he seeks. He will observe first of all a great variety of creatures and species

existing side by side. He will next be impressed by the fact that they differ one from another in their similarity or dissimilarity to himself, and in their power of satisfying his own sense of fitness and value. He will see that among these creatures and species a struggle for existence, sometimes open and sometimes disguised, now violent and now gentle, is going on, and apparently has been going on for an immeasurable space of time; and he will instinctively give a kind of approbation when that creature or species prevails to which he attributes the greater measure of fitness or value, and which he calls the higher, as being in some way nearer to himself. In general it will seem to him that in the course of nature the stronger, which prevail over the weaker, are also, as he judges, the higher. This common process of survival he will call evolution, and its law will appear to him to be formulated in the axiom: Might makes right. To both of the meanings implied in these words, viz., that might *is* right, as being the higher in the order of nature, and that might *has* the right to develop at the expense of the weaker, his reason will assent, and, in its first motion at least, will assent without reservation.

But there is another aspect of evolution which will be forced on the observer's attention. This process of subduing or eliminating the weaker creature or species is often accompanied with suffering. It cannot be pleasant for the less vigorous animal, when food is scarce, that the sturdier should gobble up whatever is in sight, and leave him to starve. Nor do we suppose that it is altogether sport for the little fish to be chased by the big fish. Sometimes the law of might acts by what has the appearance of deliberate torture. Any one who has studied the habits of pigeons in a dovecot will have seen a typical example of Nature's way of dealing with weakness. Let one of the flock suffer an injury or fall ill, and he is forthwith made the victim of downright persecution. Instead of pity, his comrades are filled with a kind of rage, striking

him with beak and wing and driving him away to die in solitude.

Now our reason may tell us that all this is a necessary factor of evolution, and must occur if the higher creatures are to prevail over the lower. But besides reason we have feelings, and, however we may admire the widespread benevolence of Nature, from at least part of her operations our instinctive sympathy with suffering is bound to withhold its assent; we are bound to regard them as painful, and they may even seem malicious. Seeing these things, so impassionate an observer as Charles Darwin could be forced to exclaim: "What a book a Devil's-Chaplain might write on the clumsy, wasteful, blundering, low, and horribly cruel works of Nature." If, in judging the procedure of evolution, reason says that might makes right, feeling will often reply that weakness makes right, in the sense of having right, even when not being right.

Our attitude towards Nature is thus complex. Her work in a way, as Walpole used to say of the life of man, is a comedy to him who thinks, and a tragedy to him who feels. When the difference between two competitors is great, our reason predominates, and we feel little sympathy for the lower; our feeling may even side with reason against the sufferer. Certain creatures, whether because they are remote from us in the scale of being or because they are elusive enemies of our comfort, so affect us with disgust that we are quite ready to acquiesce in their torture. There is a joy for most men in destroying vermin and seeing it writhe in agony. No good American would feel compunction for the pangs of the brown-tailed or the gypsy moth, if some entomologist should discover and let loose a parasite to prey on the vitals of those pests. But when suffering comes to creatures higher up and nearer to us, we cry out that Nature is malign; and when our own welfare demands the death or discomfort of such creatures, we are likely to become apologetic, if not remorseful. There is "complicity in the shambles,"

as Emerson says, and so unbalanced men argue that meat is baleful, and run to vegetarianism and other expedients to escape the inevitable law of evolution. Fanatics in India have carried this repulsion so far as to make it a point of religion to strain all the water they drink, lest some living organism should inadvertently be swallowed, and to sweep the ground before them lest some insect should be trodden under foot. With them sympathy altogether outruns reason.

We see, therefore, that into our judgment of Nature two elements enter, and that our sense of justice demands the satisfaction both of our reason and of our feelings. And we see also that there is nothing in the actual procedure of Nature which would indicate any regard on her part for our judgment. When we consider the persistent preservation of many low forms of life whose welfare means for mankind only disease and misery, we are almost driven to doubt whether the end of evolution is even such as to satisfy our reason; and, without any doubt at all, the method of evolution is often repugnant to our most instinctive feelings. The fact is: the very idea of justice or injustice has no real application to Nature. She proceeds by a law and for a purpose of her own, and to judge her by our human standard, as we inevitably do if we judge her at all, is a pure fallacy. Our approval will not influence her a whit; not all our clamors will move her to relent. She will continue to warm us at the fires of life to-day, and to-morrow will ravage our cities with earthquake and conflagration. She moves on her way, impassionate and unconcerned, with sublime indifference to our creeds — the great mother at whose breasts we have clung. And we, if we are wise, will curb our resentment equally with our commendation; knowing that "foolish is our anger with things, since it concerns them not at all," —

Τοῖς πράγμασιν γὰρ οὐχὶ θυμοῦσθαι χρεών·
μέλει γὰρ αὐτοῖς οὐδέν.

But there is another lesson to be learned from the indifference of Nature besides the need of regarding her works with corresponding detachment. The very impertinence of applying our moral standards there where they are so openly disregarded is a proof that our sense of justice is not derived from watching her calm method of dealing with her own, but springs from something within our breasts that is not subject to her sway, — from a law, that is, that transcends the material law of evolution, being, if we use words strictly, not natural at all, but supernatural. Huxley was right and knew of what he spoke when he declared that our moral ideas have no relation to the doctrine of evolution.

Nevertheless, though we are debarred from the hope of finding in Nature an objective standard by which we can regulate our conduct, the manner in which we inevitably apply our idea of justice to the animate world is a clear indication of the character and composition of that idea. By analyzing the demands laid by us upon Nature we can see more plainly than by mere introspection what the condition of justice in the soul itself must be — rather, perhaps, the mind unaccustomed to the painful labor of self-study can here see itself magnified, so to speak, and projected upon a screen. Our idea of justice would be fulfilled if we saw that Nature satisfied two different faculties, or kinds of activity, of the soul — the reason, which demands that what is the stronger and more like itself should prevail, and the feelings, which demand that the higher should prevail with no suffering, but with the happy acquiescence, of the lower. And so we infer that the soul itself would be in this ideal state if the relation of its own members satisfied these demands. We reach, therefore, a clear definition of justice: it is that government and harmonious balance of the soul which arises when reason prevails over the feelings and desires, and when this dominance of the reason is attended with inner joy and consenting peace; it is the right distribution of power

and honor to the denizens within the breast of the individual man.

The definition is not new, but was known of old to philosophers and poets who held it sufficient to look within themselves for moral guidance, with no thought of seeking in the inhumanities of Nature for corroboration of their faith. You will find such a portrait of the just man drawn at full length by Plutarch in his life of Aristides, whose righteous decisions swerved "neither for good will nor for friendship, neither for wrath nor for hatred," and upon whom we are told that all the spectators at a play once turned their eyes on hearing the poet's praise of a hero:

> For not to seem but to be just he seeks,
> And from deep furrows in the mind to reap
> Harvest of ripe and noble counselling.

And Shakespeare draws the same portrait from a slightly different angle:

> For thou hast been
> As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
> A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
> Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those
> Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
> That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
> To sound what stop she please.

These have been the commonplaces of self-knowledge, and have needed no confirmation from without; but we are children of another age, and must see wisdom with our eyes and learn truth through our ears. And so we may profit by carrying the analogy of evolution a little further.

What we call the injustice of evolution is due to the fact that the struggle in Nature is always between two distinct and different organisms, and that therefore the prevalence of the one is likely to be at the expense of the other. Hence we should infer, as indeed we know from quite other lines of argument, that, if the idea of justice can be realized in the soul, this is because the faculties of the soul are not separate entities but merely different

members of one and the same entity. And so, looking into our experience, we find the matter to be. We find, that is, that as the attainment of justice means the subordination of one part of the soul to another, it is accompanied with the manifest satisfaction of the reason, and at the same time not infrequently with mortification of the feelings. We can have the approval of conscience only by controlling and, on occasion, denying a stream of desires which spring up in the breast and clamor for free course; and this act of control, when it is exercised in the form of denial, is necessarily attended with some degree of pain. If that were all, the analogy between nature and the soul would be complete — but with contrary results. For, whereas nature appears on the whole to go her own way serenely, sacrificing the lower of her creatures to the higher with no care for the pain she may inflict, or, rather, scattering pleasure and pain with impartial hand, in man the consequence would be a repudiation of justice altogether, and the surrender to the desires of his heart, with no thought of moral progress. It is absurd to suppose that any man in his senses would sacrifice his pleasures and voluntarily inflict pain upon himself. Humanity would not place itself in the position of a Brutus, who, having striven all his life to act justly, and having found that fortune took no account of his principles, was ready to leave it all with the bitter cry: "O miserable virtue! thou art but a word, and I have been following thee as a real thing!" It is no answer to say that, even in the balance of pleasure and pain, justice in the end is profitable. If the truth is so, as it may well be in the sum of time, that consummation seems so far away, and often takes so little account of the individual, as to afford but a feeble counterweight to the urgency of many immediate desires. Were there nothing beyond this, justice would be admired perhaps, but scarcely practiced. Nor is it sufficient to hold that the desires will be checked by the stronger desire to enjoy the good opinion of one's fellows. There is the old

fable, which has troubled the moralists for thousands of years, of Gyges, who by means of a magic ring could make himself invisible, and so fulfil all the lusts of the flesh while retaining the reputation of virtue. In a lesser degree that power is within the reach of every man.

No, we have another motive to justice besides the calculation of pleasures or the force of public opinion, a law of reward and punishment that does not follow afar off on limping feet, but is ever at the side of the man when he acts, rather is within him, is his very self. The just man may be, and often is, torn by the conflict between the knowledge that he is satisfying the demands of his reason and the feeling of pain that arises from the suppression of certain desires, but the soul of the just man is nevertheless one soul, not two souls, however it may be divided against itself; and besides the feelings of pleasure and pain that trouble one of its members, he has another feeling, greater and more intimate, that belongs to his soul as a unit. This is the feeling of happiness, which is not the same as pleasure, and may exist in the absence of pleasure, and despite the presence of pain; and opposed to it is the feeling of misery, which is not the same as pain, and may exist in the absence of pain, and despite the presence of pleasure. It is not easy to explain these things, it may be impossible to analyse them satisfactorily; but we know that they are so. History is replete with illustrations of this strange fact, and he who weighs his own experience honestly will find it there also, that a man conscious of doing what he believes is right, may be lifted up into a supreme happiness, against which the infliction of pain, though it be torture to the death, is as nothing. And so a man may enjoy all the pleasures that this world can give, yet suffer a misery for which the only relief is madness. Philosophy and history together have given a peculiar fame to the letter sent by Tiberius to the Roman Senate from the luxuries of Capreae: "May the gods and goddesses bring me to perish more miserably than I daily

feel myself to be perishing, if I know what to write to you, Senators, or how to write, or what indeed not to write at this time." It is not only the mind of the tyrant which, if opened, would be found lacerated within by the wounds of passion and evil desires, as the body of a slave is lacerated by the scourge; every unjust man shall know that the misery of the whole soul is something different, not in degree but in kind, from the pain of thwarted desires. A great English artist who painted the portrait of one of the older generation of our railway financiers, whose name has become also a synonym for the reckless abuse of power, is said to have observed that the face of his sitter was the most miserable he had ever seen. Only the heart of the unjust man knoweth its own bitterness. And, in like manner, every just man shall know that happiness is not a balance of pleasure against pain, but a feeling different in kind from pleasure. Happiness is a state of the whole soul, embracing both the faculties of reason, on the one hand, and of the desires, with the feelings of pleasure and pain, on the other hand; or, one might say, it is the state of some superior element of the soul, which finds its good in the harmonious action of those faculties. And it is because we discover no such higher unity in the field of Nature, where she can make compensation for the suffering of evolution, that we are debarred from applying the canon of justice and injustice to her procedure.

And not only is happiness the reward of that deep spiritual health which we call justice, but it is the warrant and test of that condition as well. We may err in our judgment of what is right at any moment, and err sadly in the choice of those desires which we suppress and those to which we give free rein, and our errors may be clear at the time to those who are more enlightened than we are; we have no guide to practical wisdom in this world, save the oracles of experience that direct us by the flickering signals of pleasure and pain. But we have a sure monitor of the will to act righteously in the present feeling

of happiness or misery, and we have a hope — a divine illusion it may be, for it has never among men been verified by experience — that in some way and at some time happiness and pleasure shall be completely reconciled by Nature, who, by mysterious deviations beyond our mortal ken, is herself also a servant of the law of justice. And so, if we were right in defining justice as the inner state of the soul when, under the command of the will to righteousness, reason guides and the desires obey, we can express the same truth in this brief equation of experience: *We seek justice for the sake of happiness, and we are just when we are happy;* or, more briefly still: *Justice is happiness, happiness is justice.*

But man is a political animal. His life is closely knit with that of his fellows, and it is not enough to trace the meaning of justice to a state of the isolated soul; we must consider how this virtue bears on the conduct of a man among men, in society. Now, we might be content to say that a man is just in his conduct when, having attained to equilibrium of his own faculties, he acts in such a way as ought to produce in others the same condition; and this indeed is the sum of the law in the unrestrained dealing of a man with his neighbor. But society is something more than the spontaneous association of free units; it is an organization with traditions and government, necessary to it for the reason that it is made up of individuals who, not being infallibly just and wise, must be guided and constrained by a conventional code of relations. Hence there is a social justice of the community which complements, or even supplants, the conscience of the individual, as there is in the same sense a social injustice. Manifestly the problem here is far more complicated than when it is isolated in the individual soul.

Abstractly, no doubt, the definition of this social justice is simple and ready at hand. Society is composed of men who vary in the degree of individual justice to which they

have attained, some being by disposition and training more self-governed, more rational, than others. By an inevitable analogy, therefore, we extend to society the idea of justice learned from our personal experience, precisely as we extended it to Nature. We cannot, in fact, do otherwise, since this is the only idea of justice possible to us. We think that society would be justly organized if its members were related to one another in the same manner as the faculties within the breast of the just man. The application of the analogy to nature showed that progress was obtained there not by justice at all, but by the operation of a law which in our human arrogance we often condemned as unjust. What shall we find in society?

Here, first of all, we come into conflict with two opposite theories of social justice which are as old almost as history, and which will doubtless go on flourishing as long as the human mind retains its tendency to gravitate to the indolent simplicity of extremes. One of these theories passes now under the name of Nietzsche, who sums it up in the famous maxim: *unusquisque tantum juris habet quantum potentia valet.* If we are impelled by present circumstances to abhor such a conception of social justice, we should at least remember that it is no startling creation of a logic-ridden madman, but was promulgated in all its essentials by various sophists and politicians several hundred years before the Christian era, if it does not go back to brother Cain himself. Nietzsche, however, derives his principle avowedly from the apparent procedure of evolution. He approves of that procedure without reservation and converts the law of might and right into a criterion of social justice because he judges the acts of Nature by the reason alone, regarding pity as the last temptation of the sage. His theory is falsified by a double error: it supposes that mankind will be willing to base its conduct on an idea of justice derived from natural evolution, and in despite of that inner consciousness which demands the satisfaction of both the reason and the feelings; and it assumes that

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social progress guided by strength and reason alone, whether possible or not, would be towards the higher, because happier, life. And even thus, I am taking Nietzsche on his rational, or philosophic, side. If any one should reply that Nietzscheism would not result in the control of reason, but would give loose rein to a particular group of desires, the *libido dominandi*, I can only say that there is a real inconsistency in the system, and that for purposes of illustration I am justified in isolating one aspect of it. Nietzsche's "will to power" does in theory demand the prevalence of those individuals whose survival in evolution meets with the approval of reason, however in practice it might mean the predominance of the inferior type.

The other theory springs from the same tendency of the mind to sink to extremes, suffering in this case the attraction of the feelings. It has various names, humanitarianism, socialism, equalitarianism, — masquerading in as many a lovely *ism*, or *isme*, or *ismus* as any other international mania, and sometimes arrogating to itself the more plausible title of democracy. Neither is this theory essentially new, whatever superficial development it may have taken on in recent times. When Solon was chosen to reform the Athenian Constitution, a current saying of his, that "equality breeds no war," flattered the turbulent populace into acquiescence because they took the word "equality" in its absolute sense. Whereas in reality Solon was thinking of fair proportion, and on this principle reduced the oppression of the rich, while refusing to the poor an equalitarian Constitution. He saw, as we must see to-day, that the ideal of absolute equality is not only impossible in practice, but is contrary to our sense of justice. It is false and one-sided, being based on the exclusive appeal of the feelings, just as Nietzscheism is, theoretically, based on the claim of the reason. We think there is a higher and a lower in the scale of nature, we are conscious of reason and feeling in our own souls, we observe a similar distribution of characters in society. It would be pleasant,

no doubt, to feel that every man had all his desires gratified, but reason, which is the faculty of seeing distinctions, binds us to believe that the state cannot progress in the orderly manner of evolution unless there, as in Nature, a certain advantage of honor accrues to those individuals who are themselves governed by reason, with the privilege of imposing their will upon those who, from the rational point of view, are inferior to them.

Social justice, then, is neither Nietzschean nor equalitarian. It is such a distribution of power and privilege, and of property as the symbol and instrument of these, as at once will satisfy the distinctions of reason among the superior, and will not outrage the feelings of the inferior. And if no precise rule can be given for striking this balance in law and institution, any more than an absolute code of morals can be formulated for the conduct of the individual, yet we have the same criterion for determining practically our progress towards this ideal as towards the other. For there is a "pursuit of happiness" which is the right of every society, and which differs totally in principle from the license of pleasure. And this feeling, which, by permeating society, may in a measure transcend and reconcile the envious divisions of discontent, is in the state dependent on the function of a truly mediating government, as in the individual soul it is dependent on the harmonious balance of faculties. Social justice and personal justice are both measured by happiness.

Obviously the problem is rendered difficult in the state by various complications, and obviously it can never be perfectly solved there, as, within the limits of human frailty, it can be solved in the inner life of the individual. For society (and in this complication lies the sum of the whole matter) shares both the character of the individual soul, as being composed of souls, and the character of nature, as being fundamentally not a unit but a collection of units. The constitution of a just society, therefore, will inevitably have this double aspect: it will correspond to

what is justice in the individual soul, and at the same time it will disturb us by admitting elements of that seeming oppression which we are wont to call injustice in the procedure of evolution, but which is really the fatal inhuman law of things. In other words, in aiming at a just state we must always, while men are men, act in such a way as will seem unjust to those who, judging for themselves, judge by the feelings alone. The duty of the legislator, under these circumstances, will be to enact laws which shall conform so far as possible with the idea of rational proportion, distributing the advantages of power and property in accordance with the claims of superiority indeed, but not by the demands of an arrogant egotism; and measuring the probabilities of superiority by the most practical means at his disposal.

And there is another function of equal importance with that of the legislator. It shall be the duty of the teacher and moralist to impart to men the knowledge and to instil into them the feeling that their own true happiness as individuals depends neither on the unpitying exercise of strength nor on the envious striving after equality, but is bound up with that social happiness which can exist only when each division of society, such as male and female, and each member of society, has a distinct place and responsibility, and is recognized and rewarded accordingly. There is in every breast a spark of reason and a gleam of that self-knowledge which is happiness. On this the moralist must depend for confirmation of his teaching. There were indeed no society at all, unless a voice within each of us, in all but the most brutalized by the lust of pleasure, responded to the law that men must serve as well as command.

Of both lawgiver and teacher the work is one of mediation, as social justice is itself always a shifting compromise. But the first rule for both, as the first and hardest lesson for each right-minded man in these days, is to discipline

the heart to accept with equanimity the fatal fact that social justice must include a considerable amount of that disposition of Nature in dealing with her own which we, judging by the standard of the individual soul, are so ready to call injustice. The first step towards the equipoise of a soul just within itself is the recognition of the necessity of apparent injustice in the relation of man with man and with the world. We must learn from the god of realities how "foolish is our anger with things, since it concerns them not at all."

A DIAGNOSIS OF DRAMATIC CRITICISM

IN FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND AMERICA

DRAMATIC criticism in English is in a parlous state. Especially in America is this newest of literary arts struggling valiantly for existence. There exists in this country indeed a strange paradox: we write more about the theater than any other country, and yet have still to take lessons in dramatic criticism from transatlantic journalists. Practically no native classic drama to criticize, meager salaries for critics, problematical freedom of critical speech, audiences sentimental, Puritanical, intellectually unawakened — these factors have made American dramatic criticism ephemeral, unprincipled, jejune, ignorant of its own existence and power, heartily despised by all its literary kin.

Strictures against the professional interpreter of plays and acting have not been wanting from the very beginning of modern drama. "Let us frankly patronize those plays *qui nous prennent par les entrailles*, and not be constantly trying to discover reasons why we shouldn't enjoy ourselves," wrote Molière in that delectable piece of dramatized dramatic criticism, "*La Critique de l'École des Femmes*." Pessimistic animadversions in our own day are even more trenchant and amazing. Sir Arthur Wing Pinero has said: "Critics! I care little for what they write or for what they say or think, except when it does actual damage to author or public. There is only one critic in London who knows his business as well as I know mine. No dramatic critic can tell me whether I have written a good or a bad play." And this one critic to whom Pinero undoubtedly refers, Mr. A. B. Walkley, has himself exclaimed in despair: "The dramatic critic, despised by serious intellects, is a literary Ishmael; he cannot choose but despond. . . . Playgoers look askance

at the man whose function is to convince them that they do not know what they ought to like." America's veteran critic, William Winter, writing to a friend seeking advice, sounds the crowning note of despair: "You could not choose a more profitless vocation than that of a critic of the drama, nor could you make a more wasteful use of your talents than to lend them to the discussion of plays and actors."

With such salvos of contumely has dramatic criticism been born into the world of letters. Such are the tribulations and embarrassments of an art that has not yet left off blinking its eyes in the bewilderment of its recent birth. Even our language has not words enough to speak with precision of dramaturgy and acting. Mr. William Archer and Professors Brander Matthews and Richard Burton have all lamented the fact that they find themselves compelled, for the sake of clearness, to lard their reviews and their lectures on the theater with French phrases. Even our literary magazines until the close of the last century held their pages to be too dignified for articles on the theater.

Such are the disheartening facts. But there is reason for comfort. France, England and America have each produced one critic of the acted drama who has given practically his entire life to the new art, has earned fame in its pursuit, and, in the case of the Frenchman, has gone to his grave mourned and honored by a nation. With the retirement of Messrs. William Winter and William Archer [1] from active service, and the death of Francisque Sarcey, an interesting period of pioneering has come to a close. To outline the story of the struggles of these critic frontiersmen, and to evaluate briefly the work of their successors, is the present purpose.

The situation in America is so nearly a reflection of that in England that we will first undertake an examination and comparison of the situations in France and England.

[1] Mr. Archer writes that he is not writing dramatic reviews now.

Parisians, especially the bourgeois element, have always been passionately fond of the drama. And, whereas modern English drama until the influence of Ibsen was merely a form of amusement, a "show," there has been a serious criticism of life on the French stage for over half a century. The French temperament is logical, orderly, systematic, loves to surround the facts of life with theories, and has a hereditary preference for discipline rather than liberty. There are thus inherent idiomatic dissimilarities between English and French drama. Simplicity, symmetry and reserve characterize the French drama; self-willed independence, vigor and imagination, the English; social impulses predominate in France, the individual, in England; French drama seeks to conserve its traditions and conventions, English drama seeks to amuse and make money; French audiences forgive or overlook much in the name of art, English audiences are Puritanical and prudish; French critics guide, interpret and entertain, English critics either turn out clever inconsequential essays on anything but the play in hand, or bunglingly attempt to enact the rôle of a professor.

Criticism is the most autobiographical of all arts; a review of criticism necessitates a review of personalities; and our study therefore resolves itself into an appreciation of the two critics, William Archer and Francisque Sarcey.

Mr. Archer presided at the marriage in modern times of English drama and English literature. When he stepped into the world of London journalism they had scarcely begun to court each other. Mr. Archer made his start in the good old days of the light-hearted Robertsonian comedy, the "cup-and-saucer," the "bread-and-butter" plays, the days when everything was done good-naturedly, when a pretty, bright picture, a narrow-minded cynicism and happy-go-lucky Bohemianism ruled the stage; the days when a real live idea, a suggestion of seriousness, a

hint of a moral lesson, never showed their faces at the theater's doors. No Mrs. Tanquerays with shady pasts, no Ibsenistic vivisections, no harrowing preachments on the newly-discovered crime of marriage — none of these modern dramatic phenomena existed. It was a drama of intellectual ineptitude, of forgetfulness. Robertson's story plays, Boucicault's thrice-told plots, Wills' and Gilbert's verse plays — Mr. Archer followed these bizarre British products to their graves, and saw them decently and effectively interred. He was the emancipator of English criticism from the giddy days when a critic would sell his birthright for a chop and a foaming flagon, when Chatterton, the Napoleon of the dramatic world, closed the door to the *Dispatch's* critics, when the *claqueurs* hissed the critics as they entered the theater. It was a time that tried men's souls.

But the young journalist won his battle. Having once learned his trade and accustomed himself to his tools, Mr. Archer, never joking with difficulties, never giving way to the despair which often overwhelmed him, never losing faith in his conception of the very great importance of the theater as a social institution, argued, pleaded with the British public through the weekly columns of the *World*. Probably his greatest service to English drama has been the welcome he has accorded to all new serious dramatic ventures — the sane encouragement he has given every new playwright who has shown the slightest inclination to think for himself. He accepted all forms of drama, providing they were not exotic importations, and that they responded to the need of the soul of the crowd. He dared to treat the English drama as literature; he placed literature and dramatic criticism on the same level. William Archer stands, therefore, as the prophet of the modern classic English drama.

"Our drama is non-literary," he wrote, "and the reason is that it is not read. We can't be serious. The comedy of no manners, the farce of puns and quidproquos, the

drama of furniture and firearms, would cease to be the staple of our dramatic product, if we could only be serious. Our people simply will not think in the theater. We want a drama that is a sedative, not a stimulant. That is the whole situation in a nutshell."

This critical platform Mr. Archer has kept faith with through the succeeding years. By his weekly reviews he piloted the British public through the exciting and turbulent days of the dramatic revolution in England that saw the coming of Ibsen, the sloughing off of servile dependence on French translations and adaptations, and the passage of the copyright laws which prevented the thievery of French methods. Before the early eighties, melodrama and farce filled the English theater, which, as Matthew Arnold put it, "was neither realistic nor idealistic, but rather fantastic, suspended between earth and heaven"; there was no psychology in its situations, no moral criticism of life in its ideas. Indeed, it was "unidea'd" drama. Mr. Archer saw all this changed. Criticism impressionistic, criticism analytic, criticism dogmatic, criticism comparative — they all served their turn in Mr. Archer's hands during this stirring crisis. He tried all approaches to his subject; he discussed all questions of theory and practice. He pleaded for an ideal for the theater, not a retrospective or a reactionary one, but an ideal of progress, an ideal of the future. Mr. Archer fought his fight with a fullness of understanding, a frankness, a dexterity and a *brio* one cannot help but admire.

Turning now to French dramatic criticism, we find ourselves upon wholly different literary soil. The French genius nourishes criticism. Unlike England, France has had three literary critics, Sainte-Beuve, Taine and Brunetière, who have held their own with contemporary literature. Among the literary men of the last half century who have written dramatic criticism, yet without giving all their time to it, are the pedantic Geffroy,

the picturesque Théophile Gautier, who lacked a real liking for the theater, and had but a loose grasp of its principles, the trifling and flippant Jules Janin, the reliable Émile Faguet, the brilliant Jules Lemaître, and the authoritative, systematizing Ferdinand Brunetière. Sarcey alone gave practically all his life to theatrical reviews.

Francisque Sarcey, who died fifteen years ago, has been called the world's greatest critic of the theater. At his death, he had written about the theater continuously for forty years. During most of this time he was dictator of dramatic taste in Paris; he was the idol of the bourgeois class of theater-goers; the theatrical people themselves affectionately called him "priest" and "uncle"; his fellow-journalists knighted him with the title of "Prince of Critics." The great Sarcey died; Paris wept; Paris, draped in black, forgot her hysterical absorption in the sensational Dreyfus trial, and followed her beloved critic and friend to his grave.

"A man stout, round, grizzled, good humored" — there is Francisque Sarcey by the pen of his good friend, Lemaître. "Great redresser of little abuses," Lemaître continues, "protector of small officials, terror of managers and companies, a conquering reformer, in love with everything useful, capable of being interested in everything that concerns our theatrical trumpery, living well on the earth and loving to live here, the Bonhomme Richard of the Parisian press! What questions has he not agitated! What services has he not rendered or wished to render!" In Sarcey, the man, the age and the theater united to the accomplishment of a great work.

After noting the fact that dramatic criticism before Sarcey was either a mere apology for the theater or purely dogmatic, grammatical, haphazard, fantastic, Lemaître says: "*Enfin Francisque vint.* He came from the depths of his province, induced by About, like a Caliban of a college professor by a Prospero of the boulevard. He came armed with good sense, with patience, with frank-

ness and good humor; a professor by nature, conscientious, industrious, resolved to write only to say something; not naïf, but somewhat bewildered by the lightness of Parisian irony; disconcerted never. He began to record quietly as best he could the plays as he had seen them, to judge them with the greatest seriousness in the world, and to have good reason for all his judgments. He said what he thought, and he said it simply, without malice, without paradoxes, without dramatic fire or artifice. In the midst of prestidigitators of dramatic criticism, he wrote as a good professor should; and that seemed prodigiously original. Gradually, from having seen many plays, from observation and comparison, he had on the theater, on its history and on its laws, some ideas of perfect unity closely bound together; in fact, a complete æsthetics on dramatic art."

Not the least interesting of Sarcey's accomplishments is his prose style. We have already learned that he was the idol of the *bourgeoisie*. He wrote for them, to them. His feuilletons — how they read like friendly honest talk! When they accused Sardou of being a plagiarist, Sarcey replied: "Sardou is a plagiarist — so be it. But we must remember that it is not easy to do what he has done after all, since neither you nor I have done it. Think of it! There was a play to be made from the left-over incidents of 'Miss Multon' and '*Fiammime*,' a play which will run a hundred nights and bring in fifty thousand dollars: you knew this, and you have not done it! You are idiots, my friends." Sarcey is always amusing, always in good humor, always sincere, never malicious. "Annoyed!" he exclaimed, "I do not know what they mean; I have never been annoyed in my life!" His training as a logician never came amiss. He displayed a marvellous talent for exposition; in fact, his efforts in this direction border on tediousness; some have consequently called his style heavy. To an English ear, some of his jokes are banal, some of his expressions brutal. But he did not have time

to file and polish his sentences; he trusted to his Gallic simplicity, clearness and naturalness — "*c'est là tout son fait.*"

We find then that Mr. Archer is an initiator, a teacher; he has had to carve his way through a forest of prejudices; Sarcey, on the other hand, dealt with a public that was rather *blasé* than ignorant, that needed to be waked up rather than instructed. Their dramatic reviews, written throughout many years, comprise two complete bodies of doctrine on the problems of the actor, the dramatist and the critic of the theater. Mr. Archer's conception of the theater is the more comprehensive of the two, though Sarcey's is more definite, more practical. Furthermore, the fact that Sarcey's record as a critic is much more brilliant and consistent than Mr. Archer's, does not therefore make him a better critic. With the French critic's theater, his national clientele, his journalistic tools — the advantages are overwhelmingly on one side — no just comparison is possible. If Mr. Archer was too intolerant, grotesquely erudite or severe, Sarcey was narrow in his sympathies, and dogmatic to the point of despotism. Finally, Sarcey was insular (he owned to it time and again), while Mr. Archer, more than any other, gave Norwegian and German drama to his countrymen.

Coming now to America for a figure parallel to Mr. Archer in England and Sarcey in France, we encounter the interesting personality of Mr. William Winter. His long losing fight against realism in the theater, his chauvinistic Puritanism and sentimentality, his Ruskinian passion for morality on the stage, make it difficult for a younger student to do him justice. The title of "Dean of American Dramatic Critics" he has fairly earned. For over forty-four years, as a representative of the best intelligence and culture in America during post-bellum days, Mr. Winter, in the columns of the *Tribune*, championed the cause of what he believed to be worthy plays and good acting.

He was equipped with a sound knowledge of the English classics, was himself a poet of the mid-century school of Longfellow; was gifted with a fluent and lucid pen. For years he was the theatrical oracle of New York, connected our theater with the highest ideals of pre-Ibsenistic drama in England, heralded and celebrated plays built on the Robertsonian model, made and unmade reputations for actors and actresses. He knew more about acting than any other American critic. He knew most of the literary men of genius of his day. His learning, happy journalistic facility and Bohemian though rather lonely personality, made him a copy-room god among the young Parnassians of New York. He resigned from the *Tribune* in 1909.

Mr. Winter, unlike Mr. Archer and Sarcey, was a critic with his face set backward. His jeremiads on the stage of the present day are occasions for wonder and regret. The drama, he contended, was a negligible quantity; it was the acting that counted. In his æsthetic scheme of things there was no place for realism, pleasant or unpleasant; he sought always for that "delicate exaggeration of life," that story-book unreality so dear to immature minds and to women. He would have no didactic drama; only pleasure — pure, wholesome, gentle entertainment. Ibsen, Shaw, Sudermann, Maeterlinck, Mr. Winter dismissed as "sickly humbugs."

Who are now the successors of Mr. Archer, Sarcey and Mr. Winter? Who are the prophets of the new era of post-philosophic drama? The most serious journalistic critic in America to-day is Mr. Clayton Hamilton; in England, Mr. A. B. Walkley; in France, probably Sarcey's successor, M. Adolph Brisson.

The greatest addition to the posthumous fame of Sarcey is the fact that there has arisen no single critic able to fill his place. The patriarchal influence which "Uncle Francisque" once wielded has been dispersed among several critics of the Parisian press. To follow the writings of

these French contemporaries from week to week is to receive genuine illuminations as to the service to which dramatic criticism can be put. The best and keenest mind among them all is that of Abel Hermant, who writes for the *Journal*, the popular sensational paper of France. The most scholarly didactic treatment comes from the pens of the well known author, René Doumic, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and Brisson in the *Temps*. G. de Pawlowski of the *Comœdia* is a humorist. Robert de Flers in the *Figaro*, being himself a successful and popular dramatic collaborator, is much read and followed by the craft. J. Ernest-Charles, the sardonic clever hero of the young French school of dramatists, writes for the *Opinion*. Bidou in the *Debats* writes for the Parisian *intelligenzia*, occasionally exchanging reviews with Mr. Walkley of that other aristocrat, the London *Times*.

And (now we cross the Channel) who is Mr. Walkley, the single significant newspaper dramatic critic in England at the present moment? How describe him! As sympathetic and kindly as Lamb, as appallingly learned as the doctor of an Italian masque; whimsical and facetious like Barrie; gifted with the Gallic wit and gaiety of a Daudet (who is certainly among his household gods); graced with the politeness and tact of a high-class Englishman — I had almost said he is everything, anything but a dramatic critic. His qualities outshine his worth. "Time was when any stick was good enough to beat Dumas withal," he begins one of his little critical essays. He finds "exquisite pleasure" in a trifling pantomimic performance of Pierrot and his delectable, irresponsible crew, sits down and writes a rapturous bit of prose which he calls "Pierrotics." Comparing Sardou with Scribe, Mr. Walkley says that the former speaks with authority, and not as the Scribes. He begins and ends another brilliant review with a good-humored complaint about "squeezed ribs and a battered hat" which resulted from a crush at

the theater door. Inconsequential are his journalistic wares as constructive criticism but — what winsome reading!

In America to-day we discover an anomalous situation. Dramatic criticism is in bondage to the advertising manager and to an absent-minded and sentimental public. Commercialism! "You have no newspaper dramatic critics," said the correspondent of a noted French journal to the writer. "There are men, clever, conscientious men, who write, even signing their contributions like our fueilletonists; but they labor under many disabilities. Most of them lack technical scholarly preparation for their task. They criticize an ancient and exacting art without an accurate knowledge of, or deep interest in, the classical traditions of the past. Such knowledge, such culture, is an indispensable critical asset for even the most popular or philistinistic interpretation of plays and acting. A critic must be a student (not a pedagogue) first, and a journalist afterwards. American critics are not in earnest; they try to be 'cute' instead of clear; they 'turn out' their copy instead of thinking it out. They write too fast. They write too much. The fact that they disagree in their judgments with disconcerting regularity, goes far to prove that they lack most of all what Anatole France calls an '*exactitude presque didactique.*'"

The newspaper critic naturally has ready his answer to these strictures. He admits that he makes no search for principles, attempts no analyses, wages no campaign of public education, and claims that it is not the function of American newspaper dramatic criticism to do so. "My theatrical notices," he says, "comprise only one department in an intensely commercial enterprise. We write criticism as we write news — to be read. We give the people what they want: we have no other standard. In matters of culture, newspapers follow, never lead. Educate your masses, and you will find their journalists

not far behind them." The question again of the owl and the egg!

Educational criticism, then, is the need of the day. And we are not without writers who are championing the cause of dignified criticism in newspapers and magazines. Professor Brander Matthews' occasional articles in weekly and monthly periodicals have often happily illuminated the literary side of the stage, and brought vividly to life dramatic events and figures of the past. Mr. Clayton Hamilton is practically the only analytical critic in America who gives all his time to an interpretation of the drama. Mr. Hamilton is the first American critic to unite in his writings the rôles of journalist, prophet and professor. He is still in his thirties, is large of frame, imperturbable, slow-spoken, talented in friendliness and sympathy. He has been student, teacher, lecturer, journalist, traveler. Dante, he declares, is the greatest poet, Walt Whitman the greatest American, and Pinero the greatest modern dramatist. He is an industrious theater-goer, attends from four to eight plays a week through the season, and writes regularly for three magazines. His greatest satisfaction is to see a play like Pinero's "Thunderbolt" made *selon les règles;* he professes a predilection for flesh and blood characters in a play which presents some abiding truth about life. Yet he confesses: "When I see a Pinero play, I am sure it follows the best method; when I see a Barrie play, I am certain it is the more enjoyable." His greatest dislikes are hypocrisy, philistinism, and professors. In reviewing Mr. Winter's book, *The Plays of Yesteryear*, Mr. Hamilton writes: "When Mr. Winter was a young man, people went to the theater to be told lies about life: nowadays they go to the theater to be told some serious and searching truth. . . . God defend us from the 'sweet, wholesome plays of yesteryear.'"

Mr. Hamilton's critiques are strikingly different, both in content and style, from those of Mr. A. B. Walkley,

his London contemporary. Mr. Walkley is vagrant, Mr. Hamilton is studious; the English critic is whimsical and alluring, the American categorical and reliable. Mr. Walkley exercises his word witchery on the story of the play, and concludes with a critical label or two, and a word for the leading actors: Mr. Hamilton pens a chapter on the art of dramaturgy, illustrating his thesis by instancing the plays of the month, and ignores the acting altogether. The transatlantic critic announces as his standard of criticism the dictum of Anatole France: "The good critic is he who narrates the adventures of his soul among masterpieces." The New York reviewer's ideal is a pronunciamento of Matthew Arnold: "Criticism is a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world, and thus to establish a current of fresh and true ideas."

"A dramatic critic," Mr. Hamilton observes, "must be cultured in all the arts, must be eager to learn, must be a tireless student and theater-goer, must be quick to discover what is good, must be disinterested, free from any desire to cater to 'what the public wants' or to be trivial or facetious — must, in fine, be, as Wordsworth said, 'a teacher or nothing.'"

America needs to-day a dramatic critic who is all this and something more besides, — one, let us say, who is interesting, irresistible. America needs a Francisque Sarcey. That genial Frenchman fairly laughed himself into the confidence and affection of the Parisian theatrical world. American playgoers need rousing as much as rectifying. No American critic will greatly succeed, no matter what his scholarship and discernment, who does not make the people read what he says, who does not also give his readers a "good show." Not less cerebration is needed, but more feeling, more earnestness, more ferocity. He must get the spirit of the American's love of a good fight, and this is to be learned sooner in the lumber camps and mines of the West than in the picture galleries of Italy.

He must be a good journalist to the extent of knowing that American readers care not a jot for principles, but will follow full cry in the merry chase of a wrong doer. He must wield his delicate art with the force of a pile-driver.

The field in America is open for a master critic. When he arises or evolves — perhaps from the younger men now at work — dramatic criticism will have outgrown its infancy among us, will need no more apologies for its existence, and to all will be apparent the infinite service of a man who, to quote Mr. Winter's valedictory to the American public, "gives the best power of his mind and the deepest feelings of his heart to the celebration and embellishment of the labor of others."

A NEW ESSAY IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ADVERTISING

ABOUT ten years ago, in an article in the *Atlantic*, the (now) editor of THE UNPOPUPAR stated that, beyond the necessary announcements, and with the possible, but doubtful, exception of popular novels, little was to be gained from the advertising of books; and for the very simple reason that buyers of books usually know what they want. In the literature of advertising this is the only statement I [1] have seen that touches the point. It also serves to define the "psychology" of advertising. In the discussions of this subject, announcements and catalogues, designed merely for serviceable information, are usually disregarded. For "psychology" is wasted upon those who know what they want: it begins with the departure of intelligence. And "the psychology of advertising" is the science of working the public.

This view of the case not only confirmed a certain profound psychological principle which this essay attempts to elucidate, but it satisfied certain private prejudices. I will confess that I look upon advertising in general as only a milder form of confidence game. The clothing dealer who writes me fortnightly a familiar letter and, because I have made one or two purchases from him, assumes the privileges of an old acquaintance, seems to me not to differ essentially from the stranger who pretends to have known my father, in order to sell me a gold brick. The man who offers to teach me to write advertisements in ten lessons strikes me as only a newer sort of Fagin. Bill-boards and electric signs, especially the intermittent kind, I regard as an impudent infringement of private rights. And I can credit the statement made to me once by a man in Chicago, who had recently suffered

[1] Not the Editor.

from nervous prostration, that, because of the activity of the advertisers, he was unable to go down town. Upon myself the effect is not precisely in the direction of neurasthenia. When I see a man pointing his finger at me from the middle of a sign-board, with perhaps an impertinent question to boot, I feel that, if only he would stand there *in propria persona* I would barter my soul for the privilege of giving him a shot from a Colt 44.

Yet I doubt whether the sense of personal affront is quite so exasperating as the consciousness of living in a world characterized by so much stupidity, vulgarity and triumphant mendacity. And I wonder, too, whether the stupid, the vulgar and the mendacious are three classes or one. However this may be, we know that the advertising world is truthful in claiming that "advertising produces results." No fact of science rests upon a more carefully guarded induction. What is more, it seems that we are perfectly aware of the methods by which we are worked. Any man on the street can tell you with a fair sort of accuracy just how it is done — that is, how he is "done"; but still he is done. Nor may I claim for you, the critical and intelligent reader, or for myself, that we are exempt. Certainly not for myself. With shame I record my defeat some years ago at the hands of an advertising agent to whom I was explaining the attractive theory that advertising is effective only with the unintelligent. "Now speak the truth," he said. "If your wife were to send you to the grocery for a package of baking powder, what would you buy?" Speaking the truth promptly, but unwillingly, I answered, "Royal Baking Powder." What did I know about Royal Baking Powder? Well, I remembered vaguely an advertisement in a magazine in which the several grades of "purity" among baking powders (to me an unmeaning conception) were represented by black lines of varying length; and the "Royal" boasted of the longest line.

Here, in a nut-shell, is the psychology of advertising.

For I need hardly point out that, while the propounder of the theory was worsted, the theory itself remained at least unharmed. Assuming, then, that we are speaking of the psychology, not of the advertiser, but (if you will permit) of the advertisee, and in particular of persuasive advertising, I may now formulate the psychology of advertising by saying that there is no psychology of advertising. Advertising produces the guaranteed result just so far, and only so far, as psychology is absent. We may wonder that men should be so easily manipulated by methods of whose nature they seem to be thoroughly conscious. The explanation is that they are not conscious. In all our psychologizing we have to remember that our cognizance of our situation varies indefinitely. I may be generally acquainted with the methods of advertisers; generally aware that they produce their results upon me; but this is far from giving an alert attention to the methods at the moments when they are doing their work. When once I do this, the work ceases. This is the whole psychology of advertising.

I

This view of the matter I am now about to demonstrate by the first of two lessons in psychology, for which I crave the reader's patience. Everybody knows in a general way what is meant by "an association of ideas." Few persons, not excepting the professional psychologists, seem to realize that the phrase contains a contradiction in terms; but I need not press this point at the start. All persons familiar with the history of English thought have heard of "the law of association" and the associational school of philosophers. Well, this law of association is the law of advertising psychology. The psychology of advertising is association in the flesh, association reduced to a workshop basis and made to produce tangible results. This fact explains why advertising is a favorite topic among psychologists.

But though every one knows in a general way what is meant by an association of ideas, few, again not excepting the professional psychologists, seem to have taken the trouble to study its *exact* meaning. For our purpose, however, the exact meaning is all-important. If I ask you the number of Brown's telephone, and you reply "456," that is an association of ideas. If I ask you to give me the square root of 70536, and you reply "256," that is probably (i. e, assuming that this is the first time that you have put the two numbers together) a case, not of association, but of reasoning. This difference is essential to an understanding of what is meant by association, or (if we must speak loosely) of the association of ideas. In a case of association two ideas come together — that is to say, when one is given the other follows — only because they have been together in the experience of the person in question at some time in the past. In a case of reasoning it is unnecessary that the ideas have ever been together; neither you nor any one else need have calculated the square root of 70536. On the other hand, no human calculation could tell you that Brown's telephone number would be 456. That "Brown" suggests to you "456," coupled with the fact that Brown's number is really 456, is fairly good proof that those ideas have been given to you together, in the telephone directory or elsewhere, at some time in the past.

Thus an association of ideas is a case where one idea brings up another in spite of the fact that it has no reason for doing so, in spite of the fact that, so far as you are concerned, the two ideas are logically unrelated. And this gives us "the law of association." Accurately and elegantly formulated, that law would read, "Things that happen together tend to stick together." Let "The George W. Childs Cigar" and "generously good" appear together in your experience: they will tend to stick together, in spite of the absence of logic, nay, in spite of subsequent experience with the cigar. Hence, an associa-

tion of ideas may be described as a chance connection of ideas, a connection resting solely upon the fortuities of experience, as against any connection dictated by considerations of fitness, logical, æsthetic, or ethical — which would require another name. It may be, indeed, that there are no chance connections. Who knows but that Brown's telephone number has been determined for him by the logic necessarily implied in the infinite wisdom of Providence? Let it be so. What that logic may be, is far beyond you or me. In any case, it is not you who have connected "Brown" and "456." So far as you or I am concerned, "Brown" and "456" have been connected from the outside, along with "The George W. Childs Cigar" and "generously good."

And this, again, is what the associational philosophers mean when they teach that all expressions of the human mind, all matters of taste, of morals, and of religion, are but matters of association. Their point is that in the last analysis all human thought is merely the passive reflection of environment and custom; and logic is an illusion. Common sense, indeed, makes a broad distinction between the effects of custom and necessary truth; what constitutes a proper bathing-suit may be a matter of custom, but falsehood and treachery are eternally wrong, while two and two are necessarily four. The associationist assures us, however, that all of these views are alike matters of custom. Who can say that upon the planet Mars two and two are not five? In mathematics as in morals, in morals as in matters of taste, what we call true is what we are accustomed to. Such is the philosophy of associationism. The advertiser, adopting this philosophy, undertakes to accustom the public to what profits himself.

This is, of course, all far from saying that association stands for nothing solid. The question is whether it stands for anything *psychological*. Accordingly if it is not logic that makes the two ideas stick together, what does make them stick? For it must be evident that the

fact that Brown and his telephone number come together in your experience will not of itself explain why they remain together. Nor, if you are disposed to suggest that logic and fitness are, after all, operative, will this coming together furnish a *reason*. In the eye of reason the juxtaposition of "The Henry George Cigar" and "I am for men" furnishes no convincing proof of the manliness of those who smoke the "Henry George" Cigar, or of its unsuitability for women. Nor again, to anticipate somewhat, does reason take note of the frequency of repetition. The statement that A is B is not truer because it is uttered twice.

What, then, does make the ideas stick together? The associationist finding for merely coexisting ideas no cohering medium in the mind, looks for it in the brain. Whether he really finds it there, we need not pretend to say. It is sufficient to note that the brain, a vast network of cells and fibres, looks much like a connecting apparatus, and suggests quite readily the analogy of a telephone-exchange. Nor need we pretend to understand how connections can be *created* by the fact of coexistence. I know of no telephone-switchboard in which a copper connection between Darby and Joan has been built up by the frequency with which Darby calls Joan. It seems easier here, with James, to explain the formation of habit — for association is but a psychical version of habit — by some vague mechanical analogy. We know that after water has formed a certain track in flowing down hill, the next rain is apt to follow the same track and to deepen it. When our old coats return from the tailor pressed as smooth as new, after a half hour's wearing they resume all their accustomed creases. In some such way the associationist explains the linking of Brown and 456. Each of these represents an activity located somewhere within a given brain. When these two activities occur at the same moment, somehow a connection, an organic connection, consisting, we must assume, of

nerve fibres, is formed between them. This connection is made stronger by each simultaneous recurrence of the activities; until at last the two ideas (we are still speaking with the vulgar) are so firmly tied together that when one enters the mind it must perforce bring the other with it.

Thus the two ideas are made to cohere automatically by the action of the brain. The mind has nothing to do with it. This implication will be found in virtually all the literature of association. Let the advertiser bring the two ideas together in your experience, and the brain will "do the rest." It is unnecessary that you *perceive that* the Childs cigar and generous goodness are simultaneously before you; it is even unnecessary that you be *aware* of either of them; let them but *be* there at the same moment before your eyes, and the brain will take care of the connection. Using the language of our present subject, we may put the whole matter simply and elegantly by saying that *association works while you sleep.*

We are now, I hope, fairly in possession of the advertiser's apparatus and point of view; his problem is to use the mechanism of association for the purpose of creating a demand, as he would put it — a habit, as we may put it — favorable to his goods. Now, it is in his way of going about it that we find the most interesting illustrations of the parallelism between advertising methods and the psychology of association. Association deepens the path, or strengthens the neural connection, between, say, Brown and 456. Psychologists are somewhat divided regarding the "factors" that play a part here, but all are agreed that the most striking factor is *frequency:* other things equal, that connection is stronger which has been most often stimulated. Such, indeed, is the force of frequency that even the most critical are liable to mistake custom for eternal truth; and we do not know, for example, whether a woman in man's clothes is unchaste or only unusual.

The advertiser fully appreciates the power of frequency.

Therefore, as the newspaper publisher never forgets to tell him, is it not enough to insert his advertisement once or two or three times, even though the circulation be confined to a regular set of subscribers; indeed, the ideal plan is to engage space by the year. And for the purpose of establishing an all-important uniformity among his repetitions, he is ready to pay a high price for a convenient catch-phrase, the sillier the better. And therefore, again, is it not enough to adorn the fences leading to a country town with a sufficient number of instructions to use his Kidney Pills, to reach every inhabitant; the point is to reach, nay, to strike and pummel, every inhabitant as many times as he can. The advertiser knows that if he repeats a statement with sufficient frequency nothing but a private view of advertising psychology will prevent you from believing it. Therefore he makes it a point to see that you cannot venture abroad, that you cannot ride in a train or a trolley-car, read a newspaper or magazine, consult a directory or a theatre program, without being confronted with his pills or soap, his piano or motor car, his watch that made the dollar odious, or his new division of lots at Bluffton-by-the-Sea. And if he leaves you unassailed in your bed, the fault is not his; it means only that advertising methods are still only imperfectly developed.

A second important factor in association is called *vividness* — I should prefer "intensity." It is obvious that a rut in a road may be due to the frequent passage of light vehicles or to the single passage of a heavy vehicle. Whether in this figure we are talking either psychology or physiology, I will not venture to say. But it seems to be true that coexistent impressions may be stuck together once and for all if they are put together with enough of a shock. One dose of castor oil in soda water may destroy forever your taste for soda water. In cultivated and anæmic persons, the practice of shocking, and in particular the practice of shocking the optic nerve by intermit-

tent lights, is apt to create temptations towards arson and murder. But for the *profanum vulgus* it furnishes a pleasing fascination, and like the large expanses of red and yellow paint, the full-pages of the newspaper which simply announce for whom the place is reserved, the twenty-story life-insurance building, mostly rented out, and the fifty-million-dollar railway station, it serves to make a "big impression," which may be counted upon to fix the connection of ideas once and for all.

The third recognized factor of association, *recency*, is not especially instructive. I need hardly explain why one does not advertise snow-shoes in June, and bathing-suits in January. And the more disputed factors of association are too instructive for the scope of this article. I shall therefore close the first lesson in psychology by pointing out once more that in the effect produced by advertising, any relevance between the terms brought together, or even any sense of their being together, has nothing to do with the case. Let the terms but be together, they will tend to cohere. Hence, it is not a question of what the advertiser says, or seems to say, but of what he puts into the advertisement. And the unobtrusive things, the purpose of which is not evident to the average advertisee, are usually the most effective. Thus the vision of wearers of fifteen-dollar suits lounging gracefully by the side of expensive motor-cars and conversing with fashionably dressed women, all endowed with an aristocratic curl of the lip, creates a pleasing illusion in the minds of prospective purchasers to the effect that a fifteen-dollar suit is a card of admission to high society. And do we not learn from the cover-pages of the magazines that both Pears' Soap and Ivory Soap express the taste of those who can afford expensive bath-room fixtures? I shall never forget my surprise at learning that Winterbourne Flour (let us call it) was not an especially good sort of flour; for the advertisements might well have been written by Matthew Arnold.

So much for the first lesson in psychology. The topic of the lesson is association; and the thesis is that association works while you sleep. In other words, the psychology of advertising (so called) is nothing more nor less than the (likewise so called) psychology of association; and in the process of association it is the brain that does the work, and not the mind. This first lesson in psychology I conceive to be reasonably orthodox; for, as I have noted, the whole literature of psychology testifies to a preference for the nervous system as a medium, or mechanism, for explaining the formation of associations of ideas.

As the strain upon the attention imposed by these grave studies is so great, we will defer a second lesson until the next number.

"THIS THEN IS LIFE"

TO quote from FitzGerald's version of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam is now, I am told, a symptom of false taste, indulged in only by the *parvenu* of culture. But I happen to have a strong fellow-feeling for Omar at one period of his life — for Omar when he was young. It was then, before he had contracted his famous habit of confessing imaginary sins in delectable verse, that he wandered from door to door, humbly, hopefully, expecting any moment to hear something worth while from the lips of professional Wisemen. "Myself when young," he writes explicitly, "did eagerly frequent Doctor and Saint. . . ." He admits that he heard much clever talk of this and that, and many learned disputations. If he had been seeking amusement, well and good! Unhappily, he was seeking for Truth. The professional Wisemen all claimed to deal in the commodity, but he found that they couldn't stop contradicting one another long enough to supply his demand. That he reaped a meagre harvest from the seed of their wisdom is notorious. "I came like Water and like Wind I go." It wasn't much to feed on in his declining years. It didn't satisfy him. So he took to poetry as a solace, and, having a sense of humor, tried to shock the professional Wisemen into believing he had taken to drink.

Young people of to-day (the type exists) who are afflicted with the youthful Omar's desire to learn something definite as to the meaning of life, discover very soon that among professional Wisemen there is still much doctrine but little agreement. "*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*" It is the lot of most of us who are not yet old to come out by the same doors by which we have entered, bringing with us heads that spin and throb, and hearts with a tendency to ache. And to most of us the opiate of exquisite ironic verse is denied.

We are a turbid generation. Our intellectual and spiritual life is a swirling dance of yellow waters, surcharged with silt — which is matter out of place. Granted. But consider our heritage and the world into which we are thrust.

It is, to begin with, a world at once very old and very active. It remembers too much, and insists, with the garrulity of age, upon sharing its memories. It spares us nothing but the essential. And what strange tales it draws forth for us from a never-lightened pack — fascinating, troubling! Too many of them we find it difficult to believe.

It tells us of a time when man was not; a time of dragons — foul monsters of earth, air and sea. Far back beyond these obscene grotesques, spread a great darkness pullulating with a microscopic ferment of monads, a sort of witches' broth, or alchemic stew. From this cosmic caldron, what fantastic magic bubbled forth! The Brontosaurus, the Triceratops — the Sabre-toothed Tiger! Great Jungles flowered thence widely, soon to be over-run by a volatile gibbering race — the Apes. Then quietly, grimly, from age to age, smooth fingers of ice would stretch outward from the poles to throttle and slay. But at length, here and there in certain dark caves, some of the Ape creatures brought forth changelings: for changelings they must have seemed to their disappointed dams. These beings had dull sparks in their sunken eyes. They seemed too feeble for prolonged existence, and turned giddy when coaxed by their sorrowing mothers up among the higher branches of the trees. Yet they persisted stubbornly, and on reaching mature years developed impious habits alien to their tribe. They began picking up pointed stones and forcing them into the clefts of split sticks; these they brandished and used as weapons. And so the strange tales are spun — ever wilder and more disturbing! We are introduced to our savage ancestors — folk of the caverns, and of the shallow lakes. We mark

their eyes grow less sunken, the dull spark behind them kindle to a feverish glow; the shaggy hair fall from their thighs; their forms become shapely and erect. They begin to cling together in family and tribal groups, to acknowledge leaders. Their intelligence is simply amazing. They build up diverse tongues, rule themselves by rigid custom and law, look before and after. And presently they are Nations, raising unmeasured cities and pyramidal tombs for their mighty Kings. They practice many arts, black and white, and are cunning in commerce. And they have dared to say: — Lo, for us was the Earth created by the immortal Gods . . . or by the one God, in Whom we live and move and have our being! Nay more: they have dared to question the many Gods, and the One!

So the garrulous old world rambles on. . . . And we hear much of Israel and her Prophets; of Greece, her Philosophers and Poets; of Rome, her massive Builders, her patient Jurists, her conquering Legions. And then thick-swarming hordes from the North — blond giants to destroy and rear afresh! And there are many odd conflicting stories of Saints and Martyrs — stories difficult to reconcile, of holy men stumbling this way and that, because of their uplifted eyes. Thus bit by bit, with damnable iteration, the fable is told and told and told: there is no end to the fable. We are stunned by it, overwhelmed and oppressed. Ages of Darkness, of Faith, of Re-birth, of Reform, of Inquiry, of Revolution, of Democracy, of . . . To master the phantasmagoria is impossible; we are mastered by it. Its multiplied confusions are too tremendous. We are left dumbly wondering and aghast.

So it is that we, like the youthful Omar, are driven in defense of our sanity to seek out the Wisemen of our own time. If they cannot help us — at least we shall then realize that we must somehow help ourselves.

Well, speaking as one of myriads, and with due humility,

I think they are not very helpful, these latter-day Wisemen; though I gladly admit their earnestness, and have no doubt they are doing their best. It is hardly their fault if the cosmic odds, as in the past, are against them. So far as I can determine, at one point only do professional Wisemen of the hour meet to join hands. One and all they have agreed that life is a flux, a flowing. "I came like Water and like Wind I go."

This is the doctrine that failed to satisfy the youthful Omar; nor does it satisfy our Wisemen, or their pupils. In fact, the one person it seems ever to have completely satisfied was named Heraclitus, and he doesn't count. It was a matter of pride with him, since he had filed a claim to it as a personal discovery.

It is not a question of pride with our modern Wisemen. They seem to feel it would never do to announce that all flows, all passes — and let it go at that. They have farther news for us. For example, some of them now assure us that our search for absolute Truth is absurd. This we had begun dimly to suspect for ourselves. We were hardly prepared, however, for the added statement that there is no absolute Truth: there are only truths. And we must wear these truths with a difference: they are for the moment merely; they too flow by, pass, and are no more. They come like Water and like Wind they go.

Nevertheless, the Wisemen insist, it is vastly important to be able to distinguish these fleeting truths from fleeting errors; and they have discovered a simple method for testing, as the stream flows by, what is momentarily true from what is momentarily false. Truth, they assert, is whatever works well for the time being, whatever helps us to live more happily and contentedly from hour to hour. This is good news indeed.

Yet I fancy this doctrine is not so novel as it seems. When Omar made his final exit from the *conférences* of his contemporary Wisemen, he strikes me as having stepped forth a complete Pragmatist in all but name. Defeated

in his quest for the Absolute, he turned, with the rapture of one released, to the relative and the concrete. What, he asked himself, shall best help me, ere I too vanish, to live happily and with full content? And he decided (or so, perhaps with a secret smile, he wishes us to believe) in favor of Wine, Woman and Song. He tested these goods pragmatically, nor did they fail him. Others they might have failed, but Omar makes it plain that in his case they worked splendidly. The Grape did not prove a snare and delusion; quite the reverse. It confuted the Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects, and turned Life's leaden metal into Gold. Omar attained the Heaven he sought, — "Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire. . . ." His graceful Hedonism worked; it was thus for him a true thing, and so he proclaimed it.

It by no means follows, however, that in becoming Pragmatists we must also become graceful (nor even disgraceful) Hedonists. These things are provisional, remember; and the Universe is so oddly arranged that the flashing facets exist quite well without the support of a central Diamond. In a Universe of provisional truths, one can pretty safely trust one's temperament — as Omar trusted his. But successful Hedonism implies an exceptional endowment. It is not given us all to embrace a life of pleasure and find it pleasant. There are beings so constituted that they cannot get the best from their lives unless they are sacrificing themselves for others. *Animae naturaliter Christianae.* The one Rule that works successfully for these difficult beings is the Golden Rule. For them, therefore, the Golden Rule is true — pragmatically true. Again, if I cannot make a good workmanlike job of living unless convinced that I am immortal, then for me the doctrine of immortality has proved itself true. It doesn't follow that it is true for my wife. She may find it personally more stimulating to believe "that dead men rise up never." And if *you* rise up, with your musty school-

man's logic, to protest that immortality is either true or not true — we shall laugh you to scorn! Intellectualist — *va! Autre temps!* . . .

Thus (if I take their meaning, which is, to say the least, unlikely) do certain of our modern Wisemen interpret the Heraclitean Flux. Instructed by them, the young folk of to-day might soon learn to select their own congenial truths, and so make shift. But, alas! there is a disturbing element, or rather many disturbing elements. Our Wisemen are not all Pragmatists, and those who are not, bitterly attack, and even ridicule, those who are. Truth, these dissident voices clamor, cannot be provisional. To misquote a well-worn passage (two crimes in one) — Truth is not truth which alters when it alteration finds. It is a mere hypothesis; and the Heraclitean Flux is but a temporary internal disorder of the Unchangeable. Unhappily, this internal disorder, being acute, is very distracting. It is difficult for a man attacked by gastritis to transcend the immediate sensation. Yet this should not discourage us. The attack will pass. . . . Thus, then, certain other Wisemen.

Ah, but suppose our pragmatic Wisemen are right, and the only permanency is the permanency of change? It makes our brains whirl (our poor turbid brains, surcharged with the silt of centuries!), and we rush forth from the foolish conflict of the Wisemen to the wiser conflict of the street. Once safely in the street, among our chaffering brothers and sisters, who are more bothered about the maintenance of life than its meaning, we feel at least a warm sense of comradeship return to our breasts. The perilous roar of the immediate seems to cheer and strengthen. "Here we all are in the same boat on a rough sea!" it bellows. "The wind's rising! Nasty weather! Reef sails and cling to the oars! Now then — all together, my hearties!"

Come to think of it, that reprehensible Voltaire put

this more quietly and finally over a century ago. "*Mais il faut cultiver notre jardin.*" Which may easily mean a market garden or a rose garden. Omar preferred a rose garden. Market gardening seems, on the whole, more to the taste of the young people of the present day.

Fellow gardeners. . . . However, this is not a public speech, nor should I in any case be equal to the peroration. It is so much simpler to quote the obvious:

> This then is life,
> Here is what has come to the surface after so many throes and convulsions.
> How curious! How real!
> Underfoot the divine soil — Overhead the sun—

and in the soul, the power to work, to hope and to love.

THE SUFFRAGE PROPHETS

IN studying the history of Woman Suffrage in America, one is much impressed with the non-success of suffragists as prophets. It is a profession which continually allures them, and they drop into prophecy as easily as Wegg dropped into verse; but their predictions are practically never fulfilled. Sixty years ago Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and their contemporaries assured the public that without the vote it would be impossible for woman to achieve the higher education, entrance into the professions, guardianship of her children or control of her property. They even maintained that without woman suffrage, it would be impossible for the negroes to be freed from slavery. As everyone knows, these prophecies proved absolutely false. All these things have been gained, and without the ballot.

Later came other prophecies: that without the vote child labor conditions could not be improved, and that the vote was needed to do away with saloons. The facts are that child labor conditions are constantly improving, and that the laws safe-guarding children are better in male suffrage states than where woman suffrage prevails. This statement is made on the highest authority, that of the National Child Labor Committee.

The *Nation* calls attention to the fact that when the National Child Labor Committee was formed in 1904, only 13 states had a 14-year age limit for child workers; now there are 36 such states. It adds "That the present generation will see child labor abolished by all the states is a conservative prediction, for its last strongholds in the south are fast giving way." What then becomes of the suffragists' claim that child labor can only be done away with by women's votes?

It is a curious commentary on this claim, that the bad

Colorado law allowing little girls of ten to carry on street trades was passed after women had voted there nineteen years.

Mr. Edward N. Clopper, of the National Child Labor Committee, says:

> The largest number of delinquent boys is found in those occupations in which the nature of the employment does not permit supervision, namely, newspaper selling, errand running, delivery service and messenger service. Boys engaged in these occupations, together with bootblacks and peddlers, all work under conditions which bring them into continual temptations to dishonesty and other offenses.
>
> In Colorado the only restriction imposed by the state legislature for this kind of work relates to girls under ten years, there being no interference whatever with the sacred rights of boys to exploit themselves in city streets. In Utah the age limit for selling papers and other publications is twelve years for boys and sixteen years for girls, but for female bootblacks the law describes a graceful downward curve, reducing the age limit to twelve years, thereby opening up a new field of usefulness for all the little girls who wish to follow the dainty, dignified and essentially feminine profession of shining shoes at the gutter's edge.

In Washington, a suffrage state since 1910, any child, boy or girl, ten years of age, is permitted to beg, peddle or sing on the street for gain.

The report of the Child Labor Committee for November 1913 says:

> It is scarcely more perilous for girls than it is for boys to sell papers, peddle gum, guide beggars, black shoes and tend stands or engage in any other form of street trading. Not only do children who work thus out of school hours gradually fall behind in their studies and reach a limit of mental capacity lower than the promise of earlier years, but physically and morally they suffer positive harm.

And yet in Colorado, which suffragists claim has the sanest and most progressive children's law of any state, boys of any age may engage in street trades, and girls if they have reached the age of ten!

Wisconsin, a male suffrage state, has set the highest mark so far attained in this country in the protection of both boys and girls in this work, the age limit for girls being eighteen years, while boys under twelve are forbidden to sell newspapers, and boys under fourteen may not engage in any other street trade.

Two notable advances were made in the standards of protection of working children during the year 1913, both of them in male suffrage states:

1. Ohio adopted a children's code, the first state to codify its laws relating to children. This code fixes a minimum age limit for employment, at fifteen years for boys and sixteen years for girls, and was enacted the winter before the defeat of woman suffrage in Ohio by 182,000.

2. Enactment of a law in the male suffrage state of Massachusetts limiting the hours of labor for children under eighteen, to eight per day. Fourteen other states already had this law, but Massachusetts is the first commonwealth in the world with cotton textile manufacturing as the leading industry, to establish so high a standard.

Also two notable defeats mar the record of child labor legislation for 1913:

1. The Uniform Child Labor Law was defeated in Idaho, a woman suffrage state, by a vote of 31 to 12.

2. Utah, a woman suffrage state, defeated a bill fixing an eighteen-year limit for specially hazardous occupations, although seven male suffrage states have written such a law on their statute books.

The suffrage prophecy that woman with the ballot would do away with saloons is undoubtedly believed by many. What are the facts? Until last autumn not one woman suffrage state had prohibition, while 10 male suffrage states had voted out the saloon. More than this, the percentage of people living in dry territory in woman suffrage states is smaller than in neighboring male suffrage states. During a suffrage campaign, the suffra-

gists give up all pretence of favoring Prohibition, and openly court the liquor interests. Last Autumn a Nevada Equal Suffrage Society issued an indignant denial of the statement that suffrage meant prohibition. It says:

> If persons who circulated these stories will look up the history of the states which have given women the ballot, we think they will find they are not any "dryer" than they were before. Utah and Colorado, where women have voted for years, are not prohibition states. San Francisco voted on the liquor question last year, after women were admitted to the polls, and went "wet" by a large majority. We could cite many more examples if we had time and space. All we ask is the truth. Give us a square deal.
>
> Signed: Mrs. M. S. Bonnifield, Pres.
> Mrs. S. G. Lamb, Sec'y.

Wherever the saloon elements are strong, this type of suffrage politician arises. We find Crystal Eastman Benedict in the suffrage campaign in Wisconsin assuring the brewers that it was better business for them to vote for suffrage, since all the suffrage states were wet.

During the Michigan campaign we find the Equal Suffrage Association of that state issuing the statement: "The temperance issue has nothing to do with woman suffrage." In like manner we find Miss Elizabeth J. Hauser, state organizer for the suffragists of Ohio, publicly declaring that "There is no alliance between the Ohio Woman Suffrage Association and the Anti-Saloon League."

We find, according to the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* of Oct. 12, that Frau Schwimmer, but lately campaigning in the East for the Woman's Peace Party, spoke in a saloon at Columbus, Ohio, for suffrage. She said: "It gives me a splendid opportunity to make clear that the suffrage movement has no affiliations with either the wet or dry interests." The Anti-Saloon people made it clear that they would not vote to enfranchise women who took that stand, and were largely instrumental in the defeat of suffrage by 182,000 majority.

The *Woman's Voice*, official organ of the Montana W. C. T. U., says in its October issue:

Our W. C. T. U. had no division in the suffrage parade during fair week. Our committee was arranging for float, banners, etc., according to invitation given, when our chairman was informed that some suffragists thought it better not to have the W. C. T. U. in the parade as a body. * * * It is laughable to have the suffragists so considerate of the views of the liquor men that they fear to antagonize them by allowing a temperance banner in their parade. But such is their policy.

Judge Lindsay in an interview in the *Boston Post* of July 26, 1914 says:

Here is another point in which men are mistaken. They believe, most of them, down in their hearts, that women would at once close up the saloons. This is absolutely disproved by what has happened in Colorado. Colorado is a wet state, Denver is a decidedly wet city. The wets won in Colorado last year, with women voting. Women — good women — got out and worked for the wets. Thus you have Colorado with equal suffrage going wet by 50,000, while West Virginia, where the women can't vote, goes dry by 100,000.

At the last election Colorado went dry by 10,000 majority, but California, with more women voting than ever before, defeated Prohibition by a majority of nearly 200,000. San Francisco, according to Senator Works of California, has 3,500 saloons, Boston with a larger population has about 667.

Another popular suffrage prophecy has been that, with women voting, the political candidate must be of good character, otherwise he could not gain women's votes. We have recently had given us some interesting evidence on this point. In Seattle, where women vote, Hy Gill, a former mayor, was re-elected last spring by a big majority, carrying every ward but one, including the residence precincts. According to an article in the *Century Magazine* for March, 1914, he had been in his earlier administration the open and avowed champion of the saloon and

the disorderly house. He insisted that they were necessary to the prosperity of Seattle. His chief of police was convicted of collecting thousands from the women of the under-world, and was sent to the penitentiary. In spite of this record, the suffragists of New York and Massachusetts filled columns in defence of his re-election. One of the stoutest defenders of his re-election was Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, editor of the *Woman's Journal*. His record was most unsavory, but she was confident that, with women voting, a good city government was assured. Recent scandals point decidedly to the contrary. The bad district, at one time thought to be suppressed, has sprung up again more flourishing than ever, and it has recently transpired that the unfortunate women of that district were paying a sum estimated at $3,200 a month for police protection. The leading Seattle newspaper speaks of the situation as a repetition "of odious Seattle days when vice was licensed and protected; when grafting in and upon the under-world flourished." But eastern suffragists are still defending him, because, forsooth, he was elected in a woman suffrage state.

Another case is the following:

The Woman's Democratic Club of a certain ward in Chicago recently advertised for a candidate for alderman. There were six applicants, a machinist, a broker, a clergyman, a manufacturer, a physician and a saloon keeper. The women chose the saloon keeper. This item having appeared in a Cambridge, Mass., paper a few weeks ago, a certain Cambridge suffragist wrote to Mrs. Grace Wilber Trout, president of the Illinois Equal Suffrage Association, concerning it, evidently expecting a prompt denial of the story. But Mrs. Trout could give only cold comfort. She writes:

My dear Mrs. W.

This clipping that you sent to me tells its own story. These women are not affiliated with the State Suffrage Association. They are a little group of women who organized in their ward,

possibly organized under the liquor interests. We do not know, because we know none of these women.

But of what significance is it that these women are not members of the suffrage association? When Mrs. Trout and her three friends lobbied the suffrage bill through the legislature, secretly because they knew the people of Illinois were opposed to it, did she think she was enfranchising only the women who belonged to the suffrage association? Did she not know that she was putting into the hands of the forces of evil a new and a powerful weapon? The fact confronts her now, and she tries to evade responsibility by saying "We do not know these women." She adds: "It is folly to think, also, that women are better than men; they are not." It has taken only two years of political experience to bring her to the point where she is forced to admit that the claim that women will uplift or purify politics or improve conditions has no foundation, "because women are no better than men." She still maintains that "it is fundamentally right for every human being to be represented in the government." On this statement the suffragist takes her last stand, when forced out of one position after another by the logic of cold facts. But if it is "fundamentally right" that a small minority should have its will on *this* question in opposition to the majority, why is it not equally right on other questions?

Antoinette Funk has recently told the methods by which partial suffrage was won in Illinois. She described how her committee of three women had "gum-shoed" to Springfield, made a card index of every member of the Legislature — his record, his "boss," his weak spot, the influences that controlled him, the scandals in his career and the like, and then went after pledges for the women suffrage bill.

"We told nobody how many votes we had pledged," she said, "and the big interests were asleep until the day before the vote. Then they woke up, but it was too late."

These two cases, Hy Gill in Seattle and the saloon keeper in Chicago, are sufficient to show that to be successful in gaining woman's votes a man need not be a model candidate.

Experience having proved every one of the foregoing prophecies to be false, the suffragists have got a new one. It is that woman suffrage would do away with war. For years the socialists made the claim that *they* would do away with war, and it added greatly to the strength of their party. They declared that by refusing to join the colors, and by bringing on a general strike, they would paralyze any government which attempted to make war. This claim worked beautifully so long as there was world peace: but when war came — well, that was another matter. The socialists of Germany, France and England, without, apparently, a word of protest, promptly joined the armies, being sent out to kill their brother workmen of other lands. In the face of the great crisis their moral collapse was complete, and this fact is everywhere recognized.

Then the suffragists took up the claim, which, in view of the recent history of their cause is so absurd, that one wonders that it can be put forward in soberness.

In the *Woman's Journal* for February 13, Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, its editor, protests against the charge of insincerity which has been brought against the Woman's Peace Party, recently formed by suffragists in this country under the guidance of Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, famous for their participation in the English Militant movement. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence have both served terms of imprisonment in London, the charge against Mr. Lawrence being that of "inciting women to break windows with stones and hatchets." He and his wife left the militant party only when the English government passed a law making individuals pecuniarily responsible for the damage done to property by their followers: for Mr. and

Mrs. Lawrence were the only monied people in the group, Mrs. Pankhurst having judiciously hidden her savings in France. Mrs. Wm. Lowell Putnam recently pointed out that so speedy a change from a campaign of destructive violence to one of Constructive Peace was scarcely convincing. Miss Blackwell objects to this way of looking at it, and tries to give the impression that *American* suffragists never approved of militancy. She says: "We honored Mrs. Pankhurst's spirit, but believed her extreme methods to be mistaken." May we ask, then, why they gave her $100,000 to take back to England to carry out her extreme methods? And why Miss Pankhurst, who was here all last autumn defending militancy, promising a return to militancy when the war is over, and in the meantime urging the United States to enter the war, was so enthusiastically welcomed by suffragists, from New York to Minneapolis? According to the *Chattanooga Times*, her speech at the recent Suffrage Convention in that city aroused the delegates to such frantic fervor that they marched around the hall singing and shouting. Because the peace movement is the "latest thing" in suffrage circles, Miss Blackwell would like us all to forget the almost unanimous defence by American Suffragists of the militant "Reign of Terror," but our memories are not so short as all that.

When Mrs. Pankhurst landed at Ellis Island in October, 1913, and was detained there by the Government on account of her criminal record, scores of indignant protests were made by suffragists from all over the country. Dr. Anna Shaw and Miss Jane Addams, President and Vice President of the National Suffrage Association, were among the protestors. Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont declared Mrs. Pankhurst "the greatest woman in the world." Lawyers who had represented the National Suffrage Association were ready to appear before the immigration examiners in her behalf. When she arrived in Boston, impatient devotees boarded her train at Back Bay, and

accompanied her to the South Station, where she was met by a crowd of enthusiastic suffragists wearing the militant colors, white, green and purple. She spoke in Tremont Temple before an audience which packed it to the doors. She was continually interrupted by applause. At the end of the meeting she was kept busy for half an hour announcing pledges and gifts of money made by persons in the audience, although she had let it be known that the profits from her lecture would be devoted entirely to furthering the cause of the militants in England. Only one protesting suffrage voice was raised: a Cambridge suffragist wrote to the Press: "If you go to hear her Saturday night, paying, as you must, an entrance fee, and afterwards hear that a second attempt to burn down Penshurst Place has been successful, or that irretrievable damage has been done to the National Gallery or Westminster Abbey — property not private or governmental, but the priceless heritage of generations yet unborn — you will to the extent of that entrance fee, be morally responsible for that destruction." But these words apparently had little effect, as Tremont Temple was thronged. A luncheon was given for Mrs. Pankhurst by prominent women of Boston, which was attended by most of the well-known suffragists of the region.

What was it that Mrs. Pankhurst was at this time trying to do, and for what was she gathering this financial aid in America? She tells us in the preface to her recently published autobiography:

> Now our task was to show the government that it was expedient to yield to the women's just demands. In order to do that, we had to make England and every department of English life insecure and unsafe. We had to make English law a failure, and the courts farce comedy theatres; we had to discredit the government and parliament in the eyes of the world: we had to spoil English sports, hurt business, destroy valuable property, demoralize the world of society, shame the churches, upset the whole orderly conduct of life.

At a meeting of directors of a Liverpool insurance company on April 20, 1914, it was said that the insurance companies had lost $1,250,000 through fire started by suffragists during the year 1913.

The New York suffragists had a parade last autumn as a protest against the "blighting of European civilization" by the present war. Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch says: "Our great-grandchildren will feel the result of this war. Art galleries and libraries will be destroyed." But priceless paintings, historic buildings, beautiful churches had been destroyed for months past by Mrs. Blatch's fellow-suffragists in England. It never occurred to the New York suffragists to parade with muffled drums and in mourning garb to show their grief at this wanton destruction. On the contrary, they expressed great admiration of "the splendid courage of those devoted women" who were destroying the fruits of civilization.

Miss Lavinia Dock, a prominent New York suffragist, said:

> The English militants are superb. They have great organization, calm and absolute courage, utter forgetfulness of self. The militants had £20,000 more given them this winter to spend for the cause than ever before. For skill and intellect and finesse and passion they have the French Revolution beaten a thousand miles.

The promoters of the Woman's Peace movement tell us that the women of sixteen countries are behind it. Frau Rosika Schwimmer, Secretary of the International Peace movement, claims to represent them all. Had they no representative at the last International Congress of Women in Rome, where a speech deploring the actions of the militants was interrupted by protests, and led to such a violent demonstration on the part of the auditors that the speaker was obliged to stop?

The militants, it must be remembered, were carrying on the most consistent and whole-souled militarist movement which England had ever seen: for, as Professor

Kirchwey has pointed out, the militarism against which the suffragists are now protesting is only militancy on a larger scale, and adapted to a nation's necessities. The principle animating the two movements is precisely the same — to take what one wants by force — yet an International Congress of Women refused even to listen to a protest against the militant's destructive activities!

The suffragists called it "noble" and "heroic" for Mrs. Pankhurst to attack her opponents, burn down churches, destroy historic buildings, and precious art collections. Now when men are carrying on these occupations on a larger scale, they claim to be shocked, and call them brutal.

They talk of the "humanization" of nations by suffrage, and protest against militarism, conveniently ignoring the fact that the only English speaking countries to institute compulsory military service are New Zealand and Australia, where women vote. Lord Roberts tried for years to gain such compulsory service in England, where only men vote — but without success. They fail to remember that it is the woman suffrage state of California, which by flagrant disregard of treaty rights is sowing the seeds of enmity between this country and Japan. They tell us that the way to do away with war is to work for suffrage, forgetting that in Colorado, where women vote, the presence of Federal troops has been necessary for many months to prevent civil war. They ignore, too, the fact that the one person who has been going about from city to city, urging this country to go to war, is a woman and a suffragist — Christabel Pankhurst.

Under these circumstances the claim that the way to prevent war is to push the suffrage campaign, is a piece of superb effrontery, and it is certainly a serious offence against the *real* Peace Movement, that it should be exploited and made ridiculous by women who are at the same time apologists of militancy and civil war. These women *say* they want peace, but they uphold lawlessness,

bomb-throwing and the destruction of libraries and priceless works of art, — if confined to their own party. Evidently such things are wrong in their eyes only when done by men.

These earlier suffrage prophecies concerning the importance of woman suffrage in relation to the higher education of women, the opening of the professions, improvement of property laws for women, child labor laws, doing away with saloons, have all proved absolutely unfounded, and this latest prophecy — that suffrage will do away with war — is based on no more solid a foundation than its discredited predecessors.

MORE LIGHT ON MEXICO

BEGINNING, as Mr. Alfred Bishop Mason did his article in the last UNPOPULAR REVIEW, with the autobiographical statement that I was a resident of Mexico from the spring of the year 1901 to that of 1911, travelling from one end of the country to the other and coming into personal contact with hundreds of natives, of the ignorant and poor classes as well as of the educated and well to do, I venture a few words on some different aspects of the Mexican question from those presented by him.

One of his first statements is that the government of Porfirio Diaz was not corrupt, that it was white and pure. As those of us who have been in Mexico and know how much Mr. Mason's railroad building helped the country, can not doubt his sincerity, we can only say that his experience must have been very different from that of many others. I venture to state that if you were to ask the opinions of those who have seriously studied the Mexican question, nine out of ten would promptly answer that the main reason for the success of the Madero uprising was the corruption of the so-called Cientifico group which surrounded Diaz, and the high-handed way in which they distributed among themselves and their friends all the valuable concessions and other opportunities of making money at the expense of the public.

Perhaps a few examples which can be easily verified would show how unusual was Mr. Mason's experience. About ten years ago, there was organized the Mexican Dynamite Company, in which the brother of Limantour, the former Secretary of the Treasury, and young Porfirio Diaz, were heavily interested. This concern, for the apparent purpose of developing a native industry of great necessity to a mining country, obtained a concession for the erection of a dynamite factory, under whose terms a

high import duty was placed on this article while the Company had the privilege of importing free of duty all that it should require, if the operation of its factory was interrupted by strikes or accidents. Soon after the completion of the plant an explosion partly destroyed it, and the Company began to import free of duty and sell at enormous profit all the dynamite consumed in the country.

Then there were the numerous public buildings, roads and other public works, the construction of which was always in the hands of contracting companies in which were interested the members of the Cientifico group and their friends. These contracts were never awarded in open competition, but by simple favoritism.

Another glaring example of corruption was the misapplication of the funds received by the Guanajuato State Government for the assistance of the sufferers in the flood of 1906. I do not recall the exact figures but out of the $400,000 or $500,000 contributed from all over the world, perhaps $100,000 was distributed among the sufferers. A large part disappeared completely, and some $200,000 or $300,000 was set aside for the construction of a tunnel to drain the valley, for the purpose of avoiding a recurrence of a similar calamity, and this work was carried out at an excessive price by a contracting Company of which young Diaz was one of the principal stockholders.

Of petty graft, anybody who has lived close to the people of Mexico could cite many, many examples. Probably there was not one in a hundred of the officers in General Diaz's army who was not guilty of plain stealing in the purchase of horses and supplies, in using men from the ranks for every kind of personal service (I know a Colonel who once practically built a house with the soldiers under his command) — in obtaining railroad passes, and innumerable other ways. There was scarcely a judge in the less important courts whose decision could not be influenced by a good dinner, a nice present or a polite note

from one of the many members of the magic Cientifico group. There was many a State Governor who never placed a contract without receiving a fat commission.

Undoubtedly the land question is one of the most serious problems of Mexico, but this is not the seat of the trouble, nor is it quite true, as we would gather from Mr. Mason, that the whole surface of Mexico is in the hands of the great landowners. I know personally, a great many people, perhaps a hundred, who have farms, ranging in size from half an acre to 200 acres.

To my mind, the trouble with Mexico is the terrible ignorance and shiftlessness of the Indians which form nearly ninety per cent of its population, — an ignorance which is made worse by the cruel and bloodthirsty instincts which they inherit from the cannibalistic aboriginal races.

If the monopoly of the land were corrected by confiscation and redistribution, with the Mexican Indian as he is at present constituted, it would not be long before there would again be large landowners; or if that were made legally impossible, before the government would be in possession of large tracts of uncultivated land. The French people were right when they burned the title-deeds of their oppressors, but the French were liberally soaked with all that was valuable in the preceding European Civilizations, and they were perhaps five thousand years removed from ancestors who took the heart out of a living human body on the sacrificial stone, instead of five hundred years removed, as are the Mexican Indians of the present day.

Mexican conditions can perhaps be better understood if we stop to consider that her population is a mixture of the native Indian and the conquering Spaniard. The characteristics of the Indian are easy to comprehend by study of the American Indian as he has survived in our Reservations, while the unprogressiveness of the Span-

iard, his pursuit of the material things of life, his lack of interest in political matters, his immorality in sex matters, and his peculiar views of life, are well enough known.

It would seem that at the present complicated stage of civilization the more advanced countries had a certain responsibility towards those that are more backward, and that particularly the United States has a great responsibility towards Mexico and other Spanish-American countries which have been kept in ignorance, in poverty, a prey to the ambitious Caudillo and the grasping politician, principally through the operation of the Monroe doctrine. Why not frankly recognize the fact that countries such as Mexico are not fit to govern themselves, and that the Mexican people would be happier and have better opportunities for moral, industrial and political growth under a temporary American protectorate. Cuba by virtue of the Platt Amendment is today happy and prosperous, and while its government may not be all that can be desired, it is nevertheless superior to that of every other Spanish-American Republic, except possibly Argentina.

As to the cost of intervention, how much did the occupation of Vera Cruz by the U. S. Army last year cost? Once the Americans occupied it, was there much sitting on bayonets? Were the people opposed to the American occupation — the people who lived in Vera Cruz while it was under American control and realized what it meant? Of course, in Mexico City and other points there was much talk of patriotism, of repelling the invader, of the violation of the state, etc., but let us stop to consider how much of this was artificially created by the leaders who knew how much they would lose by intervention.

A friendly intervention, avowedly and officially intended only to restore order and to last only a sufficient time to permit reorganization and fair elections would not meet with serious opposition. Of course, if the conquest of Mexico, such as the French attempted, were desired, the

cost in life and money would be very large, and so would it be if we started a war over a trivial incident. But we could point to what we did in Cuba, especially during the second intervention in 1907, and assure the Mexican that a similar action is all that was intended.

Can not the sword of Villa or of some better man cut the Gordian knot that strangles a great people? asks Mr. Mason. This question loses its force when we realize that there *is* no great people, only a poor, shiftless, ignorant, unfortunate people.

Let us not say this with any feeling of contempt or vain glory, for the Mexican people are in this condition simply through circumstances of which they were the authors no more than we were of the very different circumstances which have led our country to its present state of civilization.

To abolish revolutions in Mexico, we most abolish poverty, — perfectly true, but the only way to abolish poverty is to educate the Indian, to open his mind and strengthen his character, a very slow and tedious process. Until this is effected, Mexico will be ruled by the iron hand of a despot, benevolent or otherwise, or it will be the prey of the revolutionist, the ambitious politician whose only aim is personal enrichment, or it will be under the protectorate of a foreign state of higher civilization. I believe that those who know Mexico will agree that these are the only three alternatives. As the present condition of upheaval is certainly one that is not to be desired, it might be profitable to study the two other alternatives, that of the despot, and that of the protectorate.

The Diaz government was an example of a benevolent despotism, and it is quite probable that no better government could be devised, under this system. During his regime, there was wonderful industrial development and there were serious attempts at the improvement of the condition and the education of the natives. But it finally

failed by becoming too confident, and by the ruthlessness of its methods and the corruption of its leaders. Examples of despotisms that were not benevolent are familiar enough in Mexico, as well as in other Spanish-American Republics, and they of course are always bound to be short lived.

For government under a protectorate, besides Cuba, we can cite as examples of conditions more or less similar to those of Mexico, Egypt and India.

If it is asserted that control of Mexico by the United States would mean a large inflow of American capital and labor, and the gradual disappearance of the native Mexican, we can point to communities established by those agencies, where the native population has not disappeared, but where they are happier, more educated and more advanced in political habits than in any of the Spanish-American Republics.

The policy of "laissez faire" to which we seem to have consecrated ourselves is certainly the easiest to pursue, requiring the least expenditure of thought or of material, but it certainly does not stop to consider the misery, the starvation, the terrible devastation which beautiful Mexico is suffering. Those of us who learned to appreciate the good points of the Mexican people, their humility, their love for their families, their trust in their employers, can not but feel deeply a condition of affairs which is as bad if not worse than that through which Belgium has just gone. And while Belgium has apparently ceased to suffer, and is being succored by millions of American money, Mexico, full of beings as human as the Belgians, is undergoing worse suffering without help, but rather with its condition aggravated by a policy with refuses to view the matter in a thoroughly broad humanitarian way.

ON RAISING CUCUMBERS

AS a race, we have long since passed beyond the intellectual attitude which regarded the Alps as "horrid." We laugh over the insensibility to Nature appearing so gracefully in Mr. Addison's *Remarks on Several Parts of Italy*, or so ferociously in Dr. Johnson's *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*. We praise Wordsworth and neglect Pope. Our book-reviewers laud the beautiful descriptions of scenery in our modern novels — pages which we readers surreptitiously skip. We establish Nature classes in our schools lest our dear little ones should fail in some subtle appreciation. Yet, in spite of all this, we congregate in cities, where the only bit of Nature is a narrow stream of blue sky overhead. To be sure, we seek compensation, or excuse, by filling our already overcrowded rooms with hot-house flowers, or artificial palms — lest we forget. I should be the last to deny that Wordsworth really loves his Lakes, but I have always felt that Wordsworth's mind was very limited. There are interesting people in this world, as well as interesting views, and to ignore the people is quite as silly as to ignore the views. Some intelligent people honestly prefer to live, the year round, in the country; but they never talk sentimental nonsense about Nature. I am still sure that, for the generality of mankind, all this soulful adoration is pure affectation. If it were less soulful it might be more sincere.

Since I have reached years of discretion — I should put the time at about sixty — I have learned that cant and silly sentimentality have no effect whatever on the objects about which they play. Take wrist-watches, for example. I used to hear them called effeminate and affected. At first I thought that the words applied to the watches, then to the wearers of the watches. At last I shamefacedly

tried one on, and discovered that it was extremely convenient. Now I despise only those who, because they have never experienced the real comfort of a wrist-watch, attempt to show a manly independence by sneering at them. So it was with Nature. I had a horror of affectation, and, because people said idiotically sentimental things about Nature, I despised it. I still detest affectation, and the outcropping of it on the part of hothouse, preserved-palm sentimentalists, whenever they speak of the country. But I have discovered that, in many cases these sentimental rhapsodies are, actually, the blundering and irritating expression of a real feeling, which the speakers are incapable of putting into manly words. I have learned to love the country, but I shall never learn to be sentimental about it. I still delight in people. My delight in Nature is something very different — a quiet, wordless, restful giving up of personality, which is more intense, perhaps, because it came late in life, which rejuvenates me for my winter's work. I was thinking, a few days ago, of my change of heart, and, as I read over these notes that follow, I felt quite sure that my antagonism, even when they were written, was not against Nature, but against the cant of the Nature Cult.

The piazza of my country house overlooks a valley in which woods, fields, and a well-behaved stream, make up what is commonly called a beautiful view. Beyond the valley is a large mountain, or hill, of really quite admirable proportions. In fact it is so well designed that I have often suggested to my wife the possibility — were it not impossible — that its plan may have been drawn by some hand more expert than the careless and often bungling hand of Nature. After we have been a fortnight in the country this preposterous idea occurs to me almost daily as something rather solacing.

It is of course necessary to be polite about Nature. No normal American wants to be thought queer. In his own

century Dr. Johnson might rail at will. He was only voicing the sentiment of his age, and if he spoke more loudly than most of his contemporaries he ran little risk of being considered more extraordinary than he was already reputed to be. Furthermore, being an Englishman, he was perfectly sure that he was right. I, on the contrary like most of my respectable fellow citizens, vastly prefer the peace of the quite ordinary man to the noisy notoriety of being different, even if that difference comes of greater intellectual stature. I therefore hesitate to admit publicly that a brilliant man or woman stirs my admiration and my emotions far more profoundly than does any romantic glen, even when "pale moonlight peoples its mysterious mists with all the fairies of fable." This slight addition to what one ordinarily sees, was pointed out to me by an enthusiastic book-writing lady whom we were compelled to take one evening to see Scraggs's Gulch. Fortunately I had myself well enough in hand not to tell her that, to me, the dampness was much more evident than were the fairies.

Occasionally, it is true, my powers of self-repression give way before the well-meaning enthusiasm of summer visitors. A motor deposits a cloud of dust at our front door, and out of the dust emerges Mrs. K—, a great friend of my wife, and a woman who, during the winter months, has talked intelligently of music and art and the drama, sometimes even of politics. She is first shown to her room for the purpose of removing the dust and grime of a long railway journey. After an hour, or sometimes more, she emerges with a clean and shining face. She wears a frock sufficiently diaphanous to give at least an impression of coolness. When she joins me on the piazza I look forward to an hour of real conversation. "I'm sorry that you had such a hot ride," I say politely. "The weather was not kind to you." (This last remark is the usual concession to the optimistic fallacy that railroad journeys in summer are not always a modern form of

martyrdom.) Mrs. K— seats herself with a brave pretence that she is not languid and tired out. Next she turns her eyes from me to the prospect of valley and hills. Her manner changes; her eyes begin to shine. This is a manifestation of the power of unconscious self-hypnotism. Mrs. K— has suddenly been confronted with something which, like the Venus of Milo, convention tells her should stir her deeply. Being thoroughly attuned to convention, she is stirred. It is a perfectly normal psychological reaction. "Professor Nightingale," she cries reproachfully, "you never told me about your glorious view. It makes me speechless." She then talks about it volubly and romantically for some fifteen minutes, and ends her acclamations just as my wife mercifully calls us to luncheon. As a last reproach, she asks once more: "Why didn't you tell me?" For this question I have an admirable answer: "My wife and I wanted to see whether you would come just for the pleasure of our society."

Luncheon does not end these rhapsodies. They continue for a course or two, but are infinitely less painful to me while the process of eating gives me an excuse to divide my attention. The flow of eloquence is renewed, usually, as we rise from the table, but at that point I retire to my smoking-room, a retreat, let me say, devised to meet such emergencies. Thereafter we have comparative peace, except when the arrival of callers opens once more the inexhaustible tap of conventional enthusiasm. There are the kittens and the dogs to divert attention; the garden must be thoroughly explored; the doings of the neighbors and of distant friends must be judicially considered — humanly natural, this, at least; certain much displayed knitting for charity, and certain other mysterious sewing, presumably for invisible personal adornment, must be accomplished. In short life goes on rationally.

If Mrs. K— does not think to mention the "perfect peace," someone else is sure to remember this particular aspect of the convention. "What an inspiration this

must be to you in your work, Professor Nightingale! Here you can sit all day, an exquisite panorama before you, the silence and the brooding peace of untroubled Nature all around you. I feel sure that most of your splendid contributions to human learning must be the result of your quiet summers." This is, to me, a peculiarly irritating expression of the prevalent Nature cult. It is not sarcastic only because the speaker is so thoroughly convinced of its being the proper thing to say, that its propriety makes it seem true. I never heard a man make any such remark about his own summer place. For himself, he knows that, quite aside from the difficulty of serious work while people are audibly admiring a view, all the other circumstances are adverse. In the first place the "exquisite panorama before one" means that one is facing the peculiarly intense glare of the summer sky, which, at the very least, gives one a violent headache. Next, as to the much vaunted peace: every noise is intensified by contrast; the neighbor's roosters crow without sense but with extreme shrillness; the dog barks at shadows, and one cannot help wondering whether for once it may not really be at tramps or thieving Gypsies; the flies buzz without ceasing, and fall like ink blots on one's paper, and bite ones' hands; the gardener is never done with asking trivial questions, the answer to which he knows better than anyone else; motors make interruptions of daily, if not hourly, occurrence, because it never enters the mind of a living soul that a man may actually be trying to do some work in the country. Why should X, who never attempts to work himself, even pretend that Z is any more fortunate. I once met a quite honest man. He was taken to a very secluded spot to enable him to get through a heavy task of reading. At the end of three months I asked him if he had finished his work. "No," he said, "it was so horribly peaceful that I could not do a thing." It is only fair, I suppose, to complete his sentence, absurd as the conclusion was. "But," he added, "when I got back to town, I

found that I could work as I never worked before. The tired was thoroughly soaked out of me."

To be conventional is certainly to be comfortable, but occasionally one's swaddled courage breaks the bonds. If the result were exhilarating, even though painful, the young limbs of courage would be oftener stretched; but the consequence of a conventional lapse is usually a period of oppressive numbness. This, at least, has been my experience. I broke loose, one day, when my friend Alexander Jones, of the Department of Biology, was delivering a monologue on the delights of country life. The covers of his scientific books have, really, no windows in them, and I knew that he had no more real appreciation of Nature than he had of Latin verse. I told him frankly that I considered the country insufferably boring. Of what was said during the next few minutes I have no distinct recollection, but, at the end of that period, I realized, to my intense disgust, that I was being pitied. Pity has always been considered by philosophers, other than Nietzsche, as one of the most beautiful traits of human nature. Undoubtedly it appears very beautiful to him who is giving it, but I doubt whether it ever appears anything but ugly to the recipient, especially when it is neither desired nor deserved. Sympathy is less annoying. It indicates that the giver shares, at least vicariously, in the suffering which he commiserates, whereas pity drops from a remote eminence, and is always cold when it reaches its object. Professor Jones was drenching me in a shower of chilly and uncomprehending pity. By an almost superhuman effort I retained my self-control, shielding myself under a metaphorical umbrella in the form of a direct question, which was appended, I must admit, to a protest. "I did not ask for your pity," I said with much dignity. "It is inevitable that individuals should differ in taste. So long, however, as convention forces Mrs. Nightingale and me to sequestrate ourselves in the country during the

summer months, I shall receive gratefully any suggestion from you as to what I might do to mitigate the intolerable boredom of those wasted weeks." "Grow something," he cried. "What?" I questioned. "Cucumbers," he answered in disgust. "I shall do it next summer," I said as politely as possible, and left the room.

I determined that, in accordance with my usual practice, I should do the thing thoroughly. No prescription is of value unless the patient follows it to the letter, and my case I felt to be a desperate one, to be reached only by heroic treatment. I purchased a book on vegetable culture — a title, by the way, which seemed to me to have a certain comic connotation — and therein discovered, among other matters of equal importance, that cucumbers should be grown in hills. My garden is almost flat, but I wrote to my gardener instructing him to raise several hills, as large as might be without destroying the symmetry of the grounds. Next I purchased one pound of cucumber seeds — Somebody's "Improved Spineless Forcing, equally valuable for outdoor and coldframe cultivation." I refused, furthermore, to give away either my old boots or my old trousers, since I wished to wear them in the garden. When I had, from the gardener, a somewhat startled request for further and more specific instructions, I ordered him to make sixteen hills, each four feet high and twenty feet long. These elaborate preparations made me almost eager to leave town, that I might actively begin the experiment.

Being a very methodical person I occupied the first afternoon in the country as usual, in unpacking my boxes and arranging my books — those precious beings who keep their sanity even when surrounded by "sublime prospects." I have often envied them, these delightful, human books of mine, that cannot be soured by any of the conventions of modernity. When they are conventional, they know it and chuckle over it; and when they

are natural, as they usually are, their very spontaneity becomes the most entrancing of well-bred conventions. As I placed them on their shelves that afternoon, however, I was aware of a certain bashfulness on my part. Perhaps I felt my love less perfect, a little tainted, as it were, by that large package of seeds on the centre table. In my evening reading, also, I was conscious of detachment, of an unwonted wish for morning, whereas formerly I had only looked forward to evening, when, between four walls, with the curtains drawn, I could imagine myself almost anywhere, could quite forget that I ought to be admiring Nature.

The morning turned out sunny and rather unusually warm. This did not disturb me, because I thought that it would only make more thorough my initiation into the delights of gardening. After breakfast I rested for a half hour. Nothing less than a fire, or the determination of our college president to abolish Latin 19, could make me depart from my long established rules of hygienic living. Then I took my package of seeds and wended my way, in a leisurely manner, quite as though it were a common occurrence, to the vegetable garden. Even then I admitted to myself that the appearance of the garden was a little singular, perhaps suggestive of earthworks thrown up as protection against a possible enemy. The land had formerly been flat and secluded, as befits the humbler portions of a well conducted country estate. Now it looked like a curiously symmetrical range of mountains, and in the most shameless manner obtruded itself on one's view. It dominated the flower garden. At the gate — a rustic affair designed by my wife in a moment of enthusiasm — stood my gardener, a sorrowful figure of stone, a veritable Niobe except for the long gray beard and the overalls. I greeted him pleasantly, according to my invariable rule in my relations with those of an inferior station. "Is it some sort of a game?" he asked, without the formality of any prelude. "I am going to do a bit of gardening myself

this summer, Jonathan," I answered, restraining my natural irritation. "I am going to plant some cucumbers." His eyes opened very wide; he looked uneasily at the hills. "It's too far from market," he cried suddenly. "You'll never get 'em there in good enough shape to make it pay." I felt myself quiver at this insolence, but Jonathan, I remembered, was an old and faithful man who had been doomed to spend his whole life in the country. It was wonderful that he continued even to live. It would have been a miracle if his manners had been good. I answered him gently: "I am not a farmer but a gentleman who is compelled to spend his summers in the country. I have no wish to market my crop, only to eat it." At that he looked hurriedly at my package of seeds, at the twenty imposing hills, presented me with a somewhat grimy envelope, and shuffled away. In the envelope was a bill for $64, for the hire of extra men in the erection of the hills, and another for $20, for two cords of manure. These bills momentarily dampened my ardour. Eighty-four dollars seemed a large price to pay for a few dishes of cucumbers, especially as I remembered having them in previous summers with no extra expense; but I reassured myself with the thought that the return for the expense ought not to be measured in cucumbers, but in peace of mind, in happiness, perhaps in actual enjoyment of Nature. I knew that Professor Jones, who had always been my friend, would not have given me, intentionally, anything but good advice. I rather hoped that the manure in the hills would not be visible.

I thereupon, without further cogitation, set about to plant my seeds. The directions said: "Plant in hills five feet apart each way." This language conformed to the usual vagueness of American writing and, up to this time, I had been somewhat perplexed as to whether seeds or hills were to be so separated, but, on the spot, it instantly became evident that the rule could refer only to the seeds. Hills so placed would be too minute to be called hills, and

mine were really imposing. I had thoughtfully provided myself with my wife's tape-measure, which unrolls itself unwillingly from the recesses of a very red tomato. With the aid of this, I proceeded accurately to plant my seeds along the crest of each hill — a somewhat difficult operation, since I am not a tall man, and was compelled to do some climbing in order to make my measurements. Next I planted along the sides of the hills, according to a preconceived method, inserting every seed just five feet from every other, but in triangles rather than in squares, since I had ascertained with diagrams that, by following this arrangement, a larger number of plants could be procured on a given space. This work occupied, it need hardly be recorded, the entire morning. At no time did I permit myself to lose sight of the fact that the work was voluntary, designed to give me pleasure, and to draw me insensibly into a greater appreciation of Nature. My back ached, and the sun on my face and neck and hands was fiery, but I knew that some inconvenience must attend the attainment of any earnestly desired happiness. Toward the end of the morning I stopped my operations, with ever greater frequency, to look at the landscape. I was pleased to find my appreciation of it growing, especially of such parts of it as contained trees which threw a dense shade. If a feeling of manly pride can be called a pleasure, I must admit also that I was pleased, finally, to look at this symmetrical range of hills and to realize that all were planted in cucumbers. At the time, I did not admit that the sensation could in any way have arisen from the fact that the work was done.

It is unnecessary for me to dwell at any length on the fulfilment of this experiment in training myself to love the country. I spent the next three days in bed, accepting gratefully frequent applications of olive oil and witch hazel, administered by my wife, with the utmost gentleness, on my injured parts. The shutters were kept closed tight, in order, as I said, "that I might more thoroughly

appreciate the sunshine when I went out." I was undaunted. I watered my hills faithfully during the dry seasons, and tried to be annoyed with the rain, when it occasionally interrupted my experiment. The seeds came to life, pushing out at first two pulpy leaves at the end of a pulpy stem; then asserted their individuality in the production of coarser, tougher, hairy leaves, that grew from spreading shoots. In the course of time flowers appeared, and were duly succeeded by fruit. It would be affectation to say that all this was of no interest to me. There is something mysterious in any growth, and even the growth of a plant suggests, somehow, the growth of a child. Perhaps for me, that correlation of thought was unfortunate. I was personally responsible for these riotously growing vines, and to look at them, gave me, in a milder form, the sensation I should have had as the father of a very large number of inconceivably vulgar children. At last the cucumbers were large enough to pick, and although I almost shuddered at the idea of eating anything so close to me, I could not help rather keenly enjoying the succulence and the crisp consistency of the first dish. There is, however, such a thing as satiety. Aida is a stirring opera, but it would finally cease to stir if one heard it every night. The perfume of heliotropes is exquisite, but never to escape it would be madness. Only the sense of sight can endure with equanimity the regular recurrence, at frequent intervals, of the same object, and then, only if it be a masterpiece. We had cucumbers for luncheon and dinner. We had them as salad and in salads. We had them in cream soup and served as a cooked vegetable. We had them between thin slices of bread with our tea. We had to have them, because there were so many, and because they filled the space where Jonathan had formerly grown other vegetables. We could give none away, because all our neighbors had enough: I had supplied the country-side with seeds, after my own planting was done. The reappearance of cucum-

bers on the table, which had at first been merely monotonous, toward the end made me almost delirious.

And all these weeks I labored, with the help of my cucumber vines, more fully to understand and to appreciate Nature. With these symmetrical hills in mind, I listened smilingly to rhapsodies on our view, trying hard not to feel that the similarity in the wording of these effusions meant that they were merely the recitation of a conventionally prescribed form. I even attempted a few lame rhapsodies of my own, but, because I scorned the conventional form, they were not greatly successful. I spoke of the beautiful vulgarity of Nature — a phrase which was always misunderstood — of the prodigality of Nature as a lesson to our own penurious souls — and even this was accepted a little haughtily by most people. I contracted a severe cold while looking at the last rays of a particularly spectacular sun-set. I bemoaned the fact that we must soon return to town, because I had been taught that repeated voluntary assertions of the reality of a desired mood go far toward making the mood a reality.

But one morning, as I was climbing into my old trousers, preparatory to watering my vines, I saw myself as I was — a miserable sham. From that moment I became a man again. I put on my very best trousers; I went to the garden, and almost hilariously commanded Jonathan to root up and burn all the vines, saving only one bushel of "selected spineless cucumbers." This bushel I caused to be carefully packed and addressed to Prof. Alexander Jones. In the box I placed this note: "Dear Jones: My friendship for you has been severely tried, but will, I hope, survive the test. I have grown cucumbers according to your suggestion, and have thereby discovered that the closer one gets to Nature, the more detestable she is. I have, however, learned to appreciate two things — the beauty of trees which cast a dense shade, and the inestimable value of perfect honesty with oneself. You know my habits of thoroughness and will, therefore, understand

that I have been faithful in the performance of every detail of your prescription. I now know by experience, whereas I only formerly believed instinctively, the hollowness of the conventional Nature cult. It is a sham, but, because it is founded on inherited instincts, and perhaps needs, I recognize it as less noxious than other shams. You see that I can be honest, even when my thesis demands a lie. I shall not grow cucumbers again. Nevertheless, in acknowledgment of the fact that all information must be of some use, and that I have learned something from your prescription, I send you these few tangible results of my experiment. Please let us not discuss the matter when I see you. Faithfully, Octavius Nightingale. P. S. Since the local expressman does not know the rate on cucumbers, I am unable to prepay the costs."

My wife and I spent the last week of the summer vacation in New York, and not once while we were there did I look up at that thin blue stream of sky which flows over Broadway, and which is all that the city has to see of unadulterated Nature.

As I look back, now, on this absurd experience, I am positively grateful to Professor Jones. By his experiment I lost one thing — my liking for cucumbers. I gained, strange as it may seem, a real love of Nature, and that is more important, for it is good for the soul, and cucumbers are only good — and that in great moderation — for the body. I was intended to be a professor of literature, not a farmer. When I tried to be a farmer, I approached Nature from the wrong angle. During the next summer I was so intensely relieved not to have to dig and to water, that I greatly enjoyed watching Jonathan do it. I asked him, one day, whether he liked it. "Yep," he said, scratching his head, "I guess I was born a digger." That was unanswerable, but I pressed him further. "Do you love the views in the country?" He looked a little bewildered, and glanced over his shoulder at our mountain. "I don't

hardly ever think about 'em," he said. "I guess I'd miss 'em if they warn't there." "I think I might, too," I admitted.

The conventional Nature enthusiasts still annoy me. I despise their affectation, and I grieve for them that they have missed the real thing, buried it under a mass of words. *My* books, of literature, have windows in their covers, and I have learned to see through them at last. I do not pretend to do much serious work in the country, but I know that, before winter comes, "the tired will be soaked out of me," and that, in consequence, my ideas will be left fresh, healthy, ready to bear fruit. I shall never think the less of Pope because I have discovered Wordsworth.

AT THE HELM OF THE SMALL COLLEGE

"For who hath despised the day of small things?"

WERE I to mention my name in beginning this article, no doubt many people in a middle western state would immediately think of my numerous appeals to them for college aid, and would, I am fearful, half expect some financial request to be secreted within its lines; therefore to save myself embarrassment, and these good friends distress, I shall call myself Smith. If, perchance, there be brother college presidents thus cognomically endowed, I humbly beg their pardon for the usurpation. My purpose, let me say in the beginning, is to tell frankly something of the trials and tribulations of the head of a struggling college in piloting his institution into financial and educational safety. If, by some slip, I divulge some of the inner secrets of our craft, I assure my professional brothers that I do so merely that our constituencies may realize more fully the battles we fight in keeping their institutions alive. This surely explains why I write incognito.

The call to the college presidency came to me at the age of 38, and while I was serving my twelfth consecutive year in the ministry. I had not previously aspired to even such modest distinction, being quite content with my village pastorate, and not at all anxious for a larger field. It was with genuine surprise, therefore, that I one day received a call from the leading trustee of a neighboring college sustained by my denomination, and was told by him that the board had selected me to fill an already existing vacancy in the presidency, and that my acceptance was the only formality remaining. I shrank from accepting, because I knew that the college was in desperate financial straits, and that a new president would be expected to extricate it. To me this seemed a tremendous task, and I tried in every way to beg off,

pleading academic inability, lack of experience, and general unfitness. No excuse, however, would go with the persistent trustee. He pointed significantly to the fact that I had just lifted a large debt from my church, and had also built a new manse, every board of which was paid for. He argued that it was my Christain duty to lend the college my "financial ability," and thus save it from closing its doors. My wife, whom I later discovered entertained ambitious plans for me, sided with him; and the leading member of my congregation, a shrewd Scotchman, seemed to have been in the plot: for he remarked to me shortly after: "Smith, take that college job; if any body can pull them out of the hole, you're that man." Thus bombarded from all sides I reluctantly gave in, and with serious misgivings accepted the place. Within a month I was installed, and had entered upon a work that has occupied the best of me continuously for fifteen years.

I found the financial condition even worse than I had been led to believe. The trustees had borrowed all they possibly could, pledging the property and small endowment as security. An additional endowment of $50,000 had been started a year or two before, but only $15,000 had been pledged, and that was about to be forfeited by a time limit now only seven months distant. The teaching force had not been paid for some time, and naturally were not in a particularly coöperative frame of mind. Various local creditors could not get their money, and of course were none too friendly. Even the college board had lost faith in the situation, and had begun to talk of amalgamation with some other institution. Fortunately the local trustees still believed that a little good financiering would remedy the situation.

In-doors affairs were quite as bad. As a body, the professors showed a lack of vim and teaching power, attributable, I concluded, to their slim and unpaid salaries, rather than to general inefficiency. The student body

were restless, dispirited, and wanting in "pep"; many, it was said, were only waiting until the school should break up, to go elsewhere. The laboratories were poorly equipped, much of the apparatus being worn out, antiquated, or broken — a condition that seemed to me quite incompatible with the granting of a science degree. I called the attention of the professor to this, and I recall even now his laconic reply: "True, but it takes good money to buy chemicals and apparatus." The school was, to be candid, just living on the loyalty of its alumni and church friends, a long flowing and much tapped source of aid, yet not always inexhaustible.

Even athletics were scarcely ever thought of!!

Viewed from every angle, it was an up-hill proposition that confronted me, and for a week or two I devoutly wished I was back preaching to my congregation. The mood soon passed, however, and I made up my mind to see the thing through, whatever might be the cost. I naturally love a fight — moral not physical, of course — and I resolved that the trustees' faith in me was not going to be shaken through inactivity on my part. Accordingly I mapped out my campaign, which included raising money for immediate expenses, finishing out the endowment of $50,000, erecting new buildings and improving old ones, buying new apparatus for the laboratories, and raising the salaries of the teachers to the living point.

I outlined these plans to the trustees at their first regular meeting, and I could see from their faces that they were not at all favorably impressed — in fact I thought I detected glances of suspicion. One old fellow with a long beard stroked it with a regularity that reminded me of "stripping" a cow, the motions growing faster as my plans unfolded. I later labeled him my trustee barometer, and learned to gauge the reception of my remarks and suggestions pretty well by the rapidity of the old gentleman's hirsute stripping. Several months

later, when I became better acquainted with the individual members of the board, many of them told me that they had been very much astonished at what I proposed, the extent of their hopes then being to tide over the crisis and delay the day of closing; that they had long before tabled the $50,000 endowment proposition, having concluded that it was too heavy for them to swing. And as for new buildings and extra salaries, they were amazed at my audacity in presuming such a thing. Being blissfully ignorant of all this, I blundered on in my blind way, brushing aside any objections that were raised against my program. For instance, when the treasurer of the board, a conservative banker, rather timidly suggested that it might be wiser to reduce the amount of new endowment to $25,000, I considerably disconcerted him by flatfootedly asserting that it ought to be increased to $100,000. I now recognize that I acted rather dictatorially with the trustees, something that riper experience has taught me is unwise, but I believe that in this particular instance it was just the stimulus necessary to save the college from collapsing.

While I was aware in a general way that even in institutions much better known than mine raising money is the main function of a college president, and that acquaintance with pastors, church adherents, and philanthropists is a valuable asset, I was to find out in a very concrete way that raising money through gifts is a specialized work demanding tact, judgment of human nature, and an intuitive knowledge of how and when to use an opportunity. I have learned that men with real money cannot be cajoled, or intimidated into parting with it; that such men invariably weigh their gifts quite as they measure their investments — there must be promise of an adequate return. To be a successful money-getter, the college solicitor must show that the money is going to be administered in such a way as to return par value educationally.

I assumed charge of the college early in September. By October I was in the field soliciting for the endowment, and incidentally prodding around for money to meet running expenses. I planned to work the home field during the fall months, and to spend the winter in the East among the liberal givers — the *big game* of the college solicitor. I had two reasons for doing this — first I wanted to get experience in the game by working among the rather more sympathetic home people, and second I thought I would fare better in the East if I already had a considerable portion of the endowment pledged.

Possibly I exaggerate a little in asserting that my experiences during the next six months would fill a volume. Be that as it may, I had to run a gauntlet of thousands of excuses ranging all the way from the downright hard-luck story to the logically thought out reason why money could not be spared just then. I looked deeper into human nature during those months than I had during all the years of my ministry, and I am afraid was forced to reconstruct my earlier estimates of the innate truthfulness of mankind. I found that the mental safety deposit boxes that held an individual's financial affairs were always hard to get at, and that even the owners themselves seldom had the keys. Many people outwardly prosperous were on the point of bankruptcy, or had lost a lot of money in unfortunate investments, or had just tied up their money in long time loans. Had I come a little sooner, matters might have been different — "but just now" —.

A few experiences culled at random may illustrate. For instance, I recall a certain country banker, whose wealth was rated at several hundred thousands, on the right side religiously, but whose educational donations seldom exceeded $10. This individual I met and conquered early in my canvass, and so thoroughly did I do it that I seldom feared his type afterwards. It was as follows: One Monday I found myself in a small town,

containing fairly-well-to-do country community from whom I thought I might reasonably expect $1000. I had preached the day before, and explained my mission. The pastor, however, was not very sanguine of my success, due to the fact that for several seasons the crops had been poor, and that, outside the banker, few were able to spare anything. This individual, he added, looked with disfavor upon denominational education, and was very skilful in side-stepping such propositions. However I was hopeful, and sought an audience with him at the earliest possible moment. Evidently he was expecting me, and had his escape all prepared. Very suavely he expressed an interest in my endowment campaign, and voluntarily offered to give $500 cash if the community would raise a like amount. No amount of persuasion could change him, his argument being that his neighbors ought to share in the responsibility. He did finally agree, however, though very reluctantly, to let notes count, but remarking that he disapproved of people going in debt to give away money. The pastor smiled when I told him the result of my visit, and said that the banker had very cleverly check-mated me.

In view of what the pastor had said about the financial status of the community, I knew that ordinary procedures would avail little — that $5 and $10 subscriptions count up very slowly. Yet I wanted this banker's $500, and was determined to get it, if for no other reason than to outwit the sly fox. Intuitively a plan suggested itself — I would syndicate eight or ten of the best men in the community for $500, taking their notes in lieu of cash. By dwelling particularly upon the fact that the banker, in whom everybody had confidence, had given the large amount of $500, and that he thought it fitting that his fellow townsmen should coöperate with him I hoped to build up a sentiment in favor of the proposition. To be sure I planned to say nothing about his real motives, my purposes being best advanced by holding him up as

a munificent giver. I realize that it looks a little like horse trading, yet after all I was only making use of the points the banker had himself emphasized.

In two days I had eight men pledged for $400, but the probabilities were all used up, and where to get the remaining $100 was a question. At last the pastor thought of an up-country farmer, said to be irreligious, somewhat miserly, skeptical as to higher education, but withal pretty well to do; and in our extremity we waited upon him. To our surprise he received us very civilly, and after hearing my story handed me $100 in gold.

It was amusing to note how the banker counted and recounted the notes and cash, and finally in a very dour manner handed over $500. Since then he has been a liberal supporter of our work, and I feel that I always know where to go for the last $1000 on an endowment. His community was benefited greatly too, through acquiring a deeper interest in education, and many students from there now go away to college. Unwittingly the banker was right in his way of thinking.

I found in a number of cases that in order to keep peace in the family, husbands had to keep their donations secret from their wives. In one case I unwittingly put my foot into it, but in the end profited to the extent of $300. A well-to-do farmer had given me $200, but had said nothing about keeping it secret from his wife. A few weeks later I happened to be in the home, and thinking to show my appreciation, remarked to the wife that the trustees were much pleased at her husband's liberality. Instantly she stiffened and remarked rather curtly: "So Henry gave you something, did he? I told him he'd better steer clear of you, or you'd rope him in. How much was it, may I ask?" Seeing how the ground lay, I evaded the question by simply stating that it was a nice amount. But she could not be so easily put off, and finally asked: "It wasn't more than $500, was it? Henry knows we can't afford to give more than that."

"No," I replied quickly, "it was just $300 short of what you *can afford*, and I expect the balance to-day." When I left the house some hours later, I had the extra check in my pocket, and "Henry" had said that it was worth it to get one on his wife.

The canvasser for money will be continually met with excuses — some genuine but many spurious. I early learned to sift out the kept-in-stock variety from those of real exigency. I also learned that it is fatal to be easily bluffed. The next case will illustrate: I called one day upon a pastor, seeking an introduction through him to a manufacturer reputed to be rich but hard to "reach." The pastor seemed to regard me merely as a beggar, and insisted upon making the appointment over the telephone — a hint in itself that he thought lightly of my mission. The object of my search was not slow to "catch on," and replied that his donation schedule was entirely made up, and it would be useless for me to call. I said no more to the pastor, but excusing myself as soon as possible, seemingly much to his relief, hurried to the office of the manufacturer. My reception was rather cool, until I explained that I did not come to reopen the money question, but merely to explain my campaign more fully. Presently he unbent enough to ask me questions, and in a half-hour we were good friends. Before I left he spontaneously gave me a check of quite generous proportions, and offered to give me a letter to other business men of his acquaintance.

I promised to give a few secrets of success in raising money. One — and a very important one too, is that it is much easier to induce people to give notes payable out of their estates, than to get the cash. Such notes are a lien against the property of the makers, and are much more secure than wills: the heirs seldom are hostile, because a note is viewed in a different light from a will.

I learned the value of the note scheme from the fol-

lowing experience. I happened to miss a train at a small junction point, and having several hours to while away, decided to call on a good deacon and his wife, who lived in the town, and whom I had canvassed before. Of course they were eager to learn what progress I was making, and hearing that the amount yet needed was large, were quite sorry because they had no cash to give, and did not feel justified in borrowing. A happy inspiration led me to suggest that they give their note, the same to draw interest at a small rate, and be payable out of their estate. They readily fell in with the idea, and made a note for $1000 drawing two per cent interest. When I departed with this unexpected find, I thought to myself that it is an ill-wind that blows nobody good. A large part of what I have raised since has been by post-mortuary notes and deeds.

Another secret of success is a judicious use of the follow up system. Now-a-days I seldom ask for donations on my first visit: rather I seek to interest the individual in the work of the school by telling what it is doing, and incidentally speaking of its needs. Eventually — sometimes it will be five years — the donation is often forthcoming. Such a system leaves none of the after-taste of extortion or misuse of friendship. A dissatisfied giver is the worst advertisement a college can have, while an interested giver will follow up with his personal influence — an asset of great value. Voluntary contributions to a college, resulting from a heart-felt interest in its work, are worth, ten times over, any that can be wormed out. I did not know these things when I started, but I know them now.

But to return to the endowment campaign. Did it succeed? you may ask. Yes, and with both time and money to spare. During the last two weeks, the donations fairly came tumbling in, averaging over $1000 a day. Many who had previously refused to contribute repented

at the last moment, and hastened to climb aboard the success wagon. I have since carried three endowment campaigns to a successful finish, but none have given me as much satisfaction as the first one.

The effect upon the college was immediate. "Confidence was restored," and the attitude of professors and students improved a hundred per cent. All talk of closing the institution died down. Even athletics — the sure index of a college's vitality — revived, and the boys began to plan to do things. The college board tabled their amalgamation schemes, and changed the tone of their letters. All this, however, I realized was but the first flush of victory; the real rub I suspected would come in the reorganization of the work, and the modernizing of it.

With the money situation temporarily cared for, I now turned my attention to those matters, and thereby brought about my head a hornet's nest of criticism that came near proving my undoing. Traditions as to character, quality and quantity of work, especially in denominational colleges, die hard; too often, unfortunately, such institutions seem satisfied with the glory of past achievements. I had become convinced that the institution was not living up to its possibilities — that agriculture, rural school pedagogy, and commercial subjects ought to be included in its curriculum. The most influential of the alumni, a majority of whom were clergymen, resented this departure. They accused me of being false to my trust, and of seeking to "commercialize" an institution whose charter principle was the fitting of young men and women for Christian work. I replied to this by pointing to the fact that 95 per cent of our students returned to the home or farm, or else took up teaching or entered business; that as a matter of justice there ought to be offered some of the subjects that would be of use to them in after life, and that the introduction of these would in no way detract from the dignity of the strictly theological subjects.

This doctrine coming from one whose own training had been mainly in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, I realize, sounds strange; nevertheless the conviction had grown upon me during my canvassing campaign, and was due, no doubt, to the slighting remarks that were sometimes dropped as to the real value of a college education.

The trustees sided with me, and a chair of agriculture and a department of commerce were established. Normal courses for teachers were made a part of the regular curriculum, and the dead dry-as-dust courses in psychology and ethics were vitalized by the addition of up-to-date material. Recently domestic science has been added. The result of all this is that the college has become a live power in the community. Its graduates are in demand as teachers; the farmer-boy students return to their respective localities to take the lead in scientific agriculture (a leading business man in the town figures that the farmers raise five bushels more corn per acre through the stimulus given to better farming — an annual cash valuation of not less than $5000) and short courses, prepared especially for backward students, give such students a taste of what education really is.

While I have fallen considerably short of the aims I originally set, I yet feel that much has been accomplished. The endowment is near the $200,000 mark; the buildings are in good repair, with some new ones added; the scientific equipment is satisfactory to the state university, and the instructors receive $900 per year, which, considering the local low cost of living, is quite as good as $1200 elsewhere. All our bills are paid promptly, and the credit of the college is good anywhere. Notwithstanding all this, we cannot rest on our oars: for educational standards are continually advancing, and the powers higher up are continually suggesting better things, using the "big stick" of accrediting, as the goad to keep us progressing. We are asked, among other things, to show a

larger endowment, to increase the pay of our instructors and to reduce their hours of teaching, to install more expensive scientific equipment, and, in employing new teachers, to accept only those having masters' degrees from approved institutions. To keep our faces towards these ends means work, work, and *more work*.

How have I fared personally, some one may ask? Well! I have raised a family of five, have no debts I cannot easily pay, and have a little real estate laid by for old age. My salary, which has never exceeded $2000, has always proved ample for the family needs. Of discouragement and opposition there has been a full measure, antagonism very naturally appearing among the trustees, alumni, and faculty to such propositions as looked like a shelving of former conditions. Many have been the sleepless nights I have spent figuring out how to make the financial ends of the college meet, and at the same time to keep a smiling educational front to the public. Notwithstanding all this, I love my work, and have an abiding faith in the mission of the small college, believing that when properly administered, it is an important cog in our educational system.

FROM WILLIAM JAMES?

[Intruding a few bits of editing upon the following article has been a pious and pathetic task — how pathetic you will not quite know until you have read the first few pages. It could not be, as our contributions often are, edited by the author at our instance: for he was murdered on the Lusitania.

The paper was thrown together very hastily shortly before he sailed, free use being made of matter previously contributed by him to the Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research, and there was therefore special reason why the proofs should pass through his hands. But the article, even without revision from him, is abundantly able to speak for itself — and for him.

In this instance we depart from our rule of temporary anonymity. The author was Mr. E. W. Friend, who served for a short time as under-secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research, but resigned shortly before he sailed. He was graduated from Harvard in 1908, took his Master's degree there in 1910, was during the following year Henry Rogers Traveling Fellow, studied at Berlin, was for two years Instructor in Classics at Princeton, then resumed studying, accompanied with teaching, at Harvard, and soon entered upon his brief term with the Am. S. P. R.

It is not extravagant to assume that had he been born as early as the youngest of the Lusitania victims who were publicly mourned, he too would have been publicly mourned: for, though young, he was already among the most capable workers in what as hard-headed a man as Gladstone characterized as far the most important investigation in which men are engaged; and his premature taking off was among the serious blows dealt to civilization by its German foes. The Editor.]

WHEN William James, whose teaching, in the words of one of his most distinguished opponents, "was a perpetual delight and stimulus to the philosophic world," purported to return after death with his mind focussed on a fair occasion on which he wore pink pajamas, [1] sensitive mortals easily felt pain. The judicial attempted in vain to remind the cultivated that upon inquiry it transpired that James had in fact near the end of his life suffered a possible disintegration of "tough-mindedness," and actually taken unto himself so dainty a habit. The argument mattered not, or rather it mattered altogether too much: if the alleged communication was "evidential," it witnessed to a sort of back-stairs immortality — to a retrogression of a man of intellectual power to the utmost feebleness. The shade of Achilles was quoted with emphatic approbation, and a *clôture* rule was adopted, almost by unanimous consent. Bold, therefore, and very bold, must be he who lifts his voice to speak of the possible intellectual activity of James since that evil day in 1910 that took him from us. Yet the purpose of this article is to speak of him in some such way. With some diffidence, yet much more with relish for the possible reception to be accorded my essay, I venture to give, with a bit of comment, some extracts from some other automatic script that purports to come from William James.

And, first of all, my *caveat emptor*. The scripts are non-evidential: that is to say, they do not give information about James's private life which was unknown to the automatist, and which recourse to members of his family proves to be accurate. Such scripts would be interesting; from the point of view of the standard Psychical Researcher they would be almost indispensable for the proof of James having survived. If the scripts to be given here were indeed evidential, they might not im-

[1] See the Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research, Vol. VI, and as summarized in their Journal, Vol. VI. Ed.

probably speak of intimate incidents not dissimilar to that of the pink pajamas. *That* sort of evidence interested James, at any rate, when he was alive. One of the earliest and most arresting "hits" of Mrs. Piper, in James's estimation, according to one of his colleagues, was when he was told, at a seance with that lady, not about some psychological novelty that he had been excogitating with majestic and isolated originality, but about his having abominably, in the dead of night, slain a cat which was less dear to him than to his family. But the scripts that I purpose giving are in general character, philosophical.

It might be conceived that the intention of the ostensible communicator was, in part at least, to do what was desiderated some six or seven years ago by Sir Oliver Lodge. In an article published in an American magazine — in 1908, I think — he spoke of what to him seemed the approach of the workers from each side to the point where, as in a tunnel excavated simultaneously from the two sides of a mountain, the strokes from the pickaxes in one-half could be heard at last by the laborers in the other. The wall was growing thinner in spots, he thought, — thin enough, perhaps, for it to be hoped that some day there might be secured from a personality in the other world, an essay, say on a characteristic topic, and in a characteristic style.

I do not mean to assert that the scripts I shall discuss reproduce William James as he is to be found in *Pragmatism* or the *Varieties of Religious Experiences*. It would be strange, and even suspicious, if they did. We should at once ask why the bars to communication, so formidably manifest in the past, should have been now so suddenly cast down. It would be, moreover, beyond all reason exacting to demand that rapidly written automatic script, — printed here as it came, without any revision, and with no addition save punctuation, — should assay as high as the finished product of days of concentrated thought and studied expression.

Many persons, too, I am well aware, will not lend ear to aught that is not strictly, "scientifically," evidential. They will not countenance pink-pajama evidence, and they rule out of court anything like celestial conversations on philosophy. What they will listen to is only dignified, pertinent, acute, straightforward matter that is amenable throughout to the canons of the exactest science. It does not signify if you remind them that they are prescribing how nature shall reveal herself, and that the *rerum natura* may have a demand of its own to make. They are impervious to the insinuation that they may be too eclectic, and would probably "reject bacteriology because *penicillium glaucum* grows on horse-dung, and *bacterium termo* lives in putrefaction." Vainly you would urge that we are here dealing with human personality in its profoundest aspects, that the whole range of its powers and its subtlest manifestations must, and of a right ought to be, included in our survey. For them we shall be in the "subjective" — a waste place strewn with the bones of many who might have become scientists, but who have perished fruitlessly in the inane. Such as object thus, have forgotten that there pretends to be a "science" dealing with human personality in its totality, which is called "Psychology," and against the arbitrary delimitation of whose subject-matter we shall not cease to protest. Moreover, by "subjective," it is oftenest to be seen, nothing more is meant than that the points at issue are very fine and very difficult to decide.

[From Jour. Am. S. P. R., X. 7, 8.] [1] Indeed it may be said that if communication has in truth been established with a "metetherial" world, sooner or later such a form of indirect "evidence" of surviving personality as we here attempt to supply would be legitimately required. If William James still survives, and if he has not passed into an environment alien in its interests to the life which he left behind, he would almost surely attempt some time the transmission to us of

[1] This and all future extracts are from communications by the author. In quoting, a few insignificant omissions and transformations have been made. Ed.

something more than personal memories — of even more than that subtle evidence for the retention of intelligence which is embodied in the complicated cross-correspondences of the English Society. The desire for human converse might be strong, and would be natural, — for converse that should rise above the tedium of forensic evidence, and in which he could be relieved from having to prove that he was himself; or, it might be that, seeing "the laws of life with sharper eyes," he would wish to convey new truths to us or to import into "accepted" truths a more vital significance.

With thus much premised, I shall say a word about the automatist or "scribe," who is a young woman of twenty-three, and is my wife. There is, I believe, nothing neurotic in her history. She appears, in fact, the antithesis of anything suggesting either mental instability or physical weakness: for her health is, and has been, almost superlatively fine. She has always had a deal of outdoor exercise, even strenuous exercise. On the other hand, she may not unfairly be called "sensitive," and has always been musical. She has had a long preparation for a musical career.

But her formal schooling in other respects ceased when she was seventeen. With the literature of Psychical Research she is fairly well acquainted. Several years ago she read *Pragmatism* and a good part of *A Pluralistic Universe*, and, recently, small portions of James's *Psychology* (briefer course), of the posthumous *Problems of Philosophy, of Memories and Studies*, and, finally of the *Varieties*. Of Bergson she had read a little, and also of Spencer. But she has never had anything like instruction in philosophy or psychology, or systematic catechism therein. In short, I should say that as regards both instruction and reading, she has not done as much as an intelligent student in college could do in good deal less than a year.

[*Op. cit.* 9.] Her first automatic script was produced when she was not quite sixteen, and was obtained at the instance of a scientific friend who was interested in Psychical Research. At this time several "messages" were obtained that may have shown superusual knowledge — some from a dead friend of her mother, and one that apparently gave intimation of the

approaching death of the maternal grandmother. No records of these youthful scripts exist now. There was an interval of a year or two until the summer of 1911, when automatic writing was again attempted on one or two occasions, and with scarcely anything but scrawls being obtained. In the spring of 1914, after her return to America from Germany, she tried repeatedly... Nothing was obtained . . . except illegible scrawls or a phrase or two, save on an evening in early April just before the death of my mother... What was obtained then was of very doubtful relevance... On the 4th of August of last yea- . . an unsuccessful sitting was had... On August 18th a similarly unsuccessful sitting was held in the late afternoon. In the evening of that day, however, . . . another trial was made.

Though patient, I was by this time weary... But coherent script developed, and has continued to come whenever it was sat for, provided the scribe was not in any degree fatigued. Even a slight amount of weariness on her part — which is naturally felt most in the evening — seems to make the production of script very difficult, and soon brings either a statement that the communicator cannot continue, or a request that we sit in the morning.

Frederic Myers and Richard Hodgson at once purported to turn up, and asserted that they were desirous of developing the automatist. The style of the "Myers" communicator was, for me at any rate, strangely like that of the living man, and served at once to deepen my interest in the scripts. Then Professor James purported to appear. It is with his alleged communications that we are here concerned, and I give forthwith part of the first sitting at which he professed to write. This sitting was only five days after the first development of coherent script.

Sitting of Aug. 23, 1914.
4.56–6.08 p. m. [Journal, Am. S. P. R. IX. 108–13.]
Present: E. W. F. [The present writer, designated throughout as E. F. Ed.] *N. E. R. N. E. P. Miss Theodate Pope.* [The first few lines of the sitting are omitted but contain the sign (+) of "Imperator" an alleged ancient sacerdotal person in the Piper sittings. The talk for the first page or so is like him. Ed.] . . . we will try with renewed effort on our side

to entrance her this afternoon. Do not be alarmed, but please give us your thoughts, and remember our presence. Do not try to influence the medium, however, as *we* do that.

(E. F.: Very well.) [The sitter's remarks are throughout in parentheses. Ed.]

Someone is troubled about something. Please put it aside for a while, as we cannot get any concentrated help if other thoughts interrupt. [Pause.]

Preconceived ideas must not [pause] depreciate your judgment of this. Be quite open-minded. Practically all you have learned in the course of your life has taught you ways of consideration; but, though you must not turn them completely aside, we ask you to see with new eyes from now on.

World upon world and life after life is the tremendous scheme of things. Children see in the world a light which dims with experience. Why? Because experience in your world is turned away from Life. "Seek and ye shall find" has been said; but it must be a new seeking after a new thing, before you will find.

[Pause.] She comes nearer. [*I. e., the medium's power develops?* Ed.]

We stand right behind Mr. Friend's chair and look with happy hearts on a group so earnest and sincerely anxious to give our utterances to the world. I ask you, can you — any of you — feel our presence? Are you aware how near we are? Why, man, I could slap you on the shoulder, if I only had a hand! [A material hand? The alleged spiritual persons "stand," "get tired," &c. Ed.]

(E. F.: Just before you wrote that, I felt vaguely aware of some presence, I must admit.)

I will make you even more aware as time goes on — and the rest. Speak to us! We are people still, and would be only too glad of conversation.

(E. F.: I am very, very glad to speak to you, and am only *too* glad to speak to *you*. I have kept silent only because I did not wish to interrupt. You have asked for consideration, and I have wished to show it to you.) [I had conjectured the communicator to be James.]

Your attitude is our particular help now. Without that we should be at a loss many times. Can you not understand the dilemma of endeavoring to work with a man who can never quite take your word?

(E. F.: I realize that keenly, and often reproach myself for subconscious dubiety.)

I understand, too. You are honest, though, with yourself, and that is our preëminent requirement.

(E. F.: Thank you indeed. Thank you also for getting through [*i. e.*, through the medium? Ed.] characteristic diction. It helps me.)

Ha! Would you not be pleased to have me start conversation in the speech of the newsboy? I can imitate if you like.

(E. F., laughing: Who is this, please?)

Still your friend, the scientific man who is known as Billy James. [This is preëminently unlike James, but it would not be unlike him to assume it in good natured banter with his sitters, as explained in the next sentence. Ed.]

(E. F.: That is indeed what my wife and I speak of you as. No offense, you know!)

You know I feel anything but offense, Friend. But where did you find the idea?

(E. F.: Of calling you that?)

Yes.

(E. F.: We felt very near you in thought.)

You mean you have weathered the storm and stress of my writings?

(E. F.: Fine! Yes, I have read much of them.)

Well, if I could tear up some of my Psychology, I would, but not a damn word of Pragmatism. [That "damn" did not come from the medium or telepathically from the sitter. Ed.]

(E. F.: Hurrah! I have often wondered which you would keep, and which you would reject.)

I fear we see but skin deep in many things in life which we have taken to mean tremendous triumphs of intellect!

(E. F.: Yes, I begin to understand, I suppose.)

You begin young. Heaven knows, I wish more could be as free from slaughtering prejudice. Do not get a big-head over what I say. You are quite a son of the earth still!

(E. F.: It's well for me to be reminded of that. I really, I really try to keep such admonitions in mind.) [The sitter, it will be readily seen, was a trifle taken aback by the preceding!]

I know. But let it be known we keep them for you too.

(E. F.: What do you mean by "keeping them for me too"?) [The sitter knew perfectly well, I think, what was meant, but the remark nettled him so that he could think of nothing else to reply!]

We remind you every now and then. Don't mind my jesting, please. I am serious enough at the bottom of my heart.

(E. F.: Yes, I understand. It takes both butter and bread to make a sandwich.)

Indeed you are right. And if the poor old world could only butter its slums and feed the wealthy with bread-pudding, it might improve.

(E. F.: We are in a bad way over here now. We need all the light we can get.)

Broke the current, but I'm here still.

Great things will come out of the struggle in Europe now, and you will not be the only one to be surprised by the outcome.

(E. F.: The outcome is to us beyond conjecture.)

Naturally. But I can see somewhat further, and wonder at the great perversity in human nature.

(E. F.: Let me ask; if at all possible, respond characteristically now to my question. What do you think now of the moral equivalent of war?)

I find no words in any language I have ever known to describe my understanding of the question as I can see it now. But I feel sure you will be convinced of my attitude if I say there is no *moral* equivalent to a proceeding so barbarous.

(E. F.: That's *pretty* good. I realize the difficulties in answering.)

When the medium is nearer still, your questions can be answered with more accuracy. Treat her gently though, because she tries very hard, and we are surprised at her progress.

(E. F.: Good. We, in our turn, are not here for thaumaturgy, *thaumaturgy*. We really, *we really* are glad to wait and take what comes.)

U D?[1] It is an amazing power, the one of light between worlds, and no one in your world realizes the importance of the cultivation of it in each and every individual. [Manner very unlike James. Ed.] In time it will be better understood, and the difference in life's issue will be simply beyond all present conjecture. . .

In the messages which follow we intend to give you instructions as to the pragmatic value of the future life. [It should be noted that the communicator returns to the theme he had begun on before the deflection of the last question.]

(E. F.: Good.)

It will be slow, Friend, but have the utmost patience.

(E. F.: If we don't have patience, jog us up about it.)

[1] "U D" is for "understand." This is an abbreviation frequent in the Piper scripts. [Its coming here is of the nature of a cross-correspondence, though it may have been from reminiscences of the sitter, or even of the medium. Ed.]

We will. The other two, Myers and Hodgson, are helping me this afternoon, and send all their sincerest good wishes.

(E. F.: We send greetings and gratitude to them. I only wish I had known them in this life.)

That is true, it would have made it a little easier. And still, in time it will seem to us all as though the barriers were indeed thin and of little consequence. I enjoy these talks and hope we may have many more. We do miss people we have known, and your connections make you seem near. Send, please, a message to my wife.

(E. F.: I shall ask Miss Pope to do so.)

Yes, do, please. She will be happy to know I can come even thus near to her. Yes, friend [sic], [*i. e.*, without the capital as before? Ed.] we miss some people very deeply, and still we are content.

(E. F.: Yes, I feel it so.)

[Pause.] Now one more feather in your cap. Myers wants me to tell you how glad he is that you are the sort of man you are, with the vista of the past so ever-present in your mind. He appreciates it all — as do we all. Now for today, good-by, and I will [sic] be glad to come again and talk as we have done today. [Slight pause.] We send our thanks to the — for the help you have all given. Good-night. [The "feather" is doubtless a decoration for the sitter's interest in the classics.] [And came exceedingly naturally as from Myers, who was also greatly interested in them. Ed.]

My chief comment on this sitting is that I should like to know what others think of it, considering the circumstances of its production. To me this "James" manner is distinct from the "Myers" manner. "Slaughtering prejudice" is surely in James's vein, as are the remarks "Do not get a bighead over what I say. *You are quite a son of the earth still*," and "You mean you have *weathered the storm and stress of my writings*." If these are not James, what *is* "James" in conversation? And how about those other remarks about "tearing up some of his Psychology but not a damn word of Pragmatism," and "I fear we see but skin deep in life in many things which we have taken to mean *tremendous triumphs of intellect!*" If James survives, he has likely learned a deal more about human personality than he knew here, and in particular more about those powers that enable it to survive the shock of death with conscious unity. What, then, more in his style and character than this (unnecessary) *amende*, this indication

of the persistence of that "magnificent candor" which Dr. Verrall felt to be the admirable spirit of the *Varieties of Religious Experience?* We have, too, in these few passages a sample of his wit. The sitter says that he tries to keep "such admonitions" (as the one about not getting a "big-head") in mind. The rather blunt colloquialism of the communicator is at once redressed and yet pressed home with the delicate "*But let it be known we keep them for you, too.*" Is it, or is it not, at once the manner of James, and distinct from the manner of Myers, to open the sitting with "*I ask you, can you — any of you — feel our presence? . . Why, man, I could slap you on the shoulder, if I only had a hand!*"? The reply to my question about "the moral equivalent of war" — the title of a well-known essay of James . . . is not unworthy of him.

It is but fair to point out again that the scripts began only five days previously to this sitting, and that the legitimately conjecturable limitations to communications of any sort with the discarnate, might justly be recollected here. It should be added that the scribe had never met Professor James, had, in fact, to her knowledge never seen him. I met him but once, though the conversation we had then has been for me a memorable one. In short, there appears to me to be about as much of James here as could well be crammed into the number of words written. Moreover, and the point may be taken for what to each it seems worth, there is here much more that resembles the alert and elastic-spirited James known to his friends than was at all evident to me in over an hour's untrammelled conversation that I had with him in the early winter of 1908 when his strength was beginning to fail.

[*Op. cit.* P. 114 *et seq.*] In the record of the sitting that follows now, attention is called to the curious style of the opening. The style is not that of James, nor of Myers, nor yet a blend of their styles, though here and there a phrase or a cadence . . . might recall them. But the beginning of this sitting is to me vaguely reminiscent of the style of "Imperator," and the scripts claim his constant aid. He was familiar as the "director" from the other side of the trances of Mrs. Piper, and "without his help," it was once declared "we could get no results."

The rather oracular admonitions with which the sitting begins were to me by no means vague and impertinent. They were significant at the time, but became much more significant some ten days later, when a "specific" piece of advice was ventured respecting "the course I was about to take."

It was as if these opening exhortations, together with other matter of similar import from scripts not quoted here, led up to this specific advice step by step, as if it could not be stated at once and plumply, but needs must be approached softly and deviously and by repetition of the main idea of "see clearly the course you are about to take." [As our readers have no such personal interest, we venture to give only selections. We don't want our people to regard Imperator solely as the amiable old bore that thorough acquaintance has made him to us. Ed.]

Sitting of Sept. 6, 1914.
11.12 a. m.–12.45 p. m. [*Jour. Am. S. P. R. IX. 116 et seq.*]
Present: E. W. F., N. E. R.

Let us come near to you all today, for we are eager to talk [It's always safe to bet that Imperator was. Ed.] and let you have our thoughts. We want the trance to deepen this morning. . .

Come, child, nearer us today than ever. We want your mind free and your strength concentrated into light. [Short pause.]

Shipwreck comes when Captains are heedless of impending storms. See clearly the course you are about to take, and prepare your bark for winter weather. . . [Was "the course" to the under-secretaryship of the Am. S. P. R. and the "winter weather," the discord that arose there? Ed.]

As we sit here with you and talk, feeling your presences so very near to us, it fills us with a great refreshing calm to think of the change which will come so soon. [Could this have presaged the sitter's death in less than a year? Ed.]

Strong men, versed in the ways of life and bearing burdens unknown to their comrades, rely on some strength beyond their own. As dumb animals have blind love and faith in the human [Short pause] keepers who watch over them, . . .

Remember the heralding of the power of spirit, remember its simplicity and its material uncouthness. It is not in magnificence that you find your true knowledge, but [in?] the places where secrets lie concealed in [the?] shadow of a truly simple life.

Instinctive perception of the things one cannot hear and touch and see in form material are the roads and pathways of a broader life. There is nothing sere or barren in the life of spirit, if a soul is only ready. [Short pause.]

Intellectual effort is a series of links between spirit and matter, and in our life we use them in a new way, but never lose them. They are the cementings which separate and join what seem opposed and inconsistent one with the other. [The?] mistake must not be made though [that?] beauty of conception

and rarity of analogy are things we disdain. Truly not. [Pause.] By these links we find you and talk with you and yet by a combination of thought-projection and idea-separation we turn our minds upon the material world once more and [Pause] give a wider life to the few who can grasp our effort.] . . .

(E. F.: Indeed you have, though when I first read these preceding sentences I failed to understand. Then it flashed over me, in part at least. I wish you would continue, if you can, to enlarge upon what you call idea-separation. . .)

When a spirit unhampered by material mechanism calls to his being a thought, it calls to him the whole meaning of the subject in its true universal relation. U D? [I intended to say "Indeed I do!" but the writing continued before I could do so.] And when he wishes to express this *back* into material surroundings, he must separate each idea on the subject and pass them through one by one. It is truly like the spectroscope. Each light has its particular differentiation — I mean by that, each element. U D?

(E. F.: May I ask who this is?)

Do not know.

(E. F.: "Do not know"?)

Do you not know?

(E. F.: The style seems to me not so distinctive today, although perfectly, admirably clear.)

Well, it is James who is talking and Myers who is "helping." [If so, as the sitter seems to have suspected, they crowded Imperator out after a page or more of his platitudes, from which we have selected the most endurable. The last long paragraph, however, contains an idea not unworthy of James, and so is the following working out of it. Ed.]

(E. F.: I understand. I want to ask: If we were to call our mechanism, which in our life separates ideas, the cinematographic mechanism of thought, should you assent?)

Yes.

(E. F.: Well then, could you coin a term equally descriptive for the process by which you think, when that cinematographic mechanism has been destroyed?)

Ours is a process of synthetic perception.

(E. F.: Well then, what about conception?)

You see, we live by our perceptions, whereas you have of necessity to separate your perceptions into conceptions for practical use.

(E. F.: Oh, not entirely, surely. For what about that value of concepts, which you yourself recognized in your posthumous

Introduction to Metaphysics, which seems wholly dissociated from practical use?)

That is again another thing. It is no simple conception, but a conception which has been modified by innumerable, indiscernible, sub-conscious perceptions in a human mind. . .

(E. F. . . . perception of concepts sounds like a *contradictio in adjecto!*)

God, yes. But it's because you're so used to considering these things as I used to consider them.

(E. F.: Well, when the cinematograph is wrecked by the shipwreck of the material body, how do you come by this direct perception of the ideal world? Isn't it a matter of years to organize it?)

It IS and the individual drops in and takes his place whenever he is ready.

(E. F.: "Whenever he is ready"?)

Yes, whenever he is at the point of understanding to see it [sic]. There are some people who are years, as you say, in coming to after leaving their beloved material home.

(E. F.: Yes, various communications from others — some of which I used to think fearful rot — indicated that fact.)

But believe me, [This "believe me" is not like James. Ed.] it isn't rot. It's rotten for them, but not in itself a rotten proceeding.

(E. F.: You know, I get from these communications of yours the impression of an even more vigorous personality than you were when on this poor old earth!)

Why now, you flatter me! [This is not like him either. Ed.]

(E. F.: I mean, of course, considering how your stream of pure perception of concepts is all diffracted by the mind of my wife!)

Do not be hard on the mind of your wife! Her lens is not bad.

(E. F.: And considering my own astigmatism! . . . May I ask, will our evolution here bring us to anything like your sort of perception?)

In time there will be very much more which can be spoken of directly. Your growth is continuously toward the better, I should say *fuller* perception of things as they are. It will take ages though.

(E. F.: Oh, yes. You will understand, I think, when I ask crudely and all too briefly that what I should immensely like to know — to have, is even adumbration of what your perception is.)

The nearest thing in your experience is that feeling which comes to you when, with a friend whom you understand, you walk out into the night and talk and commonly feel the pulse of all Life behind the darkness.

(E. F.: Would it, then, cease to interest you to discover, say, what the exact function of the temporo-sphenoidal lobe is?)

Would *I* be less interested than when and whom [sic]?

(E. F.: Than when you lived on Irving Street!)

I would know, if I felt I *needed* to know, but it is much more important for *you* to know.

(E. F.: Yes, that answer fits the case. Let me say, though, that it is precisely the answer I had foreseen to such questions weeks ago.)

It pleases me to know you did foresee it and I will come and tell you much more another time, but she is getting tired and I must stop now. . .

A good day for the rest of the hours to be spent in waking, and the rich sleep of new strength when you go again to rest. [This last clause is very unlike James, and is more like Imperator, who (I speak only of appearances, mind) as a clerical party, was very apt to close the sittings with some such benediction. But this lacks his usual signature of a cross. Ed.]

(E. F.: Thank you. Good day.)

I shall not here say more about the matter of the first part of the sitting than that, however it may seem to others, it had the power of awakening reflection in me to a singular degree. The manner of so doing is no doubt curious, and is not what I should have previously thought would appeal to my type of mind. That it did so appeal reveals the exquisite adaptation of the *vis scripti* to the individual case.

It is the latter half of the sitting which, in my estimation, deserves some attention. The talk about "idea-separation" and "synthetic perception" is certainly an attempt at expressing something of the psychology of the discarnate state, and, as such, is in character with the script's claim to emanate from James. Has it a considerable significance? I confess that I am strongly inclined to think that it has. At first blush it seemed to me an interesting conception, and I turned it over in my

mind often enough, but I did not at all see whither it might lead, or how it could be substantiated by present psychological knowledge. Not until long after the sitting did I perceive any further light on the subject. When I did, however, the train of thought started was not a little convincing to me. That the considerations I am about to adduce were in the back of my head somehow, and were drawn thence by the "script," or that the ideas had been unwittingly excogitated by the young automatist, without a glimmering of their import, appear to me difficult suppositions. If the suppositions were correct, they would for one thing argue powerfully the superiority of unconscious states to conscious ones.

[The author then quotes again from his comment in the Pr. Am. S. P. R. Ed.] And first, I should like permission to state categorically the significance of the latter part of the sitting as it appears to me. It is, in sum, *that the phenomenon called "death" is a transition to a radically different kind of consciousness — to a type of conscious activity which, though not dissociated from ours nor failing to include our principal conscious activities, is nevertheless so divergent in nature that it is hard for the communicating intelligence to "think" as we do, and particularly hard for it so to think when it is expressing itself through a mind and brain whose whole life and thought represent what is for the communicating intelligence an* überwundener Standpunkt, "*a point of view*" *that has been literally passed by and left behind.*

What is this type of consciousness that is different from ours, and yet not so different that it cannot understand ours and make itself at least in part intelligible to us? I will venture to put the matter consecutively and to explain, if criticism be kept till the end of my interpretation.

It is asserted in the script "that when a spirit unhampered by material mechanism calls to his being a thought, it [the thought] calls to him the whole meaning of the subject in its true universal relation." When the soul has come to that "deeper self-consciousness which men call death," it lives in a world of "synthetic perception": its perception is of an environment that has been foreshadowed in such constructions as, say, the Platonic world of Ideas. Supersensible perception would be, then, of supersensible things, of "reality" direct — or in a fashion much more direct than in our world of "sense-

perception." Following the course of evolution, it should seem that the "soul" becomes, in Spencerian terminology, more *integrated:* when it calls "to its being a thought," the thought calls up the "*whole meaning of the subject in its true universal relation.*" The thinking of the enfranchised soul is, then, not like ours discursive, cinematographic, imperfectly conscious of the soul's nature and destiny, but synthetic, by wholes, and concentratedly purposive. The "activities" of the released soul are different indeed from ours: for a better understanding of them we must wait until we better comprehend "the bridge between." But thus much of the other manner of life may be adumbrated: the nearest thing in our experience is that feeling which comes *when, with a friend whom we understand, we walk out into the night and talk and commonly feel the pulse of all Life behind the darkness.*

To proceed, however. Turn for a moment to James's *Psychology* [1] where he discusses the "stream of thought." "In all our voluntary thinking," he says, "there is some topic or subject about which all the members of the thought revolve. Half the time this topic is a problem, a gap we cannot yet fill with a definite picture, word, or phrase, but which, in the manner described some time back, influences us in an intensely active and determinate psychic way. Whatever may be the images and phrases that pass before us, we feel their relation to this aching gap. To fill it up is our thoughts' destiny. Some bring us nearer to that consummation. Some the gap negates as quite irrelevant. *Each swims in a felt fringe of relations* [2] of which the aforesaid gap is the term... Relation, then, to our topic or interest is constantly felt in the fringe, and particularly the relation of harmony and discord, of furtherance or hindrance of the topic... Now *any* thought the quality of whose fringe lets us feel ourselves 'all right,' is an acceptable member of our thinking, whatever kind of thought it may otherwise be. Provided we only feel it to have a place in the scheme of relations in which the interesting topic lies, that is quite sufficient to make of it a relevant and appropriate portion of our train of ideas."

In precise psychological terms, then, the statement of the script would amount to this, that the change called death — the change that had previously been loosely described in a "Myers" sitting as a coming to a "deeper self-consciousness" — *involves an intensification and consolidation of the relational*

[1] Vol. I, pp. 259 and 260.

[2] The italics are mine.

fringe that accompanies our ordinary human discursive "thinking."

Are there any considerations that would seem to support this view? I think that there are two sets of facts, very different in nature, which do so. The one set is confined to the matter of academic psychology, the other is composed of incidental statements of trance-communicators. In the first place, there are sporadic cases of greater or less intensification of the power of holding simultaneously a great number of relations in mind. "Great thinkers," says James,[1] "have vast premonitory glimpses of schemes of relation between terms, which hardly, even as verbal images, enter the mind, so rapid is the process." And in a footnote he tells the well-known case of Mozart. The latter is reported as saying of his manner of composing " . . I can see the whole of it [the piece] at a single glance in my mind, as if it were a beautiful painting or a handsome human being; in which way I do not hear it in my imagination at all as a succession — the way it must come later — but all at once, as it were. It is a rare feast! All the inventing and making goes on in me as in a beautiful strong dream. But the best of all is the *hearing of it all at once*."[2] [*Cf.* Matthew Arnold: "See it whole". Ed.] What we have here, and in many other cases of genius, is a simultaneous apprehension of many relations, literally a "synthetic perception." And with this synthetic perception it is to be noted goes a strong *affective* state. "It is a rare feast, the inventing and making goes on as in a strong beautiful dream." The intensification and fusion of the relational fringe is here however the privilege of genius. Is there any such phenomenon to be observed in the case of ordinary men? And — what is more vital — are there any instances of the fusion and consolidation of the elements, the interrelated experiences, *of a whole lifetime*, sporadic and momentary as such cases of fusion might be? There are such cases indeed, though they have hitherto attracted but little notice. M. Bergson is, I believe, the first to have called attention to them. [The author is mistaken regarding this priority. Ed.] In his presidential address before the English *Society for Psychical Research* he remarked on the reports of persons who have faced death suddenly by drowning or in battle. In such circumstances, as is perhaps familiar, men have told of the events of their whole lives flashing before their mind's eye in an instant. This is due, says M. Bergson significantly, and, I think,

[1] *Psychology*, Vol. I, p. 255.

[2] The italics are James's.

rightly, to the momentary failure of the *attention to Life*. Confronted with a situation in which death seems inevitable, the mind may sometimes uncoil itself in its entirety, as a tightly wound spring might do, since that which ordinarily held it confined to slow expansion is suddenly removed. It is to be noted, likewise, that such experiences have sometimes had a positive, a "noetic" value. Men have come away from them cherishing what they believed to be a deeper insight into themselves and the purpose of life!

In the case of the ordinary man, there is required a strong shock to detach his attention from the world of material things. But if that attention be once radically diverted, the whole mass of his interrelated experiences bursts upon his consciousness. With the man of genius on the other hand, the failure of attention to life is less sudden, less disruptive. It extends over long periods, and because it is more gentle, it permits him to correlate his inner perception with the world of matter and material activities. That the genius is often characterized by a certain "failure of attention to life" is urged upon us by numerous and patent facts in the lives of great artists, great poets, and great men of science.

The matter of the script is, then, of a piece with facts that already lie at our hand. If it be true, it should serve to colligate some things that we have not hitherto associated in our minds. Now, as it stands, it brings together M. Bergson's contention that in the brain are stored up only mechanisms of recall, and that the meanings and significances of our experiences are preserved apart from the brain, in something that is purely psychical, with another statement of James's. For James points out [1] that if we "consider the *cognitive function* of different states of mind, we may feel assured that the difference between those that are mere "acquaintance" and those that are "knowledges-*about*" is reducible almost entirely to the absence or presence of psychic fringes or overtones. Knowledge *about* a thing is knowledge of its relations . . . and of most of its relations we are only aware in the penumbral nascent way of a "fringe" of unarticulated affinities about it." M. Bergson [2] contents himself with pointing out the existence of a psychical corpus as distinct from a physical one.

[1] *Psychology*, Vol. I, pp. 258 and 259.

[2] In his presidential address before the English *Society* and, with acute analysis of unpromising data, in his *Matter and Memory*. Mr. McDougall in his *Body and Mind* quotes M. Bergson with approval and insists strongly on the same point.

The sentence of the script is descriptive of the nature, in one aspect, of that psychical corpus when isolated, as after death, or when functioning more freely than is usual, as is the case with a man of genius. Such an intensification of the relational fringe would, however, bring certain disabilities with it in this life. The experience undergone in the intensification would require peculiar powers in the one experiencing it for formulation afterwards. And this is just what is found to be true in the case of mystics, and geniuses of varying degrees. The complex of relationships suddenly flashed upon the mystic is overwhelming, it is irreproducible in *linear* thought. To describe it, there would be needed a speech that should be oriented simultaneously in *many* different directions. [Like several simultaneous harmonized themes in music. *Cf.* the Mozart expressions *supra.* Ed.] Even the genius would not in every instance succeed in reporting or intellectualizing his vision. Witness the cases where writers have rated highest their inferior poems or books; or, better, those cases such as Hartley Coleridge's, whose significance was recognized by Myers, in which the rendering of the experience was *always* insufficient, always fell below the level of true genius. In conceiving of the phenomenon as an intensification and consolidating of the fringe of relations surrounding our very imperfectly illuminated field of consciousness, we have, I think, a conception that lights the way forward and backward. We understand some already reported phenomena better, and we gain, however slight it may be, a foothold on the slippery ground of inquiry into the conditions of communication. The latter point I may touch here only for a moment.

Communicators seem universally to suffer from confusion of ideas and from flight of ideas. They have seemed to some persons to suffer so seriously in these respects as to suggest that the "psychical corpus" has undergone a disintegration comparable with the disintegration of the physical body after death. Professor James, in particular, apprehended only a very partial survival of the personality, because of the persistent confusion, errors, and omissions of even the best communications. These objections Dr. Hodgson ought to meet by his assumption that the communicator was in a sort of dream-state, a conception of the process of communication that was suggested to him by one of the "clearest" of the Piper controls, George Pelham. This theory of the dream-state has since been elaborated, or altogether revised, by Dr.

Hyslop.[1] In brief, as I understand him, Dr. Hyslop considers that the dream-state theory may be supplemented or elucidated, if we but reflect that a communication will likely be seriously affected by the accidental or mistaken transmission of the "fringe," as well as of the main idea which the communicator *intends* to get through. This explanation was suggested, if I am not mistaken, by the "James" personality of the Chenoweth sittings. [Am. Pr. VI. Ed.] Such a conception would be quite in accord with the one here set forth. The psychological ground for the fringe coming through is more apparent; it is not the "fringe" of our sort of consciousness, but the expression of a differently constituted psychical corpus.

The communicator might be endeavoring to communicate an incident that, in itself, according to our canons of evidence, would be excellent evidence for identity. But the more actually singular and "pretty" the incident might be in our eyes, the *less real significance* that incident would probably have in the communicator's life, the *less meaning* it would probably have for him in his *present* (*discarnate*) state, the less easy would it ordinarily be for him to *focus* on that incident or any similar incident, — *if his consciousness were concerned solely with significances and meanings.*

This would be further supported by the fact that communications almost always open up with a strongly emotional tone, and that failure to respond to this tone, on the part of the sitter, sometimes drives the communicator out and away altogether. Light would also be thrown on the ethical concern of many communicators. For, if the consciousness of the communicator is composed of "significances and meanings," if the experiences of a lifetime are well correlated, [and integrated. Ed.] we should expect that awakening of the "moral self" which is to be found on earth *wherever and whenever a man faces his whole self.*

Moreover, if an incident at once significant *and* evidential were attempted to be transmitted, *so much larger and more persistently recurring would be the swarm of related and like incidents in the communicator's life.* We ought, then, to find them sometimes complaining of the same panorama-effect as we saw in certain cases of living men faced with sudden death and, consequently, overcome by failure of attention to life. Such is precisely the case. In an unpublished series of Piper sittings to which I have access, the communicator complains that

[1] *Vid. Proceedings* of the American *Society*, Vol. IV, Part I (May, 1910), Vol. VI (May, 1912), and *Journal* of the American *Society*, Aug., 1914.

"everything sweeps before me as in a vast panorama." Similarly, in this same series, which was held shortly after Dr. Hodgson's death, Dr. Hodgson exclaims that if he could only have communicated immediately after his death, he could have told everything, because the events of his whole life swept before him. It is scarcely to be expected that Mrs. Piper could have anticipated the theories of M. Bergson, and the scripts here discussed, to the extent of fitting chance and non-evidential remarks into this neat and re-inforced fabric.

In the following partial extract of the sitting of Sept. 19th the psychological vein is still being mined.[1]

Do not forget that this act of communicating with you is a very much more intricate task than it seems to you there. No matter what complications you imagine when talking over the difficulties, it is quite certain that you do not even dream of the true intricacy of it. It will take years for us to explain all of this, and, tho our attempts thus far to bring some specific truths to your minds have been successful — and even more successful than we had hoped — it is quite impossible to start in on a discourse regarding the difficulties of communication before we have given you some idea of the interrelationship of Body and Mind.

If you think over what was said yesterday, you will remember we intimated the whole mechanical structure to be a phantasmagoric structure. Understand?

This was *not* my conception; I have been decidedly opposed to any belief of this kind, and, as far as I can at all judge, the automatist has never leaned in this direction. Nor if the above words be plainly interpreted, did the living James manifest any such tendency. But to continue:

In its direct interpretation this sentence brings to you the seed and kernel of the whole idea. It is *in reality* existent, and yet a structure of untutored minds searching for the light! The scheme is vast. Law pervades it in its most minute details... The first perception of the great synthesis is order and law in the world about you. *This* is real, everlasting, and a part of the great whole. Life's first task is, you see, to make

[1] We understand that the sittings from which the succeeding extracts are made have not been published. Ed.

a primer for herself to see if she can read. She has taken the form of a mechanically perfect universe in order that she may read her own law with eyes of her own creation. Is this clear?

(E. F.: It is difficult to see how an unconscious impulse can create the mechanical universe, so perfect and intricate in every detail.)

[Written with some energy.] Because it is your appreciation of actual purified truth of developed effort and unending loving sacrifice which makes you see it as perfect. If this is incomprehensible now, do not lay it aside, but please think about it with all the insight you possess.

(E. F.: It is the point of departure of the whole process which I do not see.)

You *cannot* yet. Have patience as we tell you, bit by bit and fragment by fragment, the whole great scheme which lies before you now, though only part perceived. Understand this?

(E. F.: Oh yes, the last is clear.)

I must ask you not to mind my repeated questions. It is simply that I want everything as clear as possible.

We will take the example of the brute. This is the first stage of consciousness which has perception of its own surrounding in relation to the whole, in any degree whatsoever. The life of a dog, for example, is a *real* part of the whole developmental scheme. His eyes are eyes which recognize; his nose one which tells him the good and the bad in the world; and his ears proclaim to him the life of stirring other creatures over which he feels his advantage! This is consciousness in babyhood. If you would march in thorough accord on your earth, then brutes and humans would learn one from the other. The more developed the consciousness, the more deeply is the unending purity of the laws about you revealed. Is this clear?

Brutes recognize the superior virtue in man, and, in consequence, bestow upon him an affection so deep and pure that few understand its capacity. Do you remember what was said yesterday about the true meaning of love? It is the recognition in one conscious being of the same deep all-pervading power which lies in his own heart, in that of another. Recall?

Now can you see any plan in the appearance of brutes in your world? Do you not see that this lower type is the *necessary* outcome of development? *You* are stages further on; your perception is vast in comparison to that of the dog. But do you not see that he too is an onward process? that in his recognition of your superiority, and his devotion, he is finding his first lessons? Is this sane?

Of course this is all "general," but it does not *merely* glitter.

There followed soon an attempt to throw some new light on the problem of memory. My response to it at the time must have been profoundly discouraging! The sitting from which I now quote, (of Sept. 29th) was at the time certainly discouraging to me. It seemed, indeed, a "mere externalization of a kind of dream-state of the automatist's" as Myers has characterized most automatic script. That on first reading it will so strike the reader I have no doubt. Yet, because of previous sittings that did make sense, and capital sense, I could not but revert to it in thought and reflect on it. Suffice it that in the course of much pondering on the relationship of body to mind, of the many puzzling statements, confusions, and errors of communicators, and of the dramatic *ensemble*, the script about to follow became clearer. When, therefore, in the last few days, I happened upon the chapters in Fechner's *Zend-Avesta* entitled *Ueber die Dinge des Jenseits*, which contain an exposition of the future life in terms of *memory*, and which are amazingly suggestive in the light of Psychical Research, I began to feel uneasy about the facility with which we have all talked of the confusion and nonsense of trance or automatic script. It is possible, at least, that we are somewhat blind and stupid, and not impossible that our cocksureness in this field is directly proportional to our ignorance.

"James" continues:

The state of mind which leads one to suppose the conscious life to be most vivid is that one which in reality is reaching forward into the conscious state which lies ordinarily beyond the threshold, and translating it back through the medium of words to the usual plane comprehendable to men. [Why "comprehendable," when the automatist knows "comprehensible" perfectly well?] Is this clear?

(E. F.: Only in part.)

I thought so, because you do not see the relevance [sic] of

bringing it in now. But I must insist that there is relevance, and I will show you the connecting links.

Conscious memory and conscious super-perception are parts of a whole. ["Super-perception" had been previously said to be our awareness of a supersensible world,— a form of "perception" of which most are dimly conscious at the best, precisely because it is continuous and intervowen with our sensuous experiences. Not bad for this young automatist, I should say!] In the lives of most men there is but time for the former, and there is little or no real super-conscious perception. . . . Now, memory is a persistent constituent part of each personality, and even is there [why this archaic inversion in a script signed "James"? Surely this clever subconscious did not need to make so gratuitously unfitting a turn of speech] persistent memory of the events which concern the lives of individuals other than oneself. Plain?

(E. F.: Not exactly.)

I mean to say, my memory is not limited to perception, [hand taps] reflex perception, we will say, of my own state alone, but I have also memory of states and states of consciousness of others, too. Understand?

(E. F.: Yes, if you mean states of consciousness of others as cognized through our ordinary senses.)

I do not understand.

(E. F.: Well, I mean I understand that we have perception of the states of consciousness of others —)

I think you must have mis-read. I said, *I* have memory, meaning to tell you that persistent reflex perception persists not only for my own acts and thoughts but also it persists *in me* for the acts and thoughts of other individuals whose lives have been close to mine.

We are, of course, not discussing the "truth" of these scripts. *That* would be beyond our present power to determine. The question is: are they intelligible, and do they manifest psychological acumen? A categorical answer to this question I do not presume to give. I shall only bring forward a passage of Fechner to show that a complementary conception had commended itself to the man who has been called the father of modern scientific psychology. The automatist had not previously read Fechner, nor had I, excepting a few pages

of another section. I may add that the *Zend-Avesta*, despite the high praise accorded it by James in his brief exposition of Fechner's thought in *A Pluralistic Universe*, has remained obscure enough not to be translated.

"To be sure," Fechner says, "we think that we can command only dead remnants of those who have passed away. But there is just the error. What remains of the dead is a living impulse, invades our life in a thousand ways; and, in so far as it does this, the dead live on together with us. Their own life, of course, we are not thereby enabled to experience, save only as it intervenes in ours, save only the influences that we receive therefrom — not that which does the influencing, and by which they express themselves. But why should there not be an influence behind the influence consciously experienced by us, which expresses itself consciously? The spirits of the Beyond have not given up their old field of activity, although they no longer are restricted to its low estate. They work out in conjunction with us what here they began, and carry it further upward, yet withal amidst new relationships of consciousness. All that which in the course of their lives has passed as idea and achievement, from their consciousness into the structure of the world, falls to their lot at death as the point of departure, as the point of attack of their further conscious activity. Thus their activity surrounds us and flows into our lives; spiritually and materially we perceive this continuing activity, and are merely unable to perceive that they perceive it too."

"Memory and sympathy are the tools," "*I* have memory, meaning to tell you that *persistent reflex perception* persists not only for my own acts and thoughts but *in me* for the acts and thoughts of other individuals whose lives have been close to mine." Not quite pretentious nonsense after all!

Memory we have spoken of, though the vast implications of so familiar a part of conscious life, we have not begun to approach here. May we not adduce as appropriate, and of some vigor, some words that purport to reveal the other force — that of sympathy? They will be taken very differently by men of different "sympathies" here, yet they are, I believe, such as James would

not have disowned. This closing excerpt is from a sitting of February 5th of this year.

It seems to me, as I regard the past and all its contingent beliefs and desires, that I was then living in a vast factory. It was all a great tight machinery of thought... It was a producer of lives, this machine, but of such puppet lives as it makes me shudder to remember. It was a creator of desires and purposes, but of what a sort, of what a sort! It is a picture of tense, cramped, stunted thought that greets me as I consider from whence I came, and I desire now with my whole soul to draw such a picture of its unnatural purposes and vain striving as to make you pause . . . The great wrong in modern life on earth is a desperate struggle for a four-cornered contentment. It leads even the wise to a huge misshapen discontent which consumes millions and millions of lives. Teach those who come your way that it is not a formal peace which is worth having in life; it is the deep consciousness of power to create and progress, to create *new* in life, and to live for wide, free, unsullied things, which never fail and never can decay.

The comparatively few extracts that I have given afford but an inadequate survey of the series, which includes several other alleged communications of notability and interest. And, as a whole I may say, they do not fall short of the standard, such as it may be, which is here exhibited, while in some cases they may even surpass it. Among them have been several very pretty cases of what is at least "telepathy," and of what may be otherwise evidential. From these latter, however, abstraction has been purposely made [*i. e.*, the matter given has been abstracted as of a different class? Remember that the author cannot be consulted. Ed.] in order that the non-evidential material shall stand as far as possible on its own feet. After all, it surely will be seen sooner or later, and from it made a point in favor of or against the results of Psychical Research, that a truly wider and higher life would not for indefinite time to come restrict its communications to what *we* consider eviden-

tial or scientific material. Together with a decent respect for the canons of our evidence, and for our demands, would surely go a certain independence, a certain insistence on the point of view and purposes of the other side of life. And, you know, it is not precisely apparent why some ancient "truths" should not come in for some modern emphasis.

Nevertheless, I am ready to assent to the words of Myers, that in automatic script, whatever is elaborate, finished, pretentious, is likely to be the product of subliminal activity, and that it is only scraps and fragments which come to us veritably from afar. In the scripts here discussed, the admixture or the imprint of the automatist's own mind is clear. Such would be indeed *a priori* indicated: for it would be strange, even on the most radical hypothesis of James being the author here, that the compounding of his and the automatist's mind should not yield on analysis clear traces of the latter. But there are arresting points, and on reflection they do not grow too blunted. For one man at least, who may lay claim to a pretty thorough intellectualist training, they have come as a subtle yet puissant force that molds anew and informs and elevates. Wherefore, what seems most to be needed is simply more experimentation. The call now to men of intelligence and open mind should be impossible not to heed: there are men who, as MacDougall said in *Body and Mind*, in competence to judge of this difficult material cannot be rated inferior to any other persons, who have become through their examination convinced of survival. I venture to prophesy that, if the "whole set and strain of humanity" should participate to some degree, — though it be of the slightest, — in the collecting, evaluation, and assimilation of such material, within so brief a space as a century we should regard the New Reformation of Science in the nineteenth century as but a winter's snow whose service is to prepare the soil by melting, and should date even a New Life

from the unmarked year 1882, when the first Society for Psychical Research was founded.

If the author were still in the flesh, we should ask him to treat some points in addition to those we have inserted, which now will have to go merely as editorial comment.

As Mr. Friend was of a philosophic bent and training, of course the thoughtful reader of the philosophical discussion in these sittings has been visited by the question whether the young medium was simply reflecting her husband's mind. But if she did, there is more warrant to question where she got the impulse and dramatic capacity to enact so well James's part in a dialogue. That question applies to virtually all heteromatic expression — with overwhelming force to Mrs. Piper's. Where, for instance, did she get those poems ostensibly written by the Hodgson control (Pr. S. P. R. XXIII, 8, 11); how did she get the enormously impressive scene where the hand thrust the G. P. sheets, as fast as written, upon "Mr. Howard" (Pr. S. P. R., XIII, 321, 2); and where did she get the whole character of Phinuit — one fit to be compared with Falstaff or Pistol, and more unexampled than either? These questions of course add weight to those regarding Mrs. Friend and the apparent James control.

The present impression of experts inclines toward the belief that, even assuming a real control whose mind dominates the expressions, there is also generally, in greater or less degree, an interflow from the minds of the medium, the sitter, and possibly others, both incarnate and discarnate, and more or less remote. This impression is strengthened, of course, by the apparent interflow of minds where telepathy is obvious.

The James and Myers minds seem to dominate, but the pleonastic "I ask you" does not seem like James,

while the "Why, man, I could slap you on the back" *is* like James, and is not like Friend or the young medium.

In connection with the murder of that amiable and gifted young man, and with the investigations to which he devoted his talents, we have been visited by a speculation that may be worth stating to those interested in these mysteries. We give it, however, with great diffidence, and much doubt of its real bearing on the case.

"The torpedo that sank the Lusitania sank the German empire." In our editorial capacity we have abandoned prophecy, but in our private capacity we did, in the first inspiration of indignation, make some such remark; but so did many others, and we use quotation marks in courtesy to them. Of course the prophecy refers not to the nation, but the form of government.

Germany's crime has already frightened her. She planned it even more deliberately than Macbeth did his (or rather, than his wife, who believed in woman's activity in politics, planned it for him); and when it was done, was as badly scared. Her insane conceit at once showed its first sign of weakening, when she sent word to us that she would arrange about the earlier ships, and — of all human performances! — her condolences for the death of our kindred whom she herself had murdered. She is weakening in the support of her own children. In this country they rushed by hundreds to renounce allegiance to her by naturalizing here, and their newspapers spontaneously changed their tune. And when the president sent his remonstrance, instead of responding with the usual prompt "Go to Hell!" of which her Count Reventlow showed such mastery before she got scared, she took longer to think it over than Wilson did, and responded politely. Yes, she is weakening, and her weakening dates from the "Lusitania."

So much for the effect of her crime upon her own evil strength. And how about its effect upon what good-

ness may be left in her? There have been a great many good and wise men in Germany, and there must still be a great deal of goodness and wisdom latent there, to be awakened by such shocks to a realization that the country's course has been neither good nor wise. This must make for peace.

We all know the crime's effects outside in, among other things, bringing Italy's physical force and, up to the time of this writing, at least our moral force to bear against Germany.

And now for the connection of all this with Mr. Friend's article and his death. Those persons who feel some influences in Nature which as yet most of us do not, have had, in at least three instances, what appeared to be intimations, perhaps entirely fanciful and false, that this war is going to be ended in some strange way. Mrs. Friend, as you have just read, wrote to that effect. Tolstoy in a trance foretold the war and a strange ending. Some influence purporting to be a postcarnate William T. Stead moved the hand of a sensitive in England to express the same forecast regarding the end; and we have an impression that it pervaded a book at which we lately glanced, that was made up of all sorts of alleged prophecies from all sorts of soothsayers, probably most of them fakers (or fakirs, if you prefer) but probably also some of them genuine sensitives. And now comes in the perhaps purely fanciful and foolish question (but we're never going to get to the bottom of these mysteries before we ask a good many foolish questions) whether these indications have anything to do with the indications that the sinking of the Lusitania is going to do more than all the armies to end the war, and that the blood of those martyrs contained the seeds of peace. EDITOR.

EN CASSEROLE

To Contributors — and Readers

We cannot help extending a word of felicitation all around — to contributors, readers and ourselves, on the spontaneous contributions we get — and do not get. Their character has just been commented upon by a very intelligent sifter. What was sent him was sent pell-mell, just as it had come in, and he remarked upon the exceedingly intelligent class of contributions which we attract. We have had hardly anything illiterate or less than half-baked, and very little that was not baked up to the point where it merited real consideration, and if rejected, as of course most matter has to be, was rejected not because it was not good enough, but simply because it did not fit, or was crowded out by matter still better.

We have heard it said time and again by editors of very respectable periodicals, that volunteered work is of very little use — in fact, more trouble than it is worth. We started of course with solicited work, but the more we go on, the larger the proportion of volunteered, and nearly all the pieces have been good, while several have been as good as anything we have had.

We feel very proud of all this, and very hopeful that when the war makes normal growth possible, we may find ours specially vigorous. We hope you sympathize!

Meantime it doubly negatives a report that has reached us that we are going to stop publication. Despite the general falling off occasioned by the times, our subscription list is larger than ever — though not yet troublesomely long. You know that there are not, at best, very many of your kind of people.

We wonder, by the way, why you don't send us more squibs for this Casserole. Surely, your thoughts are not

all "long thoughts" — five thousand words long! You certainly have enough short and pointed ones in conversation and correspondence with us: even fifty words — or sometimes five, will do. Brace up, and let us have a few! We are tired of writing nearly all the Casserole ourselves; and the condition that our readers must be approaching in regard to it, horrifies imagination.

P. S. Just before writing the foregoing paragraph, we sent its substance in a hurry call to half a dozen contributors, and we hope you will be as well pleased as we are with the results.

Summer Days — and Nights

THE time is upon us for "settling our scheme of felicity for the summer," as good Doctor Johnson phrased it for the fair Euphelia. Folders and pamphlets, maps and pictures, clutter our desks. Gaudy adjectives flash at us from every page. Experience warns us in vain. "Where to go?" is the question. "Why go anywhere?" is disregarded. And so, O urban brother — and I trust urbane — I, being contrary-minded, sing the joys of staying at home.

Sophisticated Euphelia went to her aunt's in the country — and was bored to death. Served her right too! She shouldn't have credited all that they told her about the place. "There's s' many lies goin' round now-a-days, that y' can't believe more'n half of 'em," remarked one of my bucolic friends in a moment of perplexity. Dear city reader, when you look at those folders, don't believe more than half of them, — and then half, — and then stay at home. . . . Not, of course, but what the country has its uses. Good butter is a golden commodity, and I like my cream with my cakes. But one can get the cream of the country by staying at home. On the spot one is likely to get skim milk.

The nineteenth century romanticists vastly overrated

the country. In their idealizing process every casement was ivy-bordered, and looked out on misty moon-lit glades of delight; and mosquitos and neuralgia were as if they were not. The eighteenth century knew better. It was a sturdy, common-sense sort of a century, and it clung to the town and the coffee-house and the cheery human sounds of crowds. Its heroes, were they *very* heroic, might venture out of town far enough to note respectfully "the beams of the setting sun," "the vocal woods," "the hay and the flowers" with their "olfactory concert infinitely more ravishing than all the concords of harmonious sound art ever produced"; but they were pretty apt to shudder when night fell, and quaff strong waters against the time when once more they might see the lights of the town.

For the town is *human*. And the town is snug. It is private. Out in the relative solitudes of the village and the country-side, what you do, my dear sir and madame, is of large consequence. There thousand-tongued Rumor has her abode. But the town — and especially the town in summer — is too much for the busy dame. She detests it. And here you find privacy in the midst of tumult. Here you enjoy genuine independence. Here may you best taste the fine flavor of "The Bread of Sweet Thought and the Wine of Delight."

I do not insist upon the material comforts of the city in summer. They appeal to the Philistine; and my appeal, gentle Reader, is to — you. I make no doubt that your mind is as far above the summer-garden and the licensed dance of the town, as it would be above the ill-cooked food and lumpy beds and uncongenial companions of the "summer-resort." But I call upon you to perceive the superiority of the city for the thinker, for the dreamer, for the loving student of human nature.

Romance is here. Here is her natural abiding place. Stroll through the dusky coolness of evening. The rumble and glitter of the electric car; the long shadowy side-

walks; the soft laughter of girls; the sharp panting of a tug; the deep whistle of a steamer; the distant tattoo of horse's hoofs; the whir of mysterious motors; the breath of the night air, gentle and caressing; the ground-chord of the hum of ceaseless human activity; — here is the stir and exaltation of life, here are riches to ponder.

And the late hours come. Quiet steals over the city. Footsteps are fewer. Lights blink and disappear. But the stir of life never quite ceases. . . . And you gaze above you. . . . Do not the stars shine here also? . . .

Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit!

And I? You ask about my plans? . . . Well, of course — I expect to go out of town for a *little* while. I read of a charming place the other day. Oh, yes. In a folder.

Postscript on the Debutantes

As these lines will be read by many who write for this Review, and probably by somebody who before many years will be conducting it, we are embracing the opportunity to give them a bit of advice. When you can avoid it, don't write an article "on time." Let it lie until you are sure to get in all that you will wish you had.

Disregard of that principle let the Debutante article in the last number go without some things it should have contained; but there was an excuse for hurrying it off, because the proper time for it was the end of the season. Among the things that it should have contained are a good many that we shall not think of before next year, though we would not have let it wait that long for their sake; but even if we had, it would not have contained the things that we shall think of the year after. Yet among this year's things, the following seem worth setting down.

No debutantes of our time have used as much slang as the recent ones; and they have gone farther than

slang: for since Hell has gone out of fashion, and "damn" no longer means the terrible things it did, the debutantes have got as far as its feminine — "darn," and some of them, *horribile dictu!* even farther! One bit of their slang illustrates the nocturnal habits of the pretty little creatures. At any hour of the day or night when they meet anything too preposterous to discuss, they dismiss it with "Good-evening!" But the best bit of their slang is to accuse any young man who can't dance or talk, of having "the foot and mouth disease."

But notwithstanding the effervescence of their language, last season's debutantes did not drink champagne, and seemed to regard the idea with more or less of holy horror. At some Sherry dinners a "split" of champagne was placed next each "boy's" plate, and a bottle of milk next each girl's. Yet this statement is based on conflicting accounts from feminine sources, and as it is written in the country, there is no time for a commission to take the evidence of the boys, who would *know* as to the champagne.

On one other important point, however, the testimony is unanimous, perhaps because dancing has become so strenuous: part of the regular Sherry ball-supper *ménu* was sausages and scrambled eggs.

It was quite the rule for the debutantes to ride home from balls only with their maids, even in many cases where there were men-servants enough to send after them if their parents had been so inclined. This shows a remarkable advance in the New York that is so much better lighted and policed than it was in the day when fathers were reluctant to let their daughters be out nights without going after them themselves. At least one such father survived even into very recent years. He used to go to bed after dinner, setting his alarm clock for two; and at that time get up and go for his girl. But even before that, we used to see late at the clubs, waiting for the hour to go for his daughter, a father who has lately told us that

he went for her only occasionally, and that the only reason was that his *ménage* could not always supply a maid.

The last touch of the debutante's late nights is a picturesque one. One of them says that when she comes home so late that the avenue is at moments free of all vehicles but her own, the clear sheet of asphalt shines in the electric lights like a canal, and the solitude is relieved and made very jolly by the number of boys in their high hats who are also on the way home; but instead of riding, are dancing and skylarking along the pavements.

But like all other good things, the picturesqueness of the night and its other delights, should be taken temperately; and forty balls a season, each lasting at least until two o'clock, and perhaps till five or six, do not exactly typify temperance. One effect of excess is a craving for more excess, and after the season is over, the girls and boys have a fixed craving for late hours. If they stay at home, they sometimes go to bed at a reasonable time, especially as they have not generally cultivated a taste for reading late; but if they go out to a dinner or a play (they are none too eager to go to concerts), they don't want to come home when it's over, but must make a night of it at some restaurant, especially some dancing restaurant, or some other place where there's mischief going on.

They answer remonstrance with: "Why, our hours are nothing to those of a couple of seasons ago: then they always danced until breakfast time, and breakfast was always provided." Well! If hours are not as bad as they were, that's a ground for hope that they may become less bad still.

Their badness is largely the fault of the hostesses and patronesses. A great deal would be accomplished if they would set their faces like flint for presaltitorial dinners promptly at seven, balls at nine, suppers at twelve; and send the music away at supper time.

The President and Mr. Bryan

When Mr. Wilson issued a neutrality proclamation virtually prohibiting people from expressing opinions unfavorable to either party, and when he appointed his day of prayer, or fasting, or whatever the recommended process was, and when he attempted, at Vera Cruz, to touch off the Mexican explosion gently, we greatly feared that we had got a sentimentalist for a president, and we still incline to think we had. But we also incline to think that on the *similia similibus* principle, two years of Mr. Bryan have cured him — or nearly cured him: for we doubt if two or three of the complimentary phrases in his great notes to Germany and in his acceptance of Mr. Bryan's resignation could have got there unless there was still a touch of the sentimentalist left.

But how magnificent those great notes are! And we can't help, and don't want to help, adding: how terrible! — courteous to the verge of insincerity, but grim with resolution, and awful with consciousness of reserved power. It really begins to look as if we had another great president.

But about Bryan. We can't quite make him out yet. It's plain enough that his presence in the state department was a disgrace and a peril, and a serious cause of misgiving regarding the democratic experiment. His getting out of the position for which his stupidity, ignorance and vulgarity unfitted him was the one good thing that he ever did for the country, unless another was his helping Wilson's nomination when he found his own was impossible; and we must not forget his arbitration treaties, which were certainly in the right direction, whatever they may ultimately amount to. *But is he honest?* The President's expressions of affection for him look that way, but there's that touch of sentimentalism! And Bryan's outpourings to the people as soon as he was out, don't look that way at all. His refusing to sign the second of those notes after

he had signed the first was, if anything could be, the most ridiculous performance of his ridiculous career, but *was there conscience behind it*, only slow in waking up? And there's one suspicious circumstance about all his other mountebankeries, — although they appear not to lack courage, *they are always on the popular side:* and it doesn't demand much courage to be on the popular side, even if it involves dining ambassadors on grape-juice — provided you've been brought up at a grape-juice table yourself. Whether the present fad — of non-resistance, in the face of the Lusitania and Belgium, is to prove on the popular side remains to be seen.

But to come back a moment to what we have called the democratic experiment. Is it yet past the experimental stage, my masters? It looked so after the close of our Civil War, and we certainly hope it may prove so; and we have no doubt whatever that it *ultimately* will. But even in face of the Civil War verdict, when we think of the crowds following Bryan's 16 to 1 and Roosevelt's Popular Recall of Judicial Decisions, and the subservience of legislators and courts to wealth on one side, and numbers on the other, we have our misgivings whether evolution has thus far progressed enough to make democracy permanent. And yet — where are Bryan and Roosevelt now? But are they going to stay there? If so, Lincoln's confidence in the people is justified.

The Increasing Uses of Culture

The case of the classics as first aid to conversation is worth working up — as Mallock indicated in the *New Republic*. To illustrate his point that talk is enriched by hints and allusions based on books, he uses a witticism based on raising a wind and sacrificing a virgin. The following illustrations, the fruit of recent eavesdropping, are freely offered to any pleader for required Greek and Latin.

Two men are exchanging sentences on a street corner, waiting for a car:

A. Did you ever hear of anything as silly as these women traipsing off to The Hague?

B. Well, you must remember that it was the cackling of the geese that saved Rome.[1]

A college professor and a lady meet in a crowded room:

She. I haven't seen you for ages.

He. I was afraid you wouldn't accord me even the Platonic reminiscence — if you have carried that phrase beyond Lethe.

She. Why should I have forgotten Plato, even if I had forgotten you?

He. Because you have abandoned our Academe.

She. But I am not a barbarian. I still understand allusions. Who was it who defined that as culture?

He. William J. Bryan, I think — when he walked through Westminster Abbey and recognized *Requiescat in Pace.*

The Foundations of Optimism

The play of wit inspired in the paragrapher by the optimist and his foil, the pessimist, has gone far toward reconciling the rest of humanity to the existence of both of them. "Diogenes was looking for a man," says *Life.* "What luck?" asked the wayfarer. "Oh, pretty fair," replied Diogenes. "I still have my lantern." I have heard of only one pessimist who might dispute the possible claim of the cynic sage to the pessimistic primacy. That was the man who refused to hang up his Christmas stocking because he was afraid Santa Claus would run off with it.

[1] If this joke has not a classical antiquity, few have. But it's a good able-bodied joke still, and strong for many still newer applications. By the way, this application is not ours, though we have made our share. This one came from *a woman* who is a leading scholar and author, and abundantly entitled to pass upon the women who went to the Hague convention.—Ed.

Not least among the epigrams at the expense of optimist and pessimist is that of the philosophic observer who defined a pessimist as a person who lived with an optimist. And of course the definition is reversible: "An optimist is a person who lives with a pessimist."

This is in reality only another reappearance of the immortal truth that exaggeration begets exaggeration. Neither the optimist nor the pessimist of these definitions is the real thing, but an exaggeration. Each is what he is by reason of the horror he has of the other. Human nature loves to correct error by more error.

There are optimists and optimists. Real optimism we all like — the sure optimism that is founded on mental and physical sanity, contact with men and things, and intellectual experience. In the case of genuine optimism, a sound temperament is the fortification which resists the aggressions of unfortunate social or intellectual experience, and sound knowledge of men and things is in turn the fortification that checks the occasional onslaughts of deranged temperament. Without this double line of defenses, the optimist is liable at any time to be carried into captivity. "Mirth," says the *Spectator*, "is short and transient; cheerfulness fixed and permanent." What we want is a wholesome pagan sort of optimism that is consistent and reliable. "An optimist" — to resort again to the paragraphers — "is the person who accepts the lemon that is handed him, and makes lemonade of it;" "the optimist is the person who is treed by a bear, and enjoys the view."

The optimist whom we do not like is the "optimism-and-may-it-always-be-in-the-right-but-optimism-right-or-wrong" kind — the blatant, squawking, self-feeding, automatically-pumped-up, self-propelling sort that does not know a fact when it sees one, or will deny the existence of a perfectly tangible fact in plain sight and within reach. If the pessimist is responsible for this kind of optimist, surely we have here the weightiest charge that can be laid at his door.

It is hard to choose between two evils. Perhaps we need not choose. Some wit, who has no doubt lived with an optimist, reminds us that of two evils we need not take the trouble to choose either, because in all probability we shall get both anyway, and after no very long waiting. Yet if we were obliged to choose between the pessimist who is responsible not only for the direct effect of pessimism, but for the nuisance of artificial optimism, and the optimist who is responsible not only for the disgust we all feel for the cheerful idiot, but also for the nuisance of the exaggerated pessimist, perhaps the choice would not be so hard as might seem. Pumped-up virtue, pumped-up enthusiasm, and pumped-up optimism are as peculiarly trying to the well balanced man as to the vicious, the phlegmatic, and the pessimistic. Pessimism at least paves no way for any awful disappointment and disillusion. If its prophecies are unfulfilled, our happiness is sure to exceed what we expected. Blessed is the man that expects nothing, and, by implication, the man that teaches him not to expect too much. On the other hand, if the "optimism-first" enthusiast is wrong, the event is bound to be worse than our expectation. Nothing can be better than his best, and usually nothing can equal his best. The descent from things as the professional optimist will have us see them to Things as They Are is so sudden, and so violent, that our necks are quite likely to be broken. The pessimist is at least a sportsman, and willing to look in the face the dangers he imagines. The "optimist-forever" is an ostrich.

You never can tell optimism has something of the quality of Shakespeare's mercy and pardon:

> Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
> Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.

Optimism is not itself, that oft looks so. There are a great many self-styled optimists who are unaware of the fact that they are merely ignorant or lucky. Genuine optimism

can read its title clear only after creditable endurance of tests. The real identity of the self-styled optimist is often disclosed by a matter slight enough. A church member cheats him, or a democrat fails to salute him, or the enemy will not use his interpretation of the rules, and henceforth for him all religion is false, all democracy undeserving, and all mankind — except himself — muckers. Or, he has a bad tooth, or an attack of biliousness, or eats the wrong thing at a picnic —

Such an one I knew above fourteen years ago (whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth.) How that he was caught up into paradise, and spoke unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter. He was a healthy man on a good salary. He was happily married, and neither his wife's parents nor his own were trying to live with him. He was a minister with pedagogical leanings, and his children were not stupid, and reacted beautifully to all his experiments. He preached and lectured constantly, and for years had received more compliments each day than an ordinary man could have digested and assimilated in a month; and he was not an ordinary man, but had no digestion at all when it came to compliments. He had nothing but appetite. He swallowed them without the least pretense to scrutiny, say nothing of Fletcherizing, and the result was optimistic nightmares of the most absolutely unimaginable description. The three days' lectures I heard him deliver were so persuasively enthusiastic that my pessimism was strained to the breaking point. "Where is all this to end?" I said to myself. "Must I after all give up my cherished faith in the inherent cruelty of nature, in man's inhumanity to man, and in life's essential soapbubbleism according to Schopenhauer?"

But the optimist went on a picnic with us, and in the enthusiasm of the moment forgot past history, and partook too freely of a mayonnaise. I never saw so much optimism disappear so suddenly and so completely. In half

an hour the fountain of hopefulness had dried at the source. He was melancholy, he was depressed, he was silent. Games that were as merry as a marriage-bell had no effect on him alone. He heard two hours of the choicest picnic jokes without a smile; or, if he did smile, it was in such a sort

> As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit
> That could be moved to smile at anything.

The next day's lecture contained doubts on the social sciences. The day after that, you could see that he was not absolutely sure of even pedagogy. *Eheu, quantum mutatus ab illo!*

His optimism had met the acid test of mayonnaise, and failed. He was not an optimist after all. He was only an optimizer, and hadn't known it.

Since that day, whenever I have been overearnestly solicited to change my faith and live the cheerful life, I have said to the optimistic tempter: "Are you really sure that you are an optimist? Have you ever really and truly tested your optimism? Have you ever tried a mayonnaise on it?"

A Victory for Cæsar

THERE came to this country from Europe recently a woman of the most exquisite grace and cultivation and of the most exalted spirit and tender love of humanity. Delicate to fragility and modest and sensitive to a degree that made public appearance a positive pain to her, she yet came alone on a public mission of charity.

This woman was Madame de Page, intimate friend and comforter of the queen and king of the Belgians, wife of the heroic surgeon-general of the Belgian army, and mother of an adored son fighting in the Belgian ranks. Madame de Page came to seek American assistance in the maintenance of the Belgian field hospitals, already famous for their undistinguishing, unremitting and effective

care of wounded Belgians, French, English *and Germans* alike.

The story of mingled human horror and human mercy that came from the quivering lips of that exalted woman was inspiration to the most unimaginative mind, stimulus to the most sluggish heart. She collected speedily one hundred thousand dollars for her suffering allies and antagonists,. and, then, unable to withstand longer the calls from the heart of a fearful mother and devoted wife, she hastened back by the swiftest boat she could find.

A few days later her cold body was found floating in the gray waters of the Irish Coast. Modern Moloch had taken his sacrifice. But he had — as the rattlesnake does — warned before he struck. So this was no crime, no sin. It was an acclaimed triumph. Cæsar had won an immortal victory.

A Self-Confessed Murder

The *Times* lately contained a hint which justifies expansion, and deserves a more permanent setting than a daily or even our humble pages.

When young von Weddigen sank the three cruisers, his name and his portrait were spread around the world, to the admiration even of his foes; and when he made the final sacrifice, all civilization stood reverent at the death of a hero. What is the name, and where is the portrait of the man who sank the Lusitania? If she too was a ship of war, why is the name of another hero kept secret?

Or is he not a hero, and are he and his nation ashamed and fearful for a skulking murderer? Does the secrecy make the Kaiser and his naval authorities self-confessed accessories both before and after the fact? If ideal justice can be had, and the halter is waiting for the poor craven who preferred the crime to death from his master's decree, should not the halter wait for his master too?

The Way of the Exchange Professor

Among the effects of the Lusitania murders, is one which we doubly welcome because it brings a reminiscence of Shakespeare's touches of comedy to relieve a welter of horrors. It is the effect upon our "exchange professors" who had dined with the Kaiser, and who, despite even the German cooking, had not yet recovered from the fascinations of imperial hospitality, and were even hugging to themselves a little distinction from the rest of folks, in supporting Germany. The Lusitania crime has cured the stronger of them, and even started some of the weaker toward recovery.

Simplified Spelling

For once we have been blinded by our own modesty, but it was not a very severe case. We have been told on good authority that our lucubrations on simplified spelling have been taken to express the opinions of the Simplified Spelling Board. Although we have been a member of the Board's executive committee for the nine years since it started, and, to fill a constitutional formality, its titular secretary for the last year, it never occurred to us that those obscure facts were known outside of the Board itself, and perhaps its Advisory Council, much less that they would lead anybody to think that we were speaking for the Board. Well, we're sorry for having unconsciously misrepresented anybody, and beg all men to know by these presents that while we back up virtually everything the Board has done, we do on our own hook some additional things that the Board has not. It seems to have concluded that it has agreed upon about all the points that it can afford time and tissue to discuss, and that its future work will be principally to propagate what has been done, and encourage the later intelligent efforts of individual lexicographers.

It looks for farther improvement upon the possibility of an English Royal Commission, acting perhaps through

an international conference, and upon the probability that individual reformers will continue pegging away, and that some of their suggestions will survive.

The principal novelties, beyond the Board's work, urged by the present would-be individual reformer, and to some extent approved by the English Society, are:

I. Carrying into all the vowels the principle of doubling already practised in *e* and (with a few foreign words like *bazaar*) in *a*, and in the *o* of *door* and *floor*, and recommended by the English Society for *u* — *e. g.*, the spelling of fruit as *fruut*. Thus the only absolute novelty in the simple long vowels proposed by us, would be illustrated in *briit*, *liit*, *niit*. This would, among many benefits, save a letter in each of the large number of *ight* words.

II. It is needless to double a long vowel at the end of a syllable, or before another vowel, or to double *a* before *r*. In a very few cases, however, where *ar* is preceded by *w* (or by *q* which is merely *cw*) *au* should be used, as in *waur*, *qaurter*. (See suggestion VIII.)

III. In the exceptional cases where a vowel at the end of a syllable is short, bring it into line with the usual cases, by closing the syllable with a repetition of the consonant which begins the next syllable: as in *ad-dle*, *bet-ter*, *fit-ter*, *bot-tle*, *gut-ter*. Therefore spell *boddy*, not *bo-dy*, *novvel* not *no-vel*, &c. But it hardly seems worth while to bother with this in polysyllables: for because of eccentric accents, they can't at best be got very far out of the rule of thumb.

IV. Spell the long *a* in *bail*, *fail*, *hail*, etc., the same way throughout the language, *baik*, *caik*, *draik*, &c. This is the English society's recommendation.

V. Resolve the chaos in some other long vowel sounds represented in *sound*, and *cow* and *could* and *wood*, by invariably using *ow* for the vowel in *sound*, and keeping *ou* for that in *could* and *wood*, thus spelling *sownd*, *fownd* and *coud* and *woud*. See XI (c).

VI. The similar chaos in *haul*, *lord*, *awful*, etc., the English Society wisely proposes to settle by *au*.

VII. Don't separate the symbols expressing a sound. Get the vowel symbols together instead of separating them by a consonant. This holds with all the vowels — *fait* for *fate*, *ceed* for *cede*, *biit* for *bite*, *door* for the earlier spelling *dore*, and *luur* for *lure*. This is Skeat's recommendation.

VIII. As Q is simply a sign for *cw*, drop the absurdity of a third *u* in addition to the falsely named *double u* (*w*), and spell *Qestion*, *Qeer*, &c.

IX. Instead of spreading to other words the already accomplished improvement of *musick* into *music*, *physick* into *physic*, &c., which involves restoring the *k* in inflections, *e. g.*, *physicking*, drop the *c* instead of the *k*. This would, according to III, involve repeating the consonant in *blakking*, *crakking*, etc., but the words would be no longer than they are now. It would also involve the inconsistency of retaining the *c* instead of the *k* in *physician*, *musician*, etc., but the inflection argument is stronger than this objection.

X. But when pluralizing a word ending in *k*, or representing any similar sound, get the good out of *x* — spell *brix*, *crax*, *frox*, *connexion*, *reflexion*, &c.

To these recommendations we of course add those concurred in by the American and English organizations. We append them as condensed, with slight modifications of our own, by Mr. E. O. Vaile, an original member of the Board, and lifelong judicious and energetic apostle of the reform.

XI. Drop all useless or misleading letters. For instance

(a) *e* is useless in such words as *serv*, *curv*, *carv*, *twelv*, *selvs*, *involv*, *axl*, &c.

(b) It is both useless and misleading at the end of such words as *engin*, *infinit*, *activ*, *futil*, *examin*, &c., as its normal use in such cases has been to make the preceding vowel long. Hence it should be retaind in such words as *fine*, *finite*, *note*, *hate*, &c.

(c) It is useless and misleading when *ed* final is pronouncd as *d*. Then write that simply *d*. When it is pronounced as *t* write it simply *t*. As *aimd*, *armd*, *dind*, *raind*, *dipt*, *stept*, *wisht*, &c. But when the final *e* affects the preceding vowel [see rule (b) above] the *e* must be retaind. *Bakt*, for *baked* will hardly do, nor *dind* for *dined*, nor *deduct* for *deduced*, *&c.*

(d) One letter or the other is useless in the combination *ea*, sounded as in *head* or *heart*. Use the letter which is sounded, and omit the other, as *hed*, *tred*, *ment*, *helth*, *relm*, *led*, *dred*, *hart*, *harth*, *harken*, *&c.*

(e) Silent *b*, *h*, *l*, *n*, *r*, *s* and *w*, are always useless. Omit them in *det*, *lam*, *thum*, *sutl*, *gost*, *gastly*, *hym*, *condem*, *pur*, *bur*, *er*, *coud*, *woud*, *ile*, *iland*, *aile*, *rite*, *ritten*, *anser*, *&c.*

(f) Except to mark the difference between *al* and *all*, use one *l* instead of two, as *til*, *wil*, *ful*, *fil*, *skil*, *skilful*, *wilful*, *instil*, *fulfil*, *fulness*, *dulness*, *&c.*

(g) Drop final *ue* except when the preceding vowel is long, as in *catalog*, *dialog*, *leag*, *harang*, &c., but not in *vogue*, *vague*, *rogue*, *&c.* Change *tongue* to *tung*, Milton's way.

(h) Omit *te* from *ette* final, as *quartet*, *coquet*, *cigaret*, *omelet*, *&c.*

(i) Substitute *e* for the difthongs *ae* æ, *oe* œ, as *era*, *medieval*, *fenix*, *cyclopedia*, *subpena*, *maneuver*, *&c.*

XII. Change *ph* to *f* when so sounded, as *alfabet*, *fotograf*, *cifer*, *telefone*, *filosofy*.

XIII. In the termination *ce* use *s* for *c*, as *defense*, *pretense*, *offense*, *&c.*

This helps in the inflection of verbs under X (c), as *advanst*, *entranst*, not *advanct*, *entranct*.

XIV. For *ough* substitute *o*, or *u*, or *ow*, according to the sound, as *tho*, *boro*, *furlo*, *thru*, *plow*, *&c.*

XV. When *z* is the sound, use that letter instead of *s*, as *iz*, *advize*, *abuze*, *rize*, *civilize*, *criticize*, *&c.*

XVI. For the ending of words, always use *er* insted of *re*, and *or* insted of *our*, as *theater*, *niter*, *color*, *favor*, *&c.*

XVII. When *ice* is pronounced *is*, spel it so, as *notis*, *justis*, *servis*, *averis*, *lattis*, &c.

XVIII. Use *y* only as initial to words and terminal to syllables, elsewhere use *i: y* is really a superfluous letter, but it is too well established to throw over yet. *Biuty*, *viu*, not *byuty* and *vyu* as the English society would have them, but *trying*, *flyer*, as now. Their *bay*, *day*, &c., ar simply the *bai* and *dai* of rule IV.

There are hosts of obviously foolish spellings hardly worth trying to bring under rule, *e. g.*, *been* for *bin*, *does* for *duz*, *of* for *uv*, *one* for *wun*, *two* or *to* or *too* for *tu*. Sometime rational substitutes will get into the vocabularies, meanwhile the rational way is the same as that of enjoying oneself at an Irish fair.

So far as we can see, that is about all that is worth trying with the present alphabet. Anything that humans have to do can be over-refined into futility, and that danger is greatest where experts are prescribing for the every-day work of average people. There is no practical need for letting written words represent all shades of spoken words, especially as these vary with locality and time. We could represent more with a fuller alphabet, but it would be easy to spin out an alphabet that would be a cumbrous nuisance. The tendency has been to pare alphabets down, and there is a present-day wish quite general among scholars that we could do away with *c* and *y: s* and *k* would do all the work of the former, and *i* of the latter. Yet there would perhaps be a gain if we could restore the old monograms for *th* and *dh*, and get new ones for *sh*, *zh* and *ng*. But on the whole, the genius of writing seems to be not to burden the attention with anything new that can be done, even if more cumbrously, by tools already existing; especially as, by a few new combinations and substitutions and omissions we can get along very passably with the present alphabet.

One great obstacle to doing the best possible with what

we have, is the objection of doctrinaires to anything short of perfection: for instance, to doubling *i*, as in *briit*, *niit*, etc., because, forsooth, *i* is a diphthong. This hardly seems an adequate objection against so much economy as in *liit*, *niit*, *briit*, &c, not to speak of the consistency of double *i* with double *e*, *o*, and the rest. But *briitr*, *liitr*, &c., bring up another instance where counsels of perfection cannot prevail. The doctrinaires object to dropping the obscure vowels in the final syllables where they retain the slightest trace of pronunciation, especially in the comparatives of adjectives, and the nouns for active agents which are based on verbs, such as *fighter*, *tighter*, &c., but it seems that in doubtful cases, preference should be in favor of economy. But there is an objection in the fact that these economies make such a word consist of a single closed syllable, which theoretically makes the vowel short, — *litr* spells *litter* well enough, but cannot spell *liter*. Therefore, the terminal economy is practicable only where the vowel is short, unless it is doubled or modified if long.

The great majority of the foregoing recommendations are in the direction of economy, and largely overbalance the few that are not, while all are in the direction of clearness, uniformity and rationality.

Economy is the thin edge of the wedge. As we have often said, among adults the movement is inevitably and *reasonably* slow, and the gradualness of the wedge is needed. But the time seems near when the labors of children will be lightened, and their appreciation of law and order increased, by teaching them some system which will be both economical and rational, and will undoubtedly contain most of the elements quoted, and perhaps some of those suggested, in the foregoing sketch.

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SENTIMENTALISM—SOFT AND HARD

THERE have always been people who color the actual world to suit their own fancy, passion or weakness, but oddly we have only within a century or so had a word to define their state of mind. Lady Bradshaigh, one of Samuel Richardson's fair devotees, writes: "What in your opinion is the meaning of the word sentimental so much in vogue among the polite. . . . Everything clever and agreeable is comprehended in that word. . . . I am frequently astonished to hear that such a one is a sentimental man: we were a sentimental party: I have been taking a sentimental walk." Plainly the new word was pretty nearly a synonym for spontaneous, and the "sentimental man" who amazed Lady Bradshaigh was merely what the later eighteenth century knew quite technically as the "man of feeling." In this sense the Reverend Laurence Sterne properly characterized that "Sentimental Journey" which began with tears for a dying donkey and ended with an affair with a maid servant. The word still smacks unmistakably of the return to nature. But just about the time of the "Sentimental Journey," an academic body, Warton of the monumental *History of English Poetry*, uses the term in quite a modern sense. Speaking of that fastidious lady, Chaucer's Prioress, he says, "She has even the false pity and sentimentality of many modern ladies." The word was too new to be accepted by such early dictionary makers as Bailey, 1759, and Barclay, 1782. Dr. Johnson likewise ignored it, which is a pity, for no one could have defined it more memorably. Early in

the nineteenth century the word made its way into current parlance, being used almost invariably in an ironic and depreciative sense. The French words *sensible* and *sensibilité* ran a very similar course at about the same time. With regard to the sentimentalist men

gladly demen to the badder ende,

and doubtless there is good reason for this universal attitude of distrust toward him who insists on seeing the world as it is not.

Despite a considerable literature illustrating or analyzing sentimentalism, the term is still only partly understood. Literature, indeed, from the *Femmes Savantes* to *L'Education Sentimentale*, has generally touched only the weaker and more comic phase of sentimentalism, We are likely to associate it with gushing, philandering. impractical folk. These are merely the tender type, the most familiar and recognizable. There is also a sterner and tragic type of sentimentalist. You may study him in *Richard Feverel* and *The Tragic Comedians;* you may today note entire nations given over to sentimentalism of this aggressive type. There is no understanding this infirmity until we have perceived the exact and undeniable kinship between the soft and the hard sentimentalist. Germany in the past two generations has passed from the soft to the hard kind. It was a development to be expected. We evidently need a psychological definition, one precise and broad enough to include the most various types.

Before we design this ship, a word on its passengers. They are all persons of a certain importance, and this should not surprise us. The most efficient person in a limited field will often be a flagrant sentimentalist in all matters not touching his vocation. Be not astonished, then, if we put in the same boat Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard and Commander Hobson, Miss Jane Addams and Kaiser Wilhelm, Mr. Bryan and Colonel Roosevelt. To

these we will add for good measure, Mr. Henry Ford, of motor and philanthropic fame, Mr. John Wanamaker, Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, Mrs. Pankhurst, and Professor Muensterberg.

Whoever is able to pick out from this list the hard from the soft sentimentalists needs little further counsel of ours. Yet a word on criteria may not be out of place. The essence of all sentimentalism is inability to march up to the facts of a case. Whoever simply evades the facts, closes his eyes to actual data of judgment, and substitutes more agreeable data of his own fabrication, is a soft sentimentalist. Equally a sentimentalist, but of the hard variety, is he who in pursuit of ambition rides over the facts roughshod. In either case the process is the same; the world is envisaged not in its reality, but metamorphosed into shapes that suit the weakness, prejudice, passion or ambition of the sentimentalist. Robespierre is not less a sentimentalist than Jean Jacques Rousseau. They are merely the active and passive phases of a similar inability to grasp the world as it is. Both build up a false world in which one acts relentlessly, while the other dreams and sighs. In both instances the sentimentalist is too tender or too impatient to cope with the world about him. He moves instead in a world of arbitrary choice and unbridled fancy. He oversimplifies his problem by cancelling all disagreeable or difficult terms, and by playing with tractable terms of his own evocation. In both cases phantasm replaces reality. The easy calculation in the void of unrelated individual desires crumbles on first impact with the stern world that is. In the name of an idyllic primitivism, Rousseau sets up the guillotine; in the name of equalitarian democracy, Robespierre smooths the way for Napoleon. Both have distorted the world that is, to please themselves; but the world that is has had its revenge upon those who decline to deal lucidly with it.

To blur valid distinctions which tell against one's

major enthusiasm is usually the first symptom of sentimentalism. The process of adjusting the world to suit oneself is still partial and relatively modest. Soft sentimentalists often remain in this stage. When it suits their purpose, they recklessly equate things and issues really very different; when a fact is too inconvenient for their maxims, they pretend it away. Invariably they are verbalists, substituting wide shibboleths for the painful analysis of human motive and conduct as they are. Mr. Henry Ford would embroider Murderer across the breast of every soldier. He merely confuses in one category of abhorrence the wretch who slays for wrath or gain, and the devoted citizen who obeys his country's call to arms, risking his own life that his country may live more abundantly. To identify such a man with a common murderer, is to waive all study of the two transactions, to blur all the moral distinctions involved; it is the act of a soft sentimentalist whose nerves and intelligence are incapable of coping with the ghastly fact of a world war. Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard goes about insisting that the United States shall add to the Cabinet a Secretary of Peace. An admirable idea if one believes that peace can be manufactured like postage stamps. A very foolish idea, when one recalls that every Secretary of State is charged with precisely the duty of maintaining peace. A titular Secretary of Peace would be either a non-entity, or a meddler with the ordinary on-going of our international business. What Mr. Villard really means is that he wants our Secretaries of State more pacific than they have been — considering the very recent incumbency of Mr. Bryan, a quite unreasonable desire — or else he merely offers the idea as an oblation untidy yet sincere upon the altar of a vaguely apprehended peace. Mr. John Wanamaker qualifies for the soft class when he proposes buying back Belgium at Germany's price. It needs only a moment of reflection to show that such a precedent would make

the conquest of small and innocent powers excellent good business for any nation of freebooting temper. The counsel is merely an ill-considered expedient to stop the war at all costs.

But the perfect type of the muddled and mushy sentimentalist is unquestionably Mr. Bryan. In several public statements following his resignation, he asserts the absolute parity of England's attempt to starve out Germany, and the sinking of the Lusitania. The blurring process could hardly go farther. To cripple a foe by cutting off food supplies has for centuries been a legally established practice of warfare. It involves no excessive inhumanity; for the process is a gradual one, and can be entirely avoided or promptly terminated by surrender. A nation so blockaded still controls the lives of its citizens. They need endure no more than they wish. To sink a passenger ship without warning is, on the contrary, a summary, and unescapable and wholly atrocious act, involving the swift and certain slaughter of many innocent persons. To equate the two cases evinces a hopeless moral confusion. Another mark of the soft sentimentalist is that he is usually so preoccupied with his own idealism as to forget all the established common decencies. There are conventional loyalties only by the observance of which men can act together, the breach of which means anarchy. Here Mr. Bryan's case is equally exemplary. By a treachery, most real however involuntary, Mr. Bryan suggested to Ambassador Dumba that the President's first note to Germany was not to be taken at face value. Mr. Bryan preferred the expression of his individual idealism to the discretion that binds every public officer, to the loyalty he owed to his chief. While relieving his mind, he forgot his country. He repeated the offence even more grossly when, using the information he held officially and in confidence, he made it the basis of a public campaign against the policy to which he had put his hand and sworn allegiance. Such deeds are quite natural in senti-

mentalists of the soft variety. They disqualify for the esteem and fellowship of men of honor. And the crown of Mr. Bryan's offending is that it was probably entirely unintentional. He merely acted as one of his mentality will, smearing the sharp issues of personal honor and loyalty with the copious ooze of his own random humanitarianism.

Between the soft and the hard sentimentalists there is an ambiguous class to which we are inclined to assign Miss Jane Addams, Colonel Roosevelt, and Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria. They all show symptoms of those fixed major obsessions which are the mark of hard sentimentalism, but they all reveal as well the somewhat casual verbality and confusion of aim which are the sign manual of soft sentimentalism. Miss Addams, in defiance of the precedents of successful agitation, presses her peace movement at the moment when the world is most indifferent to it, frames practical recommendations which are discredited as soon as uttered, and comes home to calumniate on simple hearsay all the soldiers in the great war: intoxicants inspire their most valiant deeds. Such miscalculation of one's conditions and distortion of evidence indicate deeply rooted but irresponsible emotionalism. In view of Miss Addams's most serviceable past, one may hope that her later vagaries are only transitory adventures in sentimentalism. Yet it is a bourne from which few return, and her case is evidently serious.

Colonel Roosevelt's symptom is his reckless loquacity. Matthew Arnold desired that morality might be touched by emotion, thus acquiring a certain warmth. The Colonel's expedient is "hot air." He has a gift for the picturesquely inaccurate phrase, as when he calls the Lusitania massacre "piracy." As the organized policy of a nation, that is the last thing it was. At least Colonel Roosevelt's indeterminate rhetoric always manages to suggest that his heart is in the right place. To this extent, it may seem more calculated than sentimental.

But these transitional types not seldom have the gift

of making indiscretion pay. At a moment when the French army had not a pound of American ammunition, Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria assured a correspondent that half the shells hurled against the German positions were of American manufacture. Clearly his nerves have been unable to withstand the obsession of "American Munitions." He has read a prospect as a present reality, naturally without evidence of any sort. In a layman, such an anticipation might not be strange, in a great general, it betrays a deplorable loss of *sang froid*, a patent yielding to the sentimentalism of hate.

While on this matter of American munitions, let me observe that it has been the touchstone to exhibit sentimentalists of all grades. We must eliminate of course a large and noisy body of pro-Germans who are merely pretending to be pacifists. There remains a multitude of simple folk who find the traffic immoral and wish it stopped. They are too much concerned with their own moral sensibilities to consider all the terms of a somewhat complicated question. They decline to go beyond the immediate shock:—"This cartridge is intended to kill a man. Horrible!" They forget that for a score of years Germany has been heaping up similar mankilling implements, that France and England, in the confidence that munitions could always at need be bought in open market, have kept a more slender supply. Is the shell that is forged today at Bridgeport a thing of horror, while that forged ten years ago at Essen a thing to be accepted? So the munitions sentimentalists seem to reason. Yet reasoning is too good a word to waste on their psychic processes. They lack the fundamental sense of throughness, and fair play without which no human transaction can rightly be estimated. Neutrality requires that the legal conditions and expectations under which war was incurred be maintained. In the midst of war, for any nation to change such conditions and expectations in a sense favorable or unfavorable to any belligerent, would

be both technically and morally a breach of neutrality. But there are many people too tender-minded, too much appalled by their own visions of blood shed, to think the thing through.

The hard type of sentimentalist is perfectly familiar to psychiatrists. In his extreme phase he is simply the votary of fixed ideas, the paranoiac. But the fact that his distortion of the world is systematic and purposeful often gets him credit among unthinking people. He is the tragic variety of sentimentalist, not merely from the inflexibility of his personal delusions, but from the ardor with which he imposes them on others. Whole nations are given over to this variety of sentimentalism. Today the world is at war because Germany has systematically built up the delusion that she was being hemmed in to her hurt. If any statesman had had the sense honestly to inquire what justified the feeling that Germany was being strangled, the answer would have been reassuring. At worst Germany suspected that Russia might fall upon her, that England might drive her off the seas. In reality she was gaining prodigiously against all her rivals, the emigration, which at one time had alarmed her, had virtually ceased, she was not physically crowded, while her birth rate, following an universal law, was falling; her military preparedness was such that invasion of her soil was unthinkable unless she aroused a world against herself, her prestige in every branch was growing. But for a cool survey of facts that in most nations would have induced complacency, she substituted ever deeper suspicions. No normal growth, no reasonable ambition, contented her. There could be no more striking example of that arrogance which the Greeks believed offended the just gods. Finally her whole policy, which paradoxically she regarded as *Real-politik*, disregarded all the facts of her position and of her relations to the world, and shaped itself by sentiment, following the smouldering

resentments and suspicions which had become her chief springs of action. The clouding of a mind as it hardens into dire shapes of its own false contriving is one of the saddest spectacles that life offers among individuals. What words are sufficient to describe a nation given over to such hallucination?

The protagonists of this national and world tragedy are tediously alike. We have no zeal to beat up once more the irritable shade of Treitschke, or to anthologize Admiral Reventlow and the Kaiser. Nor should the minor snarlings of Teuton intellectuals detain us. These expressions have for our immediate purpose only one significance, namely that they are rigidly consistent with the sentimentalism that underlies them. If you are honestly convinced that you are the most enviable nation or individual in the world, you will everywhere see enviers. If your incomparable superiority to your fellows seems axiomatic to you, then you will bitterly resent the lack of a daily ritual of compliance with your wishes and adulation of your genius. Soon you will find yourself negatively affronted, and will seek to compel the homage which is your due. One may read this mental evolution in the Kaiser's speeches, as in pretty much all the world-political writing lately made in Germany. What rankled was not what other nations actually were doing, but what they did not do, and what Germany feared they might do; the esteem and affection they withheld in the present, the machinations they might conceivably indulge in some unspecified future. The supreme type of hard sentimentalism is mania of persecution. The jingo and false patriot ever suffer from it in a degree. Germany affords a colossal and memorable instance of this form of sentimentalism poisoning the thinking of a great nation.

To pass to lighter issues, the most conspicuous of our own hard sentimentalists is Commander Hobson. As befits the hero of the Merrimac and the martyred victim

of American girlhood, his sentimentality is adamantine and most systematic. For what seems to many a fairly complicated international situation, he substitutes the simple formula of a vast pro-British plot. Sternly he exorcises this spectre of his own making. Most Brahma-like he is hunter and quarry. A Cassandra, male, militant, and journalistic is an ominous portent. Were William James still living he would doubtless prescribe a "moral holiday" for the nation's superexcited well-wisher.

Which recalls one of William James's distinguished colleagues who also has a simple solution for all problems of statecraft present or future. Whether the name of Muensterberg still evokes interesting associations of any sort in America is questionable. Yet we must consider him, for he strikingly illustrates the pervasiveness of the austere *folie Allemande*. Professor Muensterberg, besides being a psychologist, is a moralist at large. At the moment of a world war, what is his contribution to international morals? A counsel of anarchy. Whatever a nation deems for its interest or necessity is moral. No mere individual may presume to judge a nation, much less to judge it by the standards which he, as an individual, obeys. Categories of right and wrong, then, do not apply to nations, they are beyond good and evil. Now it is not strange that a German scholar should hold this mystical view of the state, with the corresponding gloomy determinism in the field of international morals. For a generation and more this crude a-moralism has been the very staple of German political thinking. What is really strange is that the teaching should survive in its bald austerity in a German who has taught twenty years in an American university. To have maintained this eminently hard sentimentalism against the impact both of the soft sentimentalism so prevalent in America, and against American common sense as well, is a defensive achievement of a high order. It argues incidentally for a long war. If in

twenty years we Americans have not so much as dented Professor Muensterberg's cupola, how can we imagine that in any short time the Allies will crack the tough fabric of Germany's hard sentimentalism?

Again, hard sentimentalism has its ambiguous border line. The woman who wrote to the papers that England after her own treatment of the militant suffragists could not reproach Germany for anything her soldiers had done to the women of Belgium, defies accurate classification. Yet the comparison established between women lawlessly violated in their own homes, and women lawfully disciplined for disorder in public places, is so grossly unfair and false that it implies a background of fixed ideas. Mrs. Pankhurst's dogma that women may best prove their qualifications for making the laws of the future by outraging the laws of the present, again has that violent and humorless tinge which is characteristic of the hard sentimentalist. Equally false is the claim that, as property holders, women should vote. In no land but plutocratic Prussia is property fully represented as such. Theoretically, the pretension counters all those equalitarian axioms upon which the equal suffrage movement is based. Most practically, the property-holding woman who advances this argument is preparing to be outvoted from her own back stairs.

But these incidental absurdities of the suffragist propaganda should not blind us to its essentially fanatical character. Frequently its methods are those of soft sentimentalism, but its major postulates are not. To envisage history as a vast conspiracy of the male against the female, as one long intolerable oppression — this is a significant perversion of the truth. To treat as nothing the ready response that man-made law and custom have made to the changing position and needs of women — this is singularly to distort the actual perspective of the case. Whoever studies the movement for the progress of women from a sociological standpoint, must be amazed

at what has been accomplished in their behalf simply by ordinary processes of persuasion. Such an observer would regard counsels of violence as grotesquely miscalculated. An ordinary political party would be fairly complacent over the results that the feminist movement has attained in the half century past. That the suffragists cherish instead a boundless discontent and bitterness is the sign that theirs is no ordinary political party, with its policy of give and take, but an immense enthusiasm, a veritable new religion. In the eyes of suffragists this is the essence of the movement, its claim, its strength. In the eyes of men who know political history this is grave reason for distrusting and opposing the movement. Common sense, and that not of the base sort, must fear the projection into politics of a mass of *exaltêes* who have never given the slightest symptom of possessing the political mind. To judge by their leaders, literature and public expressions, it is a characteristic case of hard sentimentalism drawing an immense amount of soft sentimentalism in its train.

This indeed is the natural and inevitable relation. Refractory to the lessons of history and experience, as well as to the admonitions of common sense, the soft sentimentalist rarely leaves his own erratic orbit, save as attracted by some more potent sentimental luminary. He is the predestined victim of the hard sentimentalist. The two sentimentalisms, indeed, are not different things, but rather stages of one development. Hard sentimentalism, which rarely keeps on livable terms with its world, would hardly gain importance, did it not find in soft sentimentalism its perennial recruiting ground. Accordingly soft sentimentalism is not less ludicrous that dangerous. Its abundant humors should not blind us to its real menace. It is the ground and potentiality of all the fanaticisms. The person or nation that indulges soft sentimentalism will, with any access of energy or power, be transformed into the direst form of hard sentimentalist. The Early-Victorian damsel, with her

book-of-beauty ethics and her habit of swooning, is entirely the legitimate ancestress of the militant suffragist who underlines her form of sensibility by slashing a Velasquez. The Pankhurst clan is in proper apostolic succession with Lydia Languish. So the Germany that was the sacred shrine of sentiment, the enchanted land that denied the sterner realities, while it sought for blue flowers and revelled in the moonshiny side of life — this sweet, artless and undisciplined Germany was precisely the soil from which could spring the present grim apparition of calculated malevolence and aggressive hate. That Germany which had been taught to live, apart from reason, by its own casual mood, for the sheer pleasantness of thus living, could easily be taught to live, equally apart from reason, by the stern formulas of false leaders, for the illusory glory of thus living. Professor Dewey has made an interesting attempt to draw the dogmas of Germany's militant nationalism from the dualism of Immanuel Kant. That there is some doctrinal affiliation we cannot doubt. But the true antecedents of the temper that made the world-war, and that conducts it with fanatical cruelty, seem to me not so much to be found in Kant's critical philosophy as in such professional irrationalists and votaries of temperament as the writers of *Sturm und Drang*, and their successors — the Tiecks and Novalises of the romantic movement. They made a Germany so mushy and plastic that she could easily be pressed into the sinister forms that were already perfected in the mind of a Clausewitz. It remained only to take literally, as counsels of action, what had been conceived simply as military and political theory, and the sentimental hardening of Germany was accomplished.

Surely the personal problem is to avoid both types of sentimentalism, to resist the insidious and often delightful process of reshaping the world that is, into a false guise conformed to our own desires. It is so much easier to square the most obvious aspect of any trans-

action with our own mood, than to analyze the transaction in all its aspects, and adjust our mood to the inexorable requirements of reality. Yet not with impunity may we bow the knee to the easy god Whim. When we imagine we are going to live by our own flexible caprice, we may be unconsciously preparing ourselves to live by the inflexible dictates of sentimentalists tougher than we, or, far worse fate, we may ourselves be unconsciously weaving our gentler vagaries into a hard system, the toils of which will eventually clamp down both upon ourselves and others. The issue concerns not merely ourselves as individuals, but even more ourselves as citizens. The graver and more disastrous sentimentalisms of nations depend on the sentimental pliancy of individuals. The surest guarantee of any state is a citizenry that, obeying the law of reason, has the courage and lucidity to face the world as it is.

WAYLAND THE FEMINIST

I

WHEN Daudet's village-priest undertook to thrash the carter from the next parish, he was unwilling to take a professional advantage, and therefore set down at the roadside the host he was carrying to a sick-bed, and addressed it in these sportsmanlike terms: "Bon Dieu de Chemillé, reste donc là bien tranquille à regarder notre bataille, et ne sois ni pour ni contre." Now, in a democratic country it is felt that while the gods may be reduced by their state of omniscience to a dignified equilibrium, it is the duty of mankind, being less fully informed, to hold positive opinions and to act on them. That is why Wayland, educated in this sentiment, was shocked, as the time drew nigh when the voters of his state were to pass on the question of votes for women, to find himself so much the sport of contending trains of thought as to be in danger of a condition of suspended judgment. On the one hand, he was a delighted supporter of the annexation by women of new sources of interest in life, and he was willing to see "the home" modified almost beyond recognition. So the anti-suffrage camp, with its nostalgia for the *status quo*, was no place for Wayland. On the other hand, he was so far from easy confidence in the principle of government by universal suffrage that if the vote had happened to be constitutionally denied to red-haired persons, or restricted to the six-toed, he might have been in favor of perpetuating these inequities. Thus he found it hard to pump up an enthusiasm for any particular extension of the franchise. In short, he was by temperament a feminist, but not a democrat. It will be seen that his position was one which it would be a euphemism to call unpopular. If there were an Obnoxious Review, its pages would be the proper depository of his difficulties.

By feminism Wayland meant something like this: the human race as a whole could doubtless be a good deal better off in several specific ways, but the plight of women is susceptible of improvement in even more ways than the plight of men. Take men where you will, in Paris or in Greenland, in motors or afoot, in top-hats or naked, in monasteries or in Gay Street, you will hardly find one who would care to be the female of his species, whatever his species happens to be. Wayland was himself glad that he was not a woman, and by way of clearing his ideas it occurred to him to try to define the basis for his sense that men occupy a preferable position in life.

II

He had no trouble in discovering that his first repugnance to the proposition that he might have been a woman was based on his consciousness of owning a more serviceable physique; he revered motherhood, but its physical humiliations revolted him. Seeing how these ramify into their lifelong concomitants of less foot-pounds of strength and of lower nervous stability, he regarded them with tenderness or pity or tolerance or impatience or rage, but never with envy. It was amazing to him that a woman is ever resigned to child-bearing,—not because it subjects her to a few months of invalidism and a few hours of danger, for he saw men capable of bearing such things without any fuss,—but because the process casts its shadow before and after, in intermittent health and a certain diffusion of nervous energy. It seemed to him that it is physiology that is hard on women, rather than society, except in so far as society has reinforced and exaggerated the ukases of physiology. He wondered why women weren't more keen to find where the limits of the unalterable lay. He felt that if he were a woman he should be unable to rest until such an experiment was set in motion. As a mere man he had the greatest curiosity to see what society could do if it set itself to minimize women's

sex idiosyncrasies instead of aggravating them. If he might have his way, girls would be trained to be manly. They would be stripped of their hampering dress, which in itself seemed to him the badge of physical incompetence. They would be practised in dangerous sports, where life and limb depended on nervous control; public opinion would require of them the same standard of physical courage as it requires of boys; they would not be allowed to cry when they were hurt; the schools would have courses in not being afraid of things, beginning with mice, and progressing through men-under-the-bed to fire-arms; they would learn the ordinary arts of self-defence, and, in view of their special liability to attack, would supplement these with the open carriage of weapons when circumstances rendered it advisable. He felt no doubt of the spirited response of girls to such training, seeing how a little fire-drill changes a crowd of them from a panic-stricken mob to a cool self-preserving organization. The power of self-preservation should be added to women's gifts, not only because it gives her a chance to save somebody else, but because it relieves somebody else from the necessity of saving her. Men are always (he admitted) saving her with enthusiasm; they often fall in love with her in the act. But he was willing to leave it to any body of unprejudiced men to say whether beauty in distress is half so thrilling, so conquering, a sight as beauty extricating herself competently from her own scrape.

This remark forestalls an obvious criticism of Wayland's ideas. A world in which women should have low heels, no skirts, and unconstricting corsets, in which they were muscular, sunburned and able to protect themselves, would be, it is generally felt, a world from which half the charm had fled. If charm means sexual attraction, Wayland was inclined to regard its diminution as a fortunate by-product of his program. He thought there was just about fifty per cent too much sexual attraction in our artificial life. If it were considerably cut down, he be-

lieved the world would still be peopled, the poets would still sing in the springtime, and everybody would be more comfortable. But he doubted whether he could honestly count on this result. The new woman he felt would have charms of her own. What man who looks at the Greek presentments of the Amazons can help feeling as we are told Achilles felt when he encountered them in arms before Troy, that these noble creatures would make incomparable wives?

As Wayland observed the clothes worn by beauty in his time, they seemed to be more than a mere physical handicap. To the eye of even an amateur social economist, the High Heel spells the Leisure Class. It tells a long story of systematized incapacity, not to be debited altogether to the folly of the wearer, but largely to the *amour propre* of the man who supports her in idleness: it advertises his ability to waste. There was a time when he used his own person for this purpose; now he leaves it to his wife. The earring, to Wayland's sense, tells a different story, and reflects gravely on the social progress of the wearer herself. The perforation of living flesh to accommodate a jewel carries us back to an old naïve conception of the body and the means by which its dignity may be enhanced;—a conception found widely among primitive peoples, but represented in the society that came under Wayland's daily observation, by archaic types only, such as ancient sailor-men, prostitutes, organ-grinders, ladies and the like. Women's dress, take it all round, created in his mind a serious presumption against their soundness of judgment. If he were a woman working in a cannery, he felt he should not instinctively look to the high-heeled class for just and effective opinions on social hygiene.

III

But as Wayland continued to grope about in his mind for the reasons why his hair stood on end at the idea of possibly being a woman in some reincarnation, he became

aware that his amazement at their resigned acceptance of an inferior physique extended itself to their economic position. They had on the whole the kind of physique most appropriate to the life they led. As he looked about at the people of his own social stripe, the fairly well-to-do and presumably educated, he was struck by the fact that in general the women were living on a basis that would not be very attractive to the average man of the same class. They were as a rule economically dependent. In cases where they deserved and received an ample wage for service rendered, the nature of the transaction was often obscured for sentimental reasons: it was assumed by both parties that the service was rendered for love, and that the payment was a gratuity. The result was that the woman's expenditure even of money called "her own" was subject to checks of publicity and criticism which Wayland thought he personally should find irksome, not to say intolerable. He noted that as the income ascended in the scale, the woman was generally grotesquely overpaid for her services as house-mistress. In fact, her wage in upkeep or cash or both increased in proportion as her labors were lightened. Even pretty low in the economic scale, among college-professors for instance, Wayland was inclined to think that she generally drew a good deal more than she earned. In the lowest academic ranks, and in the very-small-salary class generally, the woman, on the contrary, he suspected, was far from receiving the wages she could command for the same services in a household of which she was not the mistress. But it seemed equally true that her husband might be earning considerably more as butler or chauffeur in a large establishment. And when the so-called working-class was reached, sentiment and snobbery were alike squeezed out of the situation by direct economic pressure, and the woman's position seemed, from the feminist point of view, unimpeachable. Its shortcomings from the economic and social points of view, belonged to another story. But the well-to-do

woman's position he thought doubly false; she was paid without reference to what she earned, generally more than she earned, and yet her high wage was often paid in such shape or subject to such checks that she had not a free hand in spending it, and could not capitalize it. He reflected that perhaps the average man might think the misfortune of being overpaid to be one he could support with fortitude, in spite of its moral disadvantages; but in most such relations, whether between men and women or between men and men, he had seen it turn out that part payment was expected in the form of subserviencies not mentioned in the bond. He thought it hard on a man who does all the earning, to have to cramp his own expenditure for the sake of a woman who does not earn her keep, and hard on a woman to have money doled out to her by the hand of authority, when convention makes it difficult for her to support herself. His guess was that the social and political problems would be solved automatically if the women of the middle and upper classes had the courage to solve the economic problem for themselves. He would therefore have the girls of those classes brought up as usually as their brothers to the practice of trades and professions, and he would have them continue those trades and professions after marriage. The shift of public opinion on the question of teacher-mothers, in his time, showed that this could be done more readily than some persons imagined. It would probably modify considerably the current notion of "the home," making it more flexible, less conventional, more nearly what each individual pair wants than what society thrusts upon everybody, and that, Wayland felt, would be all to the good.

But a successful and happy business or professional life depends not only on capacity and courage, but fundamentally on physique and nervous resisting power. Attack the feminist problem where he would, it ran back to that, and brought him round again to his first desideratum. Apparently women must continue to bear children; apart

from the demands of society it appears to be better for the nervous system of a healthy woman to bear them in moderation. The wear and tear of the process might be lessened by medical means, and could certainly be lessened by hygiene. This, however, would be again a matter of individual effort, for which women seemed to him to have little stomach. He was invited, by circular, by a committee of spinsters and childless married women, to join a society for Limiting the Births in a Family in Proportion to Sworn Returns to the Income Tax Office, and another for Making Childbirth Enjoyable, but he could not bring himself to believe that a thousand ignorances added together would amount to knowledge of either of these technical subjects, and he marvelled anew at the confidence of women in the results of agglomeration, and their readiness to unload responsibility by pooling it. He therefore attempted to dissuade his woman-friends from joining societies of this type. But apart from the crisis of childbirth, the health and strength of women was, he fancied, susceptible of indefinite improvement. They might learn, first of all, to control their nervous waste, and he formed the habit at one time of making a present right and left of Dr. Weir Mitchell's little book on this subject. Two or three women who were fond of Wayland organized a lunch-club for the purpose of reading this book.

It seemed clear to him that to be strong and independent, to be able to carry the family if the man should be laid up, as he must do when she is, to be really her husband's partner, to possess the sense of the value of money that comes only from earning it, and the sense of its unimportance in comparison with other values which comes only with the knowledge that more can be earned if need be, in a word, to be a free-footed human being, would be, for a woman, to eliminate a very high percentage of the causes of unhappiness in marriage. But this standard would have to be reached by individual effort. Certain

elements in it, to be sure, could be furnished most easily by concerted action. Educational changes and changes in dress would probably have to be so undertaken. But the final problem of making good is a question of character. Each woman must finally achieve it for herself, as each man must. And at this point Wayland was filled with misgiving because so many women were barking up another tree altogether, and substituting for the vital ultimate aim some proximate formal one, the pursuit of which is less lonely, and calls for no such girding up of the loins.

IV

It was harder for him to describe to himself the third respect in which he felt that men met life more successfully than women. It lay in the neighborhood of what he felt to be the finest quality of women, their noblest function, their purest value to the world, and must therefore be touched with the nicest discrimination. Sometimes he felt inclined to call it plumply, as Sinkievitch does, "the superior recuperative power of the masculine heart," but that made it look a good deal like an inferiority. Familiar quotation dealt with it more satisfactorily by declaring that while "love is of man's life a thing apart, 'tis woman's whole existence." And while he was still under the heading of the explicit, he was able to call Henry James as a witness, who is not always eligible as an example of that method. Mr. James has a feminist creed of his own, which he recommends to the propagandists while considering the case of George Sand, whose "abiding value," he says, "will probably be in her having given her sex, for its new evolution and transformation, the real standard and measure of change. This evolution and this transformation are all round us unmistakable; the change is in the air; women are turned more and more to looking at life as men look at it, and to getting from it what men get." And he leaves us in no doubt about the exact nature

of what Madame Sand got from life that women do not usually get, — she made the emotions feed her talent, instead of crowding it out.

With her free experience and her free use of it, her literary style, her love of ideas and questions, of science and philosophy, her comradeship, her boundless tolerance, her intellectual patience, her personal good humor and perpetual tobacco (she smoked long before women at large felt the cruel obligation), with all these things and many I don't mention she had more of the inward and outward of the other sex than of her own. She had above all the mark that . . . the history of her personal passions reads singularly like a chronicle of the ravages of some male celebrity. . . . Her fashion was quite her own of extracting from this sort of experience all that it had to give her, and being withal only the more just and bright and true, the more sane and superior, improved and improving. . . . It is just possible indeed that the moral idea was the real mainspring of her course — I mean the sense of the duty of avenging on the unscrupulous race of men their immemorial selfish success with the plastic race of women. Did she wish above all to turn the tables — to show how the sex that had always ground the other in the volitional mill, was on occasion capable of being ground?

This, then, is the way the matter presents itself to various men, all profoundly interested in different aspects of the emotional life, and all knowing by experience how it feels to be a creative artist. Wayland felt it might however perhaps be more prudently approached by an ordinary man if he first advanced the proposition that the feminine point of view is invaluable to society because women more than men tend to criticize life in terms of happiness, and not necessarily their own happiness. Of course there have always been heartless, ambitious and fanatical women; and there are an increasing number of men who are as sensitive as women to the need for happiness of people immediately about them and of society at large. But, with these abatements (he said to himself), most people are pretty certain to admit by their actions, if they will not in words, that what a woman usually strikes

for as the kernel of a problem is its bearing on the happiness of all concerned. It is a commonplace that a man who has to announce money losses to a woman dependent on him, is often astounded by finding that, except by way of sympathy for his damaged self-respect, she is not downcast in the least. She is as likely as not to say, "but, my dear, we shall be just as happy in a smaller house." To the man this remark seems either idiotic or a pose. He is thinking of the external facts of failure; he would rather be successful than happy. Nevertheless this feminine habit of mind is what makes a man seek a woman for confidante when he is on the brink of (for instance) giving up a lucrative job for reasons too psychic to get a patient hearing in the world of men. It is sound and humane, and the world at large is beginning to adopt it as the true basis of social and economic conceptions. Now, the cornerstone of happiness as women see it, is love — all sorts of love, and here again they save the race by being gloriously right. The practised reader will foresee that in Wayland's mind the next sentence began with "but."

But the inevitable limitation to one's enthusiasm for this beautiful rightness of women is the glimmering of a notion that in practice they carry it out with a sentimental leakage, an absoluteness of aim, that go a long way toward holding them down to the second rank in pretty nearly every field of achievement. Wayland noted that the theoretical feminists are divided by a fundamental question — is women's progress to be in the direction of a greater differentiation between the sexes, or a less? Is it to be primarily emotional with a basis in economics, or primarily economic with emotion sparingly used as a motive power under government supervision? Are women to be lovers and mothers, with Ellen Key, or lesser men with Olive Schreiner? The first set of questions is eloquently affirmed by the women of many countries of continental Europe. The "yes" to the second set is part

of the birthright of the Anglo-Saxon (though it originated in France among the ideas of '89) and has been hitherto the mainspring in England and America of feminist agitation. From John Stuart Mill, through Frances Power Cobbe, to Mrs. Gilman, this view has been triumphant. It rests on the theory that women are over-sexed, that marriage-plus-maternity should not be regarded as the first requirement for all women, but as an alternative; the other course being "some form of constructive pursuit, usually industrial." The problem of the sexually superfluous woman, which almost robs Ellen Key of her sleep, does not greatly trouble these thinkers; they are appeased by remembering that industry is open to her. Woman in constructive pursuits, Wayland was wont to think of as the "lesser man." It seemed to him that the evidence which has accumulated up to the present day has done nothing to invalidate Plato's famous dictum that a woman can do anything a man can do, and that some women can do some things better than some men; but that on the whole the best of the world's work, from cooking to sculpture, has been done by men. Rosa Bonheur may be trotted out as often as her own horses, and the fact will remain that the highest creative achievements are to seek among women, to a degree not to be explained by lack of opportunity or of the sympathy of society. He thought this admission should be made without reluctance, since it is not so important as it sounds: for even a good second place is more than is attainable by the vast majority of mankind. Still, something should be done about it.

Plato believed that the second-rateness of women was due simply to their physical inferiority, and he proposed to minimize this by a wiser education that should train them — body and mind — as boys are trained. Emotionalism was not so striking a phenomenon in Plato's day as in Wayland's; even histrionism was not primarily an emotional art, and women were not permitted to prac-

tise it. Plato, therefore, though he knew the Mænads were women, and that women in general are vessels of emotion, could hardly make the remark which every observer must make today, that in the histrionic arts, where emotionalism goes far to replace certain qualities essential in the other arts, they have reached the very highest levels. This fact at first sight might recommend emotionalism as a means to art, but it is subject to two qualifications: in the first place there are at least as many men as women on these levels; and in the second place, the most commanding women have had other qualities in a high degree, Mrs. Siddons her stolid common-sense, and Madame Bernhardt her pure reason.

The case of the arts was particularly striking to Wayland, but he made the same observations in regard to science, affairs and the professions. In all these he saw women doing well, but not excelling. This he could attribute largely but not exclusively to their less robust health, since among men he sometimes saw the dyspeptic, the tuberculous and the neurotic at the very top. As a friend and well-wisher of women, he was therefore eager to persuade them to look into their emotional states; believing that if they decided it would be well to subject these to sterner control, and to limit their fields of action, it could be done without damaging other interests. He would not have considered the attempt advisable if its success were to be inimical to that preoccupation with happiness which is the safeguard of the race; but he was sure that not only the happiness of women themselves, but the happiness of those they love, would be increased if all other interests in life were not merely ancillary. The cure for a woman who weeps all day because her husband forgot to kiss her good-by in the morning, would be to have a pursuit of her own so engrossing as to lead her sometimes to forget to kiss him. She would then realize that one can love deeply while forgetting the observances of love.

V

To Wayland, glowing with eagerness to see the new woman rise strong and glorious from the weltering sea of melting conventionalism, came daily appeals which said in effect: "Here is what you want," and offered him the suffrage.

Now Wayland looked at the suffrage from two points of view alternately. Sometimes he thought of it as a means of education for him who wields it, and sometimes in its working as an actual means of governing the state. Sometimes therefore the argument in his mind for woman-suffrage rested on the good it would do women individually, and sometimes on the good it would do the state. To his special interest in seeing women affirm their personality, the first line of argument was the more arresting. He was instinctively sympathetic with every sincere and reasonable breach of mere habit, so that he was pleased even when he saw a woman light a cigarette in circles where the act still had a propagandist meaning, though nicotine is certainly a droll vehicle of social reform, and he was rather round with his young nephews on the other side of the subject. Thus some aspects of the agitation for the suffrage fitted admirably into his program, and he thought that perhaps to agitate for it indefinitely, without getting it, would be to come as close to real life as some women are likely ever to get. But in many more cases this agitation itself, so picturesque and so exhilarating, cut into the time and the vitality that might go to creating the higher feminism of his dreams. He saw large numbers of well-to-do young girls, who ought, according to him, to be giving themselves heart and soul to the pursuit of professions, yielding themselves instead to the easy joys of group-thinking, and believing they had done a good day's work if they had chaired a committee meeting without too patent an infringement of Roberts' Rules, or delivered

from the platform some well-worn statements with which their hearers were already in accord. Such work as this, if conscience impelled to it, should, Wayland thought, be done after the working-day is over. The rank and file engaged in other great political movements have been persons who were occupied most of the time in earning their living, and who agitated in their leisure moments. And, paradoxically, the fact that they were doing something else most of the time, has always lent momentum to their attack. The women who did most to advance the case for suffrage in Wayland's mind, were those who gave it relatively little attention, but were manfully making good as individual citizens. An amateur agitator is in fact not so very agitating; what shakes us in a woman is stability. The trouble, then, with the suffrage agitation seemed to him to be that, although it has served some women well by shattering the conventions, and teaching them the elements of combined action, it keeps them firing at a clay pigeon, when they ought to be out after big game. If the energy, enthusiasm and intelligence used in it were released, it would enable the feminists to carry the heights of individual importance with a rush, and when those heights were gained, he thought, the suffrage would come automatically, if the suffrage as we know it happened to be still in use.

If, he further reasoned, the agitation for the suffrage, though good for some women of feeble initiative and slow reactions, wastes the powers of the best, and gives the large majority the sense of being socially useful at too easy rates, the actual possession of the suffrage as a means of social education is open to questions of another sort. The vote might be a means of educating the voter, if it were mandatory. Fine or imprisonment as the penalty for failing to vote might quicken the interest of the citizen. He knew how feeble are other appeals with the male voter, and found fair reason for believing that the female voter would be even more inert. If the suffrage were con-

ferred that year on the women of his state, who were known to be largely reluctant as well as largely unfit, the next problem would be to get them to the primaries and the polls; for he supposed it was an axiom of democracy that a considerable body of non-voting voters is no advantage to the state. The public would feel that the responsibility of bringing them to the full performance of their new duty rested naturally with those who had secured it for them, and those persons would also in many cases be inclined to the task in order to make as good a showing as possible to justify their former efforts. He therefore expected to see the more energetic women continuing to devote their energies to the exhausting task of galvanising into the appearance of citizenship flocks of persons who were not yet, in essentials, citizens. He asked a number of men what had educated them for citizenship, and they all told him it was the man-to-man struggle of their individual problems. The more thoughtful the man was, the more clearly he felt the stultifying character of the act of voting in conditions which make it practically impossible to know what or whom you are voting for. Women equally with men, Wayland held, are political animals, but their political capacities and habits are not yet as fully developed as those of men. Women in industry suffer chiefly from their imperfect organization, yet organization is for them the primary social step. That should be their point of attack, and persons interested in their political future should put their weight into convincing them that it is better to be a doorkeeper to the United Pretzel Varnishers, than to have had a voice in selecting any one of the last four governors of the State of New York.

He was forced to admit to himself that the suffrage is a feeble means of political education, as compared with the economic struggle, and that possession of it, since its use is not compulsory, would leave the apathetic where it found them. He next considered whether the expenditure

of so much energy were justified by a probable resultant advantage to the state.

VI

He noted that with the practical experiment of equal suffrage in various states, the wiser advocates of it were beginning to drop the argument of special merit residing in women's votes as such. Communities where women voted blundered along very much as they did before, the women dividing, as was to be expected, on just about the same lines as the men. There had never been any reason to believe that women as a class would unite as against men, even to secure such legitimate sex-legislation as would further the protection of women in industry. A glance at the economic situation shows that in domestic service, in the brothel, the shop and the factory, women are quite as ready to exploit women as are men. In enfranchising women, we should get all sorts of votes, a considerable intelligent and disinterested vote, a considerable and interested vote, and an enormous unintelligent and uninterested vote, ready to be manipulated as the enormous unintelligent and uninterested male vote is manipulated at present. The naked question, then, that Wayland asked himself was this: is one of the needs of democracy in my community today a stupendous increase in the number of ballots cast?

It seemed to him that a recommendation greatly to extend the suffrage as a benefit to the state at large, must rest on a demonstration that the degree of enfranchisement already in use was an effective, economical, and generally satisfactory method of making the will of the voters prevail. This demonstration was not attempted in the equal suffrage arguments that came his way: these rested as a rule on the primary assumption that universal suffrage is no more to be questioned than property and the family were yesterday, or the Pentateuch the day before.

There were however a number of amendments to the

constitution of his state offered that same year by men, on the basis of male suffrage, which seemed to rest on doubts of the major premise of the woman-suffragists. The Short Ballot Organization, for instance, planted its appeal squarely on the opposite assumption, namely, that democracy as we have it does not work:

> The reason the people are not supreme in this country, but are subject to an oligarchic ruling class called politicians, is not because of any shortcoming of the people, but is because the present state constitutions and city charters are not workable forms of democracy.

The Proportional Representation League also started from the assumption that all men must admit the futility of the accepted form of democracy. Wayland had read something of the far-away origin of democracy, and had understood that it sprang to birth when Clisthenes substituted territorial representation for representation by artificial groups. He was therefore pained to read in the *Atlantic Monthly* that democracy

> contents itself with bunching the voters in districts of territory, as they happen to be living together, and thus representing, not the voters and their opinions and wishes, but certain areas of house-lots and farms, within each of which whatever happens to be the uppermost disposition of mind, as expressed at the polls by any majority whatsoever, shall be taken for an expression of opinion and will from the community entire. In all cases this annuls some large part of the votes cast; in most cases nearly half of them; in many cases more than half (when pluralities instead of majorities prevail); extinguishing completely the public opinion and will expressed in these minorities of votes, and carrying into government a delegation of authority and a dictation of policy which rarely come from any large proportion of the governed. . . . It seems farcical to call this system of government representation of the people.

The supporters of these and similar propositions seemed to think it merely accidental that all forms of democratic government hitherto attempted have failed to govern satisfactorily. Other men, and not the least thoughtful

and public-spirited of his acquaintance, believed that literal democracy is in fact a fallacy, and that men must somehow strike out a means of being governed by the best. At the root of both sorts of criticism lay the fact that the dangerous men, the "bosses," are made dangerous by the existence of great numbers of voters who, by corruption or intimidation or bad logic, can be welded into great blocks of undesirable expression at the polls. On the existence of these blocks depends the existence of the boss. In view of this fact, the proposal to duplicate the whole vote seemed to Wayland a proposal to pump water into a waterlogged ship. And in view of the admitted futility of the suffrage as a means of making the voter's will prevail, the extension of it to women wore the air of the transaction known as selling a gold brick. These were the reasons why Wayland found his decision difficult. On the one hand he saw the serious, charming, intelligent faces of women he knew who wanted the suffrage, and he thought, "why not they as well as I?" On the other hand stood his common-sense, and he foresaw that when it came to the point, he should be unable to bring himself to hand on to them the voter's privilege of "electing, under leaders they did not choose, men they do not know, to perform duties they do not understand."

CONFESSIONS OF AN ANTI

MY convictions regarding woman suffrage were of slow growth, and mark nothing less than a mental revolution. To develop any weight which they may possibly carry, it is necessary to describe their evolution in such detail and with such frankness that I involuntarily thought of the record as "Confessions;" and while I have been writing, the importance of being candid has so grown upon me that I was for a moment tempted to call it *Confidences;* but of course that title is incongruous with publication. Confidences imply confidence, and if we could have more confidence in the world's intelligence and sympathy and, if need be, charity, we could more readily turn ourselves inside out before the world, and so help each other more from our deepest experiences. If it were not for the exceptional confidence I have in the exceptional readers of THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW, I should suppress more than I have already suppressed in what I had written. I trust them, however, to let the motive, and the importance of the subject, atone for anything that is left, in either autobiography or biography of others, which may appear to exceed the ideal of reticence.

The first thing I remember is being very happy lying on a woman's knees, and gazing at the fire; and the most majestic thing I remember is not any idealization of manhood — not the Vatican Jove, nor Michel-Angelo's Moses, nor yet St. Gaudens's Lincoln, but that woman's face, seventy years later, on the bed where she had died. From the beginning of those seventy years until now, the best thing in my universe has been some woman.

My happiness before the fire was not so intense as that brought me two or three years later by my first consciousness of woman's beauty. My mother was very beautiful,

but to me her beauty was, like the sunlight, so much a matter of course that I was not conscious of it before I grew to some sophistication. But I had not yet reached any sophistication when, two or three years after my first recollection, Mary Owens (her name was changed over seventy years ago, and if she's in this life still, she's over ninety, bless her!) first came before my vision. I remember just where she sat in our parlor, and where I sat. Her beauty filled me with a new ecstasy — a rapture, an adoration. It was love and it was religion, the first I ever knew of either. And ever since, the best I have known of either has been in emotions aroused by women. If I ever join the Catholic Church, it will be to worship a woman.

They told me a day or two later that Mary was ill, and so I took my toy drum and went over to play for her. While I was in her bedroom, they told me that a man was coming from the Eastern Shore to marry her and take her away. I think I cried because she was going, but I don't remember any jealousy regarding the man. And since I began writing about her, I find that I remember her wedding, and that I was made much of as some sort of a curiosity, because of my precocious love of her.

After Mary came Martha — Martha Young. Her father was a carpenter, at least so I considered him, though all I remember his making was boxes for my father's merchandise, and a sled for me. His daughter had brown hair, Mary's was black. Martha did not arouse in me, nor has any later experience aroused, quite that burst of religious ecstasy which was my first love. What I had heard of angels must have been in it. But I was more constant to Martha, perhaps because she was not taken away so soon: for I remember that when I was off to my second boarding-school, and I must have been about seven years old then, I sometimes forgot my books in the schoolroom, and sometimes lay awake in bed, thinking of Martha. Yet I recall but one sentence that passed be-

tween us. One afternoon, when I was five, and she was seventeen, I went to see her when, and perhaps because, I had a new pair of "pants." I didn't know trousers till later. Little boys didn't have knickerbockers then, so far as I remember, but had pants, or "panties" if they were very little boys. But I was big for my age, and certainly had pants, at least when they were clean. That particular pair, I see clearly now, had reddish brown longitudinal stripes alternating with white. You have pictured the stripes a sixteenth of an inch wide. They were nearly half an inch! How fearfully and wonderfully we were made in those days! For examples see Kate Greenaway's pictures. And the only spoken words that I remember in my long courtship of Martha are that, when I went to see her in all that gorgeousness, I told her I hadn't on my courting pants! I must have meant my ideal courting pants. But after all, perhaps it was not the loftiness of my ideals with which I aspired to impress her. Perhaps it was a meaner desire to delude her regarding my wealth — to make her think that I had, an they were possible, even a still more gorgeous pair of pants at home. I was imaginative in those days. To what mad insincerities love, even love as pure as mine, if fed by imagination and tainted by ambition, will sometimes lead!

She married a doctor, and I think I remember seeing her after she had got fat, but that she was sweet and beautiful still. But my passions have never endured beyond the marriage of their object — unless she married me.

About the time Martha disappeared, a little sister was born. My older sisters had always been to me matters of course, as my mother was: I had always known them. But the youngest was a distinct *addition* to my life, and known *only* at the precious intervals from boarding-school. As the little one grew in loveliness, my dreams of everything good and beautiful began to cluster around her, and when she died while still a child, they followed her,

and for years her sweet memory was the best inspiration I had; and her sweet name has had much to do with a succession of women of the same name who have been the best influences in my life. But gradually, as discrimination grew in me, the older sisters reached their proper influence, though my youth was too turbulent to take the full benefit of it, and under our educational system, so faulty in that respect, was too much away from home. Yet the influence of the women at home was far the best influence I had before the great redemption came from the blessed woman who was to make the new home.

I am tempted to tell of some of the others, but I have told enough to show the bias regarding all that pertains to woman with which I started, and which, thank God, has persisted ever since. I have found out that women are not all angels, but even among the women who were not, that I have met in literature and life, from Marguerite Gautier down, there has been more goodness than among average men.

You can readily understand that with these convictions I entered manhood an advocate of woman suffrage, and I was confirmed in my faith by the writings of Mill, who at that time was at the height of his influence.

Other things even, the fact that a woman wanted anything has always been with me a strong reason that she should have it, and then there were all the recent arguments, of whose emptiness I am not yet absolutely sure, in favor of *universal* suffrage, and the special arguments about women protecting themselves and their children by the ballot, of whose emptiness I now *am* absolutely sure.

I think the first thing that unsettled my opinion was the advocacy of the suffrage by a woman whose discharge of her proper and important functions have, in my judgment, been suffering from her interest in what her failures have convinced me is mainly man's work, especially politics.

I first saw her over twenty years ago, when she was one of those who have aroused in me the religious ecstasy. I have not spoken to her since, though I have seen her twice. But it was when we were both in a crowd "on the platform," and I didn't care to speak to her: she had changed in manner and expression: her ascetic beauty was gone. But she had grown into "a fine woman," and apparently even into a connoisseur (or *euse* is it?) of fine clothes — not that I object to them, even on Fra Angelico's angels; only when I first saw this woman, she was superior to gorgeousness of raiment, and yet none of Fra Angelico's gorgeous band were as lovely as she. While writing, I recall her face then, more vividly than it has been before me since: and it does me good and makes me good — and sad: for that face has not been before me at all when I have seen her on the platform.

She began as a model for her sex — a dispenser of sympathy and charity, and a stimulus to goodness. Then she got to attempting to analyze ethical problems — a man's job — and soon fell into making ethical blunders. Then she gradually got to going around the country speechifying — another man's job; which apparently (I hope I am mistaken) brought with it the itching for publicity and conventions and all that; and with it all, she naturally wanted to vote — another man's job; and in time she was off to The Hague with that boat-load of "freaks," as they were called by one of the best and most catholic and gentle of women, after seeing a friend off with them on the most foolish journey since the Children's Crusade. And since that convention closed, the good woman I have been writing about, with a lot of her kind, went gadding around Europe visiting and, I am afraid, boring the chancelleries; and now she is roaming our country beating the air over a cause where everybody is already convinced.

In criticising her, I have shrunk from mentioning her name, in fact I shrank from criticising her at all, not only because she is a woman, but because she was, before she

got the masculine (or is it feminist?) bee in her bonnet, a thoroughly admirable woman, and in most respects is one still, though she has gradually forsaken the admirable work in which she was supreme, to make herself ridiculous by monkeying with the work of men. I said "monkeying" because it expresses exactly what I mean — restless and unintelligent use of the imitative instinct. If my criticism leads anybody to guess to whom I refer, I respectfully urge that all persons who make themselves public characters, in so doing throw themselves open to entirely legitimate public criticism, in fact make criticism the duty of those who profess to follow it.

It is a rarely fortunate person who does not know other women in whom similar courses have produced similar results, much to the regret of their wisest friends and the loss of the community.

I knew another woman, whose name is a synonym for goodness and nobility, and to whom, I believe, a statue has been or is to be erected. She did great and lasting work in charity; but on the platform I have heard her talk doctrines that would disgrace the intelligence of a male sophomore, and, if applied, would wreck the state. I don't know whether she was a suffragist or not. In view of the absurdity of her politics and economics, I presume she was. In view of the loftiness and loveliness of her character, when she left men's work alone, there is a big chance that she was not. I had the honor of knowing her well personally and socially, and was kept in a constant conflict between admiration for her charitable work and (I don't like to use the word) contempt for her economic doctrines. Her very loveliness made her absolutely incapable of appreciating the hard necessities of our backward development. The very qualities that make women great as women, generally make them ridiculous as politicians and economists, and, I may as well add, just as they are in some of the conjunctures that they have to face as physicians and surgeons. I have seen instances of their

tragic inadequacy in all those relations. It is as great as that of a man with a baby — almost as great as if he needed to give it suck. And yet, as it is a man's function to support his child, so has a woman functions, and equally important functions, in the body politic; but they are not at the forum or the polls, and, God knows she has functions in the sick-room, but not far with the surgeon's knife.

Next to the armies being wasted in the wars, and their victims, probably the most melancholy sight of the day is the droves of women going around and wasting upon questionable causes, energies that should be occupied by wifehood and motherhood, or at least by homes of their own which should be centres of grace and refinement and the moral stimulus this age so sorely needs, instead of the neglected places that they too often are.

Well, these cases have made me an anti. I don't want anything that tends to send women the way of those. I want women to continue what most of them still are, the makers of our homes, our centres of social sweetness and light, our inspirations to do our best, the givers of our best rewards, our divinities, and, thank the source of all divinity, our darlings.

Some of them say they don't want to be darlings. I'd risk anything that every woman who says that, wants to vote, and — painful and terrible as the fact is, the connection justifies stating it, — couldn't be a darling if she tried.

And this brings us square up against the "feminist" literature, which has naturally enhanced the effect produced upon my opinions by the failure of those good women.

My reverence for the best type of women, even when under a cloud, has never given way, but of course I was not very old before I came to realize that there was another type, even among those not under the conventional cloud — that there was a feminist type as well as a feminine type; and that what I had worshipped in one was

as different from the characteristics of the other, as, to quote a classical phrase, Heaven from Tammany Hall.

I agree with the vast majority of reasoning people in believing that it is the main function of the psychical woman to keep goodness in the world. And one particular reason why I believe so, is the mischief she raises when she traipses off after something else. In literature, for instance, *Three Weeks*, trial marriages, Ellen Keyism, and the rest of it, show absolutely no realization (it's hard to suppose their authors haven't any knowledge) of the patent facts that Nature has been striving toward monogamy from the star-dust, that with all monogamy's imperfections, restraints and tragedies, it is far the highest thing society has yet attained, and that civilization not only rests upon it, but can be closely gauged by it in all times and places known to history.

And yet every woman who has written one of those objectionable books wants to vote. Horace Greeley used to say that though not all Democrats were horse-thieves, all horse-thieves were Democrats. So while not all female suffragists attack chastity and the family, all women who do attack them are suffragists. And the vast majority of the women whose correct intuitions see through those attacks, *don't* want the vote, and don't want the foolish and dangerous women to have it. A few who see through the attacks do want it, but, as we shall see later, for reasons that fall to pieces on a moment's analysis. But the dear creatures can seldom analyze for themselves. Very few women can, and in those who can, the distinctively feminine virtues are generally conspicuous by their absence. One of the most celebrated of such women was notorious for her lack of tact. The world must be the worse for any influence that tends to make masculine women, as for any that tends to make effeminate men. The one thing specially excluded by woman's very virtues is analysis. If their sweet intuitions stopped to analyze and be governed by analysis,

what under Heaven would have become of all the undeserving men those intuitions have saved?

And yet of all subjects, politics is perhaps the one that makes the greatest tax on the analytic mind, and of all types of mind, that is the type with which woman is least endowed.

And after all, is mere intellectual performance the highest function of the soul? Some people of the strongest intellect — poor Napoleon perhaps at their head — have been very small potatoes indeed. Perhaps the finest intellect any woman ever had was George Sand's, and among the finest was that of Catharine of Russia! The "feminists" who today are drawing their slimy trails over the fairest things in life, too often seem emulous of those women, and themselves often have more mere intellect than immeasurably wiser and better and nobler women. Wisdom and goodness and nobility do not lie in the creative intellect or even in the analytic intellect.

There are few things, if any, about which opinions are in a worse muddle than this matter of intellect, and standards of human excellence generally. I've known women who had to do their counting on their fingers, and yet who were such exalted creatures that scarcely any man of the highest intellect deserved to kiss their feet. The greatest genius I ever knew was a woman, and she never wrote a line, of "literature" I mean, though her letters were admired by men of great eminence. And she hardly ever drew a line, and those she did draw did not amount to anything, and she had genius enough to know that they didn't, which is a rather rare sort of genius, but more frequent, perhaps, in women than in men. In what then did this woman's genius consist? Well, the greatest philosopher of her time and country was never happier than when at her feet. He was not in love with her: she never let anybody but her husband be that, and that was another mark of her genius: many of the leading men

of her time loved her, and yet nobody but her husband was in love with her. Her house was a magnet for such men and the corresponding women: there were not many places where were such illuminating flashes of thought — many of which must have later been shaped into literature. Hers were perhaps more like glows than flashes, but in her atmosphere others flashed. I have often heard her called gifted, but I never heard her called brilliant. Her opinions were seldom striking, but they were always sound. Wise men went to her for counsel, and perhaps her opinions, through them, determined many votes, but the idea of her caring to vote herself makes me laugh as I write; and the dirty stuff that so many women, all of whom want to vote, are spreading over the world, can be thought of in connection with her only as forced up by contrast.

I'm thinking of another woman who never "did" anything, but who was always surrounded by genius and fame, and always stimulating both. But as for women's votes, or trial marriages, or any form of what is known as feminism, I wish she were alive to give her opinions, that I might put them down here hot from the crucible.

One of these women read the profoundest books — real science and real philosophy, and gave their substance to those who had not time to read. The other took to mysticism, and had more sense of what is beyond our knowledge than many men have had, perhaps more than any man.

And yet woman has done great things in art. Her field has been the production of artificial human beings, as in Nature her field has been the production of natural human beings. In fiction Miss Austin, George Eliot, George Sand and not a few others have reached a general equality with men. Their feminine capacity of sympathy, and probably even their motherly instincts have

offset their lack of some more masculine capacities. Women — Charlotte Cushman, Mrs. Siddons, Ristori, Rachel — have also reached the highest eminence in another depiction of human beings, but only in representing women. When they play male characters, they fail. I saw Charlotte Cushman play Romeo. She was as big as most of the Romeos I have seen, perhaps bigger, but the representation was a pretty good argument against woman suffrage.

Did you ever read Mill's appreciations of woman's genius, in the dedication of his *Liberty* and in his *Subjection of Women?* Probably not: nobody reads him now. He had as high an estimate of women's genius as anybody, but drew from its greatness the false conclusion that it would find a legitimate field in politics; while my humble conclusion, recognizing its greatness, but analyzing its qualities, is that it won't. Queer man, that Mill! For a decade or so preceding his death, he was probably the most influential man writing English, and yet when his *Autobiography* came out, Godkin said to me that probably so great a reputation had never received so annihilating a blow. Probably woman suffrage seldom has.

It would be just as reasonable for woman to want to change her beautiful soft body and delicate hands and feet for the coarser ones of men, as to change her beautiful delicate psychical processes for the coarser ones of men. But in their present spasm of wildness, some of those who have wanted to change the mind have wanted to change the body too, and have actually congratulated themselves on the assumption that woman is losing the capacity to bear children, and is growing rawboned! Happily that is but one of the illusions of their insanity. They are simply sexual perverts.

So far I have mainly treated of the effect of an itching for politics and publicity on women themselves, but I have inevitably anticipated something of what is to be

said about the probable effect of their having the suffrage upon politics. It can be judged by the mess they make of politics when they go into it. So far those who have voted have accomplished few if any of the results which were prophesied by the advocates of their voting, and the Woman's Peace Party and their Hague Convention are fair specimens of the way they handle a political job. Those poor women got up what they called a Peace "Party," as if it was in any sense a "party," and while it was an effort to concentrate woman's fervor upon the furtherance of peace, they yet put in a platform a plank shutting out the probable majority — by count or intellectual and moral weight — who do not want the suffrage. The suffrage had no more to do with the primary object of the gathering than with the politics of Saturn.

Of a piece with the tomfoolery that women generally make when they go into politics, is conspicuously their destruction of works of art in England, as their idea of fighting for a cause. But the thing that they are fighting hardest to destroy, is at the same time the very source and the very flower of civilization. This flower is known as femininity. It is the exact reverse of what has begun to stink in sensitive nostrils as feminism.

Close and anxious observation, pursued as a duty to his profession, has at last convinced this scribe that when women go into political agitation they generally raise the devil, even with their own schemes. And this confession of faith is embodied in the answer he generally makes when asked his attitude on the suffrage question: "When the most of you, and the best of you, want it, I'm with you." But that, by this test, he is ever going to be with them, he does not see the faintest sign on the horizon.

Yet, as bearing on this, I was once astonished to have a man whom I thought I knew intimately, tell me that he was in favor of woman suffrage, and his reason was that most of the best women he knew wanted it. Then I

understood: for most of the women he knows, while good women, are in the Bohemian world. Now this circumstance has tended to fix my new opinions: for I am old fashioned enough to have a liking for a couple of types that I sometimes suspect may be disappearing. One of them is the lady. You can guess at the other.

The women — some of them — speak of the suffrage as a privilege and a boon. Sensible men who have long handled it, and who, in leisure moments and even in long hours of careful study, have examined it from side to side and from top to bottom, find it a nuisance and a burden, and at best but a necessary evil. They often question its utility, and are not seldom tempted to regard it as an absurdity. Even if it could be restricted to those fit to use it, it would still be a duty, often imposing long travel, disarrangement of engagements, and botheration generally.

Why any women want to be saddled with such a burden, passes ordinary male comprehension. A very respectable portion, probably the best and biggest portion, don't. Theirs is probably the first case where the suffrage was offered to a class, and its acceptance widely and bitterly opposed within that class itself —a most suggestive circumstance. The most conspicuous signs that I can see, are that the desire of a portion of the women for the suffrage is merely one of the prevailing crazes to get hold of anything the other fellow has got, and of the prevailing unrest in that portion of the world, both masculine and feminine, where opinions are least based on information, reflection and self-restraint.

While writing, I have realized with a half-surprised feeling at the close connection, that I have never assented to a woman servant cleaning my boots. Voting of course has more dignified elements, though no more necessary to be performed by a woman than that she should clean one boot while a man cleans the other. Few

women have not men connections who are in accord with their opinions, and if they are not, the situation is too abnormal and exceptional to be worth taking into account. *De minimis*, you know.

The reasons the women give are seldom good and often ludicrous. The general one is, of course: "Because we want it." Other things even, that's a good one. But other things are not even: many good women want it, but apparently most of the best women do not, and most of the bad ones do — certainly those who make the worst noise.

The arguments generally have been thrashed to death, but I have not seen quite enough comment on the best-looking one. A lone woman who pays taxes claims the right to a voice in the spending of her money. Her claim opens up a wide subject. I shall probably surprise you when I say that under our present system, a woman claiming a vote because she pays taxes, is indulging in a pure piece of sentimentalism. It is a very specious one, however, and misleads many besides women. *In the present state of our politics, there is no such thing as property representation.* The vote of Rockefeller, with perhaps a thousand million dollars, counts no more than the vote of the man who has not a dollar. There is a trifle less absurdity in the contention where property is represented in the franchise, even to the moderate degree that it is in England. There a man can vote in each and all of the places where he holds property. But even in each of them, the vote of a man who pays a thousand pounds in taxes, counts no more than the vote of a man who pays but a pound. Much less absurd is the contention in the Prussian cities, and throughout the country for all I know. There, there is some real representation of property: the few men who pay the first third of the taxes, elect a third of the representative body, and the larger body who pay the next third of the taxes, elect only

the next third of the representatives, while the body of tax-payers immensely larger than the other two bodies put together, still elect only the same number of representatives as each of them. This system is in accordance with the efficiency that has made civil Prussia the wonder and admiration of the world, and military Prussia its terror. But admirable as the system seems, before the war it was of course under democratic attack; and even in England there was great agitation for doing away with what apparent rationalization of the franchise there is, and reducing it to the apparently complete irrationality that marks it in America. And it is very doubtful if the wide agitation against what rationalization of the ballot exists in Prussia and England, demonstrates anything more than the popular passion already mentioned for what the other fellow has got.

One logical idea of at least a municipal suffrage, was faintly approximated in New York by the Tilden Commission, who proposed that officers directly controlling the raising and spending of money, should be elected by tax-payers only. If they had added: in proportion to the taxes they pay — to the shares they hold — the proposition would have been logically complete.

But no similar proposition is now likely to succeed in America; and even in England, and in an overwhelming degree in America, for anybody to want the ballot as representing property rights outsentimentalizes sentimentalism.

In the immense complexities of politics, however, it is seldom possible correctly to estimate the effect of any one element. But as the apparently-most-rational arrangement of the franchise exists in the country whose barbarism under a tasteless veneer of civilization has just surprised and disgusted the civilized word, there would, at a hasty and superficial glance, seem little saving grace in rationalizing the franchise.

And I freely admit that behind all this welter of confu-

sion, there may exist some principle that makes manhood suffrage the best suffrage after all. It seems only logical that it would be in connection with personal rights, if it were possible to separate them from property rights, for instance in the election of judges of criminal courts. But in the intricacies of politics, logic can reach so few of the considerations, that it often is of little value. This is painfully illustrated just here: for the overwhelming weight of opinion is that in selecting judges, the franchise should not be used at all, or at best only indirectly in the selection of administrators to appoint judges.

Probably the only way out of the muddle will be through the slow processes that are increasing the number of taxpayers, and the still slower processes, if they exist, that, despite the recent flood of exceptions, may be almost imperceptibly equalizing the property of the taxpayers.

The fact is that nobody knows much about the franchise, except that it is the only device so far invented as an alternate for absolutism; and that it works passably well in national and rural affairs, while in municipal affairs it works damnably; and farther, that there has been an enormous amount of nonsense spouted about it, especially on the Fourth of July, and lately by women. Of those who have it, probably the most intelligent regard it as a necessary nuisance; while of those who have it not, the sensible majority thank God they have somebody else to use it for them, though the noisier, but perhaps more effective, minority make a tremendous pother because they want to do it themselves. And when they have been given the "privilege," as they consider it, they have at first treated it as a new toy, and then gradually ceased to pay attention to it; few if any of the prophesied results have followed, and the women's use of it has generally been, and is likely ever to be, as futile as their ideas about it are incomplete and mistaken. Some of their arguments are worth considering, but, in my revised and reversed opinion, are nothing in face of those on the other side.

Only a word about the claim that women need the suffrage for their own development — even as companions for their husbands. So in order to take an intelligent interest in politics, to burn the midnight oil over it, to talk with those capable of teaching it and inspiring thought about it, it is necessary, is it, to go once or twice a year to some tailor-shop or beer saloon, and stick a piece of paper in a box? Moreover, if husband and wife are in harmony, her vote but duplicates his, and if they are not, her vote is one more wedge for the disruption of the family.

One more consideration is not noticed as often as it should be. The women hold the moral force of the community and naturally concentrate it upon good results. In the unnatural condition of their voting, that moral force can no longer be concentrated, but is divided between the parties.

That the lower order of politicians would pay more attention to women if they had votes is probably true, but it is fallacious: for there never was much difficulty in getting good men to direct the attention of politicians to any good cause advocated by women; or, more broadly, there has seldom if ever been a good cause advocated by women that was not advocated by men.

One church candidly claims that it can deliver its female vote *en bloc*, though at the same time it is patriotic enough — perhaps it would not be too much to say moral enough, even religious enough, not to favor woman suffrage, because it considers its first secular duty to be the preservation of the family. Perhaps it also goes so far as to believe, with us, that in the modern world, it would be a bad thing for *any* church to be able to deliver any vote *en bloc*.

There is no use in reasoning with the women who have already got to the wild stage, and no need of reasoning with those who have not started toward it. But there

are a good many on the fence, and I lately learned of one who had tumbled over for a strange reason that is one of those which have made me an anti. She said in effect: "My own judgment regarding woman suffrage is in suspense, but suffrage is favored by the finest woman I know, and therefore I have concluded to endorse it." Now the woman who said this has a magnificent intellect of the feminine kind: she writes fine stories, and (like at least three other American women) can write essays that do not require deep analysis, as well as, perhaps better than, any man that lives or ever did live. Her essays rest, entertain and inspire, not only to performance but to goodness; and are certainly as valuable as the distinctively man kind which seldom do more than enlighten and convince. And yet see how she comes out when she is dealing with a man's question. In the first place, she does what a normal woman naturally does — subjects herself in matters of pure reason, to the guidance of another. *But* the other is a woman. As a rule, when a decently married woman does this, she is gone. One of the fatal triangles is where a woman defers to another woman rather than to her husband: it is as fatal, and in proportion probably as frequent, a breeder of divorces, as the other triangles. And this was not my genius's only mistake: she chose the wrong woman — one who (since my friend's choice, I believe, which may now be reversed for all I know) has, to my knowledge, turned some other women into antis by going the course that the "public" woman usually goes.

Now to my dear sisters on the fence, I wish to urge for the *n*th time the patent fact that men and women are not alike, that women are not only far lovelier than men, but just as able, and in many worthy respects far abler; but that, as illustrated by many a case in the experience of us all, when women get to monkeying with men's public work, they are apt to go mad.

Universal suffrage may be the ideal. But the uncer-

tainty of what is the true ideal, the conflict between ideals, and the premature attempt to put ideals into practice, are the causes of the mad unrest of the present day, which, next to war, is its greatest curse. But female suffrage is, about as plainly as any ideal ever was, a false one: for it is in conflict with at least two vastly plainer and higher ideals — woman in society and woman in the home. Of course the first of these can be widely realized only as the ideals of well-distributed wealth and culture can be realized; but the ideal of woman in politics is dead against it, as I trust I have abundantly illustrated. As for the other still higher and more sacred ideal — of woman in the home, if anything in the future is plain, it is plain that as fast as that ideal is realized, the ideal of woman in politics will disappear: even now the mad chase after it is principally, though by no means entirely, confined to the women whom morbid temperament or hard fate has denied the realization of the home ideal. Those of them who have naturally been driven into a sour-grape attitude regarding it, and into all sorts of the sexual perversions which are summed up as "feminism," certainly need sympathy, and most certainly charity, more than those blessed women who, though unwedded, are often the lights of homes where mothers are overtaxed or gone, and who, though not madonnas, are at least saints.

These women, I have observed, do not often bother themselves or anybody else about the suffrage.

THE REAL CAUSE OF THE WAR

WE have been told a great many times the real cause of the war. It is a Kings' war, it is a Militarists' war, it is a Premiers' and Cabinets' war, it is an Expansionists' war, it is a Munition-makers' war, it is a Peoples' war; it grew out of the needs of Commerce, it was inspired by Race Hatred, it was grounded in the teachings of Philosophers, it was Divinely Ordered for the spreading of Civilization's Light.

Now the real fact of the matter is that it is a Professors' war. Not a "Damned Professors'" war: the Damned Professors are all German. Not an American Exchange Professors' war: the Exchange Professors came too late to do anything but applaud. Just a Professors' war — and especially the Professors outside of Germany. They are the *real* real cause of the whole thing.

You ask how this can be? Why, in this way. A hundred years ago or thereabouts, an English Professor or two discovered genius in Germany. They went home and told. It got out. Professors began to go there — English Professors, French Professors, Russian Professors, American Professors. The American Professors went last, after the propriety of the act had been thoroughly established. They liked the eating and drinking, they enjoyed the queer looks and the queer manners of the German Professors, and they liked, or at least admired, or at least wondered at, the German genius. They were struck with its patience, its thoroughness, its magnificent insensibility to the passage of time. The German genius threshed everything out. It threshed it into a homogeneous heap. It didn't always sift the heap. Sometimes the American Professors thought the German genius couldn't really tell the difference between good kernels, bad kernels, and

bits of chaff. It looked as if the German genius were thinking mostly of the size of the pile, and of having everything in it. This was while they were listening to lexicographical lectures on the subjunctive, or reading fifteen-thousand-page novels with nothing possible to the human mind omitted except the story.

But the Professors came home and imitated German genius — in everything of it they could understand — in everything but the parts which were really genius, and consequently not distinctively German. They collected data of all kinds, especially in literature, and classified them, and tied them up in neat packages. It gave them that fine feeling of getting-something-done. It is clear now that what they liked in this was Efficiency, though they didn't know what they really were doing. Efficiency had not yet been declared unto them. They worshipped ignorantly.

Above all, the Professors, and especially the American Professors, sang praises to the German genius. They praised it because they remembered the eating and drinking. They praised it because they had brought some of the genius home with them, and because they had it and no one else did. They enjoyed exclusive possession. They knew no one else knew the mysteries of the German language and the German mind as well as they, because even they themselves didn't know it. They praised it because it brought them reputation and increase of salary. They praised it so that everybody could hear. The Germans themselves heard it. It gave them a pleasant feeling. The German mind was not the less affected by American praise because it despised the American.

But what made the American Professors praise the German genius most was something purely psychological. At least, that is what experience drives me to think. It was not because German genius had not interfered with their pleasure by making them study too hard. It really

is not true that the American Professor on his way to Germany telegraphed ahead and was met at the station between trains by the Highwellborn and Allhighmostworthy Rektor with a Doctor's diploma all made out. It was not because he dined with the Kaiser, when there came to be one. Not even the German genius realized at that time the possibilities of *Königliches-Kaiserliches Kraut* and *Dunkel* as promoters of international friendship. No, what made the Professors praise Germany so enthusiastically was being mistaken for, or thinking they had been mistaken for, native Germans.

This is the way it happened — in the main. There were variations, of course. The American Professor was on a walking trip, and met a German gentleman of great intelligence and discretion at a *Schöneaussichtspunkt.* At the end of a long and delightful conversation, they exchanged cards. The German was dumfounded with surprise and incredulity. "What!" he said, "You an American! I never would have dreamed it! I might have taken you for a Bavarian, or a Hanoverian, but an American — impossible!"

When the American Professors related this at dinners and receptions, and in their classes, they were modest. They said that of course it was not exceptional proficiency in the German language that caused the mistake, but the style of the whiskers they were wearing at the time, and the way they ate their *belegtes Butterbrod mit Käse.*

I know, because I myself was once mistaken for a German. It was in Florence. Not having yet been through the New York custom house, of course I felt annoyed when the municipal customs official made me open my valise for inspection. He was very polite, as they always are in Florence, but it was the tenth time in ten days, and it was useless, and I knew it; and, as I have said, I hadn't had the advantage of the New York discipline. I undid

the straps with a jerk, and set the valise down at the feet of the *daziario* in a way that would have suggested to the innocent bystander, at least in America, that I was angry and disgusted. I suppose my face was flushed. The courteous Italian looked up. His face flushed, too. With polite emphasis, he said: "*Eh! Che maniera è questa?* What manners are these, sir? One doesn't act that way in Italy. We are different here." Then he pushed the valise toward me, and went away grumbling. I could hear what he said. It was to this effect: "*Dio mio, che razza di gente!* What people! Another of those unmannerly brutes from Germany!"

This is how *I* was mistaken for a German.

Well, all the Professors praised Germany. The English Professors praised it, and supposedly the Russians and even the French, but beyond all others the Americans. Now no one can resist compliments altogether — not even a Chautauqua lecturer. Certainly no one can resist altogether the compliment of praise that spreads over a great stretch of territory, and lasts a hundred years. Simple-minded folk cannot resist it at all. The less cultivated the person, the more susceptible to flattery, the more readily the prey to conceit. The German mind has been fed for upwards of a century on laudatory phrases which it has taken at their face value. Given the conditions, the only result possible is the self-righteousness that regards the outside world as inferior and unworthy of consideration, and looks upon the German nation as justified in any act that will contribute to the spreading of already accomplished German perfection. The Professors of all nations should have remembered that in dealing with certain sorts of people it is better not to praise without discrimination.

This is why the war is a Professors' war. Not a Damned Professors' war, as I said. A sort of Damned Fool Professors' war.

But the Professors have recovered their powers of discrimination. Since gallant little Belgium went down under the worse than brutal heel to be trampled in the mud of temporary annihilation, no one has coveted the distinction of being mistaken for a German. There has not been even a German claimant to the honor of having sunk the *Lusitania*. There has even been some shedding of hyphens.

A good part of the world, let us hope, still recognizes German achievement in scholarship and elsewhere. A good part of the world still admires German efficiency. But a good part of the world is aware of the limitations of the German genius. A good part of the world wants scholarship, but it wants scholarship with a soul. A good part of the world wants efficiency, but it wants also to be its own judge of when it has had enough. It isn't ready yet to submit to a card-indexing of all its downsittings and uprisings. It isn't ready to surrender every shred of individual liberty. It wants to reserve a few unregulated moments during the day, just for the satisfaction of the thing. It doesn't despise the virtues of orderliness, but it clings to the privilege of walking on the wrong side of the street once in a while, of carrying its suitcase in the left hand if it feels so disposed, of performing a variety of muddleheaded things that after all don't do the individual a great deal of harm, and that do the community a great deal of good by way of increasing the self-esteem of onlooking neighbors. A good part of the world is so thoroughly convinced of the blessings of not being Efficiently and Teutonically managed that it is going to stay in the trenches until there is no more danger of it — or until there is no one left to be so managed, except the managers.

After all, one gratifying result of this unhappy business is the bringing into high relief of the fact that our occidental civilization displays two main types of political

ideal, and that they are chiefly represented by two racial groups. We have been brought to realize that English civilization and French are much more nearly akin than English civilization and German, and that England and Canada and the United States are much more Latin than Teutonic. We are beginning to call the English language and the English people Anglo-Latin instead of Anglo-Saxon. This is as it should be. In spite of their northern blood, the Norman-French were a Latin race, and they made the English a Latin race. Blood may be thicker than water, but the fluid of the spirit is thicker than either. North America is an English continent, and a Latin civilization. A nation's real ancestry is of the spirit. North America and England go back to mother Rome. Our place as Americans in the scheme of things is clearer than it was.

We are coming to understand more clearly, too, the inevitable defects that accompany the qualities of our type of statecraft. We must take the one with the other. We must not allow the defects to destroy our faith in the whole. Absolutism is wonderful for getting things done, but to the American its atmosphere would be asphyxiation. The democrat must not renounce democracy because she does not move with military precision. Freedom of initiative is sure to bring with it a certain amount of waste. A perfect appreciation of these truths will add to the courage and loyalty of all free men.

HOW IT LOOKED IN ADVANCE

On board the S. S. Minneapolis, July 25 – August 4, 1914.

Sunday Morning, July 26.

I AM sitting in my steamer chair on the upper promenade deck — and the peace and beauty of the scene before me are beyond words. Yet it is simple enough to disappoint many people. A blue dome, frescoed with white clouds, and a blue floor beneath it — that is all. But what a blue it is, whether your gaze be turned upward or downward! Can you imagine a color that is like a song in itself? Never has the sky to me seemed more mysterious in its splendor, or the sea more like a living thing.

It is hard to bear in mind that we are on the ocean. There are no waves; no trace even of that slow, pensive titanic heave-and-sink which one regards as inseparable from the sea; nothing but wavelets lapping gently against the side of the ship. From above an unchecked deluge of golden light is poured on our heads. There is no more wind than needed to keep the air cool and refreshing. And the touch of the breeze on my cheek is like that of groping baby fingers.

The people on board are in a festive mood, set free from ordinary cares and duties, and feeling themselves — as they undoubtedly are — especially favored by such powers as they hold rulers of wind and weather.

So much for the setting of my stage. Now I need a drama worthy of it, in order that I may really have something to tell. But nothing is happening, and as I look around, it seems as if nothing could ever be expected to happen again. I feel as if we had reached the millennium at last, and as if it were to go on forever.

Friday Evening, July 31.

There has been a change on board. My millennium has been slightly jarred. For one thing, the weather has been betwixt and between all day, with high wind and a decidedly rough sea. The Minneapolis is behaving splendidly, however. While she is rolling considerably, she is doing so with a steady, pendulous movement that I find very pleasant. But I hear that it is having a very different effect on some of the other passengers.

We have also received the first news from *terra firma* since we left New York last Saturday morning. It was contained in a brief marconigram relayed to our ship by the Olympic.

Austria has declared war on Serbia, this message said, and five people have been killed at Dublin in a clash between the troops and the Nationalist volunteers. For all we know, the world may be ablaze with war and civil strife when we reach London.

It is strange to be cut off from the rest of the world in this way: to know that things — big things — may be happening, and to have no means of finding out. The strangest things of all is that, in my own case, the sense of being shut off from the rest of mankind has been increased rather than diminished by that ominously laconic wireless message. Five years ago we should have heard nothing at all — and then my fancied millennium would have been spared until the pilot came on board at least.

Saturday Evening, Aug. 1.

It has been very interesting to watch the impression made on my fellow-passengers by that marconigram received last night. Or rather, it has been interesting and surprising to note how little impression it has made on the whole.

We are eighty-five passengers on board — all first class. It is like a private yachting party on a large scale, and everybody knows everybody else by this time. Thus it is

easy to learn what is going on, not only outwardly, but in the minds of the people.

There are about as many Americans as Englishmen on board, and they are pretty equally divided between the two sexes, with a small number of children added. Most of the men are engaged in business. A majority of the women are crossing for pleasure merely. As far as I can make out, there is not one person of real distinction among us. We are a fair average bunch.

When it is a question of general European affairs — of international politics not directly connected with the making or breaking of markets — Englishmen and Americans seem about equally ignorant. But the Americans are indifferent besides.

I can see that the disturbing news from southern Europe has made a definite impression on the Englishmen. By most of the Americans it is treated as a joke.

"Another Balkan brawl," I heard one of them say. "I wish they would finish each other and be done with it."

"But it will make grand headlines," another man replied. "And the silly season is just beginning, you know."

There are three or four men on board whose faces have grown perceptibly more serious since yesterday, but you can't get them to talk. And I suspect that the Dublin incident gives them more concern than the aggressive action of Austria. As for myself, I absolutely don't know what to think.

Sunday Noon, Aug. 2.

Late last night we had more disturbing news by the wireless — about the mobilization of the Russian army, an ultimatum issued by Germany, and so on. It was said to be the summary of a statement made by Asquith in the House of Commons yesterday, and it was tantalizingly lacking in details. There was not a word about the position of England, for instance.

The atmosphere on board has grown much more —

electrical, let us say. All morning a possible "world-war" has been discussed in all its phases and bearings. And the women, who seemed to have missed or overlooked the previous message entirely, are now taking part. Of course, we have not the slightest idea about the state of affairs we may encounter on landing. It is like a play with a lot of suspense in it — but a play enacted by life itself.

Across the aisle from my table sits a jolly, bright-looking English woman — one of that slender type, with long, narrow feet, that we used to see in Du Maurier's illustrations. She is no longer very young, and yet she looks so full of youthful vigor and spirit that, when I first saw her with a young man resembling her closely, I put him down as her brother. Now I know that he is her son, and a member of the London Territorials. This morning his face was all aglow, and while he pretended to be joking, it was quite clear that the thought of fighting stirred and tickled him immensely.

I looked a question at the mother. She laughed a little — with a funny catch in it — and then said with a shrug of her shoulders: "I don't think farther ahead than I have to, you see."

But the general opinion on board seems to be that, whatever else may happen, the chance of England being drawn in is rather small. And the overwhelming majority of the passengers are still regarding the whole idea of a big European war as little more than a good basis for banter. There is one thing to be noticed, however: the Irish question, which loomed so big a couple of days ago, seems utterly lost sight of.

Evening of the Same Day.

The coast of England is in sight. And our ship is in a state of high commotion. Everybody has been on deck, staying up later than usual to discuss the probable identity of lighthouses and other landmarks.

The rapidly increasing number of vessels in sight served as our first warning of approaching land. We had seen about a dozen in eight days. Now we found ourselves surrounded by more than that number at once. Among others we met our sister ship, the *Minnetonka*, just started on her westward trip. Then we passed a Royal Mail steamer bound for the West Indies, and a Red Star liner that appeared to be steering a rather unusual course. As we were watching them, I heard one of my English acquaintances exclaim:

"What the deuce can it mean that none of them is carrying any wireless?"

"And that Red Star liner is going out empty," I heard another man remark. "I bet you she's off to Canada for troops!"

These remarks were overheard by several persons, and promptly repeated. As they progressed from group to group, they formed a wake of rather forced laughter. I could see that many of the people around me were keyed up to an unusual pitch, but the feeling prompting their nervous chattering and laughing seemed to be one of expectation or curiosity rather than of apprehension. Even if a big war should have begun already, the general assumption seems to be that it does not mean anything in particular to our own little group of humanity.

In the midst of the small flurry just described, we caught sight of the towering white pillar of a lighthouse on the outermost of the Scilly islands. It was more than an hour, however, before we had a good look at the islands themselves — low-lying rock ramparts stretching along the northern horizon, with here and there a bead of snowy breakers at their feet.

Then came the alternating red and white flash of the Land's End Light, and finally the powerful revolving searchlight of the Lizard. There was still enough of daylight to let us catch hazy glimpses of the rocky coast of Cornwall between those two watch towers. About

the same time we were passed by an outgoing warship, presumably English. At any other time the presence of a light cruiser in the Channel would have aroused as much comment as the discovery of a corn cob in the state of Nebraska. Now this gray ship, passing us silently and indifferently, was watched as if we expected her to start a big naval battle then and there.

After Midnight of the Same Day.

Two of us have stayed on deck until now, hoping that some message might reach us from the coast. It seems so peculiar that we should hear nothing at all. Something may have been received and not given out, but it does not seem likely. We have on board a Californian promoter of wireless patents, whose business gives him a pull with the marconi operator, and he swears that not a single message has reached us since last Friday night.

The man who stayed on deck with me — a lawyer from Philadelphia — has made this trip a number of times, and knows the coast pretty well. He had just pointed out what he felt sure must be the big Eddystone Light, when its blinking beam seemed to fade out, and in place of it appeared a corona of flickering rays that reminded us more of a northern light than of any kind of coast light ever established by the hands of man.

For a while we were hopelessly puzzled. The explanation occurred to us the moment we looked at a map, and noticed that a line drawn from our own position in the Channel to the Eddystone Light pointed straight at Plymouth. Then we realized that those powerful, far-flung blue rays, which did not remain quiescent two seconds in succession, must come from the searchlights in the naval harbor. But they were turned upward — they were searching the sky, and not the surrounding waters.

"They are looking for airships," my friend said. "And I don't suppose they would be doing so without good reason."

He had barely finished speaking, when the ship began to slow down. She had nearly come to a full stop, when a voice seemed to reach us out of the sea itself. Neither of us caught the words, but the sharp challenge conveyed by them was unmistakable. Like two boys we raced to the other side of the deck. At first we could see nothing at all. Then my friend, who has better eyes than I, pointed to a blurred pile of some kind lying right across our bow — and then to several others strung out in a line behind the first one. To me they looked like rocks until I made out a number of squat smokestacks.

We had been stopped by a group of torpedo boats or destroyers, four in all, and our captain had to give a minute account of himself and his ship before we were permitted to go on. For several minutes they were yelling back and forth over our heads. Directions or orders of some sort were undoubtedly conveyed to our ship, but we could not understand a word of what was said. When it was all over, and the last of those guardians of the inner seas had been lost in the dusk of the night, we went below in silence. As we were about to part at the door of my cabin, my companion turned suddenly toward me and said:

"I'm glad I came!"

Now I am sitting up in my berth writing this — too nervously awake to think of sleep. I feel rather foolish in regard to the excitement that has seized me. The moment I shake myself into a sober state of mind, I know that we have been dealing with nothing but guesses so far. When we land to-morrow night, we may find London as peacefully unconcerned as New York was when we left it eight days ago.

Monday Afternoon, Aug. 3.

A few minutes ago my Philadelphia friend and I were debating seriously whether or no we should go down for dinner this evening, as we could not bear the thought of

losing anything worth seeing or hearing. Then, all of a sudden, I felt myself incapable of enduring another minute on deck — or the sight of another torpedo boat. And so I retired to my cabin to wrestle with the confused stream of impressions that has been poured at me since seven o'clock this morning.

All day I have been haunted by a sense of staring at a curtain which was being raised inch by inch, with exasperating deliberation, thus revealing to my fascinated gaze a monstrous something — but the real nature of that something remains still to be determined. And at times I feel as if nothing at all had actually happened.

We are pretty certain by this time, that war must have broken out on the continent, but we know hardly anything about its probable scope or seriousness. We have no means of telling whether a peace may still be patched up. Above all, we don't know whether England has been or is likely to be drawn into the struggle. And every one aboard, without regard to nationality, seems to think that the whole business will affect him very little as long as England remains outside.

It has been a marvellous day, just as a day, — full of sunlight and brisk salty breezes. It has been, and still is, as perfect as any one of those with which we were favored immediately after leaving New York, yet vastly different in some way hard to define — more sparkling, more coldly brilliant, and more stimulating. It seems also one of the longest as well as most crowded days I have ever experienced. That early morning hour, when I rushed on deck to get my first clear and near view of the English coast, seems two weeks off by this time, and yet the day is far from ended.

For more than forty years I have been longing for a sight of England — ever since I was a small boy standing at my mother's knee, and imploring her to tell me more about the wonders and glories of that foreign country where she had spent a whole year as a girl. The longing

for what to her memory seemed a very fairyland must have been passed on to me by inheritance. It has been in my blood, a part of myself, as far back as I can remember. And so one might think that the final fulfillment of that longing should have the power of impressing my mind to the exclusion of everything else.

Since seven o'clock I have been staring at the country of my dreams, and all that my mind retains of it are vague and blurred images of cliffs looking as if they had been cut out of marble; of green terraces framed by woods, and sloping gently toward the blue sea; of meadows studded with little round-shouldered cushion-like clumps of trees; of tiny red-topped towers said to be lighthouses; of endless rows of white houses with every window pane agleam; and, finally, a general impression of gentle beauty, of a landscape that truly might be called "smiling." But all these lasting sensible things are massed together in my memory, forming one vast general entry for future reference and analysis, one might say. The ones that stand out with comparative clearness at this moment are of a kind that, under ordinary circumstances, I should be inclined to describe as trivial: a line of warships silhouetted along the horizon, a bevy of torpedo craft chasing across a smooth sea toward some mysterious goal, or the smoke of a gun fired from what looked like an uncommonly ugly overgrown motor boat. The secret of it is, however, that each one of these things, when seen, played the part of a stone added to an already top-heavy structure of nervous expectation.

Early in the morning there must have been hours of pleasant travelling, when the excitement on board was more imaginary than real, and when no one could tell whether it was the splendor of the day or a suppressed fear at heart that made all of us unduly inclined to laughter. There was a lot of running back and forth, of herding on this or that side of the deck, of delighted shoutings at some more than usually pretty view, of eager namings of

capes and bays and towns. Every vessel was at first hailed as a war craft of some kind, and the standard joke was to think it a German cruiser bent on sinking our own peaceful ship. To the few that, after careful scrutiny, remained men-of-war, were ascribed sanguinary missions of the most fantastic character. It was great fun, and mighty exhilarating. But, as I have already said, that part of the day seems now curiously distant — a Milky Way of little incidents, with not a single star distinguishable from the rest. The first incident I seem to recall quite clearly is starting across to the off-shore side of the deck, having stared at the slowly unwinding reel of shore scenery until I could bear no more of it for the time being. Letting my glance stray toward the horizon beneath which France lay hidden, I caught sight of several little ribbons of smoke rising diagonally from the smooth encircling rim of water. The regularity of their arrangement aroused my curiosity at once. There were eight of them in all, and every one slanted westward at the same angle, and between each two of them there was exactly the same distance.

I called my Philadelphia friend, who brought out his pair of excellent modern lenses. One look sufficed to confirm my suspicions. Over there to the southward, almost hidden from the naked eye, a squadron of powerful warships, probably battle cruisers, were headed up the Channel at full speed, and the arrangement of their funnels — two groups of three each, with a wide space amidships — proclaimed them French at once. All the big warships seen until then had appeared singly, and almost all of them had been headed outward — light cruisers as a rule, the coming and going of which could not carry a great deal of significance. This was something different.

Another incident — that struck us as portentous, though slight enough in itself — occurred as we were steaming across the bay just beyond the Isle of Wight, where we could barely distinguish the naval harbor of Portsmouth

in the distance. There our ship was intercepted by several small torpedo boats, and forced both to reduce speed and to change her course in a more southerly direction. In our wake came a big freighter that evidently received similar instructions without heeding them. She kept on straight ahead at full speed — which, of course, did not mean that she was going very fast. Quick as a flash one of the torpedo boats leaped forward, looking very much like a small dog bent on harrying a bull. A sailor on its bridge was wig-wagging away as if life and death depended on the message he was sending. If shouting by signals were imaginable, he accomplished that feat. Still the big ungainly freighter was pressing forward along an unchanged course. Then a plume of white smoke shot forward from the bow of the torpedo boat. A moment later my ear caught the dull crack of the report, and almost simultaneously I saw a spurt of water rising archlike about a hundred feet ahead of the stubborn vessel. It was final warning, and it proved effective. We guessed without difficulty that a minefield must have been planted across the course generally followed by steamers headed up the Channel, thus closing the easiest approach to the naval harbor within.

At Dover we found the shore dotted with white tents, but of course we could not tell whether they had risen on those spots overnight or had been there forever. Neither at Southampton nor at Dover did we observe a single large warship, but at the latter place we saw scores and scores of torpedo craft, all huddled within the stone jetties of the naval harbor, and all having steam on.

On the other side of Dover the pilot came on board. Without a word of answer to the questions hurled at him, he made straight for the bridge. After a quick consultation with our captain, he handed down to us an old, badly handled newspaper. When fifty people had tried to read it at once, and all had failed, it was surrendered to an old English colonel, recently retired from the Indian service,

and he climbed up on a chair around which the rest of us stood closely packed. I cannot recall having ever listened more intently to words spoken by a human being than I did while that old man, with his drooping blonde moustache and his droning voice, was reading out a series of exclamatory headlines.

To our unspeakable disappointment, that newspaper proved to be three days old, and the news contained in it carried us very little beyond what we had gathered from the last marconigram received on board. We got more details, however, and the whole situation took on a more definite shape. War appeared inevitable, if it had not broken out already. Russia, France and Serbia seemed committed to it on one side, and Germany with Austria on the other.

Vague as that information was, it seemed nevertheless conclusive to me. And all of a sudden a wave of uncontrollable emotion swept over me. I broke from the group still surrounding the old colonel, and went to lean against the railing. How long I stood like that, all by myself, harassed by a choking tendency to cry, I don't know. When I came back to myself and to consciousness of my surroundings, it was as if my soul had returned to my body from some excursion that had taken it very far afield. And for a moment I seemed to be looking at myself, standing beside another man with whom I had never exchanged a word until then, and I heard my own voice saying:

"Any war between England, France and Germany — between any two of them — is a crime against civilization."

For a long while after that, nothing seemed to matter very much, although I remained on deck, watching instinctively for any war vessels that might come in sight. There was no dearth of such either, and on most occasions the appearance presented by some of them would have been the sensation of a whole day. I recall particularly a

bevy of torpedo craft arranged in eschalon — a sort of wedge made up of three boats in one leg and a single boat in the other — and coming across the North Sea at a speed that seemed miraculous. Each one of them was travelling on its tail and pushing a mountainous pile of frothing water across the polished floor of the sea. I couldn't think of them as dealers of sudden death, but merely as messengers hurrying shoreward with news on which the fates of great nations must be hanging.

My memory has also retained the image of a submarine stationed near the point where we began to swing westward once more to enter the mouth of the Thames. But for the bridge across its curved back, it might have been taken for a sleeping whale. On that bridge a solitary sailor was keeping watch, and somehow he struck me as the loneliest man I had ever seen.

We are now well within the estuary of the Thames, I understand, and the current report is that we shall be in London by eleven o'clock to-night. I have grown utterly tired of speculating on the news that will be waiting for us when we do land.

Midnight of the Same Day.

Our worst fears have been confirmed. Armageddon is at hand.

We have landed in the midst of a general European war. In other words, it is a war that must have a direct and immediate bearing on the movements and fortunes of every person on board. My own plans are turned topsy-turvy — spilled like the contents of a child's toy basket.

Throughout this long day — so fraught with menace beneath a ludicrously placid surface — we have been kept in a state of suspense. Up to the very last, the scoffers and the skeptics remained numerous and loud. Then the whole brutal truth was flung at us in a few words, spoken with no more feeling than if they had concerned the shifting of a buoy along our course.

We had proceeded quite a distance along the lower reaches of the Thames when we were met by a revenue cutter loaded with soldiers. On the bridge, beside the captain, stood an officer in khaki, who yelled to our pilot:

"You are under our orders. War has been declared."

Less than a dozen passengers were on deck to hear what he said, dinner being served just then. Those few who heard and caught the meaning of his words did not rush off to arouse the rest.

There we stood, as if paralysed for a while, gazing at each other in awed silence.

The first spoken comment was wrung from the lips of a young English mining engineer who had travelled from the other side of the American continent to conclude a business deal in London. All he said was:

"There goes three hundred thousand dollars."

Then we drifted apart, each man too full of his personal problems to indulge in any talking.

Little by little the news spread among the rest of the passengers. Even then quite a number of them palpably failed to grasp the full importance of it. They heard that a certain thing had happened that might involve the whole civilized world in disaster, but they seemed totally unable to imagine that it might be of any significance to themselves. And many of them remained principally concerned with the question whether or no we would be able to get up to London to-night.

At first we were told that we must stay on board until to-morrow morning. Then stewards ran from cabin to cabin with the message that a train would be waiting for us at the dock, and that we had better pack at once. On the whole, this proved a merciful deception, because it gave us all something to do.

It was eleven o'clock when we made the docks at Tilbury, about twenty-three miles from London, and a few minutes later we learned definitely that we should not be permitted to land until to-morrow.

Everybody was dressed and on tiptoe to rush ashore. The sudden change of prospect seemed to lame the whole lot of us, and for half an hour we remained gathered in helpless disconsolate groups at the head of the big companionway leading down to the dining room.

Gradually a few newspapers turned up, no one knowing whence they had issued. Then three large groups were formed around as many men, who read out the news of the day aloud. And then only did we get a clear idea of the stupendous nature of the events into which we had been projected unawares.

Then our last lingering hopes were dispelled. We learned of war declared between half a dozen of the world's most powerful nations. We learned that England was included on the side of Russia and France. Of this there could no longer be any doubt, although we also learned that the English ultimatum to Germany had not expired until eleven o'clock this evening — at the precise moment when our ship touched English soil.

We learned, furthermore, that the annual bank holiday, on which we arrived, had been extended for three more days. This means that no money can be drawn or exchanged until next Friday, Aug. 7. This piece of information has served more than anything else to force every one to realize the direct bearing of the general situation on his own position.

I don't think there is one person on board whose plans have not been upset or spoiled. Some of the men engaged in business must have been hit very hard. But these are not the ones who have been talking most loudly or bitterly during the last hour.

No, the real soreheads, who have yelped like victims of a conspiracy aimed at them personally, are a lot of parasitic pleasure seekers, mostly American women bound for the continent. Evidently this war on a scale hitherto unknown to the world means nothing to them but a nuisance that will keep them from going on to Italy or

Switzerland. One young woman continued to assert that nothing could prevent her from proceeding to Lake Geneva.

"But you won't be able to get a train," explained somebody. "All the French railways will be used for the mobilization."

"I am an American citizen," she fired back, "and I am sure they have no right to spoil the whole summer for me."

Now I must try to get a little sleep. I need it. This has probably been the most intensely dramatic day of my life. That is the way I feel just now anyhow.

What I may or must do next is more than I can tell tonight. I am literally "up in the air," and don't know whether to go on or stay here or go back. I seem to be facing a monstrous grinning interrogation mark. Yet I am stirred — pleasantly stirred — to the bottom of my soul, and I feel grateful beyond words that fate has allowed me to be just where I am at a moment like this. I think I understand now what my Philadelphia friend meant last night when he exclaimed:

"I'm glad I came!"

NATIONAL PROHIBITION AND REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT

THE movement to bring about national prohibition by means of an amendment to the Constitution of the United States has within the past two years acquired a strength and seriousness which only a few years ago would have seemed entirely impossible. But while its promoters are sanguine of success in a not distant future, the majority of the thinking people of the country, other than those engaged in the movement, have not yet begun to realize either the practical possibility of the enactment of such an amendment or the profound importance of the consequences which would flow from such enactment. So far as any serious thought or effort on the subject is concerned, the prohibition people are having it all their own way. That there is a deep undercurrent of dissent, indeed of opposition, cannot be doubted; but it is quite within the possibilities that this unorganized and hardly half-awake opposition may fail to assert itself in time to check the determined and systematic onslaught of the prohibition forces. There is distinct possibility that judgment in their favor may be entered by default.

If this is not to be done, it is essential that the two-fold importance of the question presented by this agitation be realized in a way of which as yet there is little sign: for the question is one of profound gravity not only because of the extraordinary and unprecedented conditions which would be introduced by the adoption of the amendment, but also because of the spirit in which it is being promoted, and the kind of pressure brought to bear in its favor, as these are related to the vital principles of representative government and to the historic character of our Federal Republic.

It is chiefly this latter branch of the question that I

propose to discuss; but I do not wish to pass the other over altogether in silence. It would be the height of thoughtlessness and superficiality to regard any experience that has thus far been had in the United States on the subject of prohibition as furnishing even a faint indication of the nature of the problem with which national prohibition would have to deal. Extensive as has been that experience, if measured by area of territory covered, or even by the number of inhabitants affected, it has yet been of a kind wholly different in many ways from that which would confront us if the National Government charged itself with the duty of doing for every community in the Union that which individual States and subdivisions of States have hitherto undertaken to do for themselves. In no great city has the experiment even been tried; and in few, if any, of the States have the requirements of the law been rigorously enforced. Even in those in which the enforcement has been most rigorous, its effectiveness in preventing the *drinking* of liquor, as distinguished from its manufacture or sale, has of necessity been greatly tempered by the possibility of obtaining it (at least for personal use) from outside the prohibition area. One of the most effective arguments, indeed, urged in favor of national prohibition is that without it thorough local prohibition is impossible; but for that very reason experience of local prohibition is of necessity a very unsafe guide as to what would happen under a system of national prohibition rigorously enforced. To mention only one of the obvious possibilities with which that system would have to reckon, who can say to what expedients, what inventions, the prohibition of the importation, manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks would give rise in the way of their private production for personal use?

But without going into questions of this kind, the mere fact that national prohibition would undertake to extinguish in the great cities of the country — in New

York and Philadelphia and Baltimore and Boston, in Chicago and St. Louis and San Francisco — what is now, and what for centuries has been, a leading element in the lives of a large part of the people of all great cities, gives to the proposal of national prohibition a character wholly different from anything that the experience of Maine or Kansas or Georgia has presented. Right or wrong, desirable or undesirable, practicable or impracticable, the one thing certain is that the proposal is that of a tremendous innovation, an experiment upon whose probable working experience furnishes almost no light. From this it does not follow that it ought not to be undertaken; but it does most positively follow that it ought not to be undertaken lightly. Even in a single great city, the people, if called upon to decide, should consider most carefully the consequences likely to follow; but in a single city those consequences, if evil, could easily be removed by repeal of the law. To decree prohibition for all the cities of the country, by a provision imbedded in the organic law of the Union, would be to commit them to the consequences, be they what they might, until the Constitution were again amended — a process for the effecting of which it would be necessary to bring the objections home not to the minds of the communities directly affected, but to the minds of the people who determine the votes of two-thirds of both houses of Congress, and of the Legislatures of three-fourths of all the States in the Union. How tremendous, therefore, would be the difficulty of undoing the error, if error it should prove to be, is too manifest to require dwelling upon.

But, as I have said, it is not of prohibition as such, but of the present national prohibition movement as related to the principles of representative government and to the historic character of our Federal Republic, that I desire chiefly to treat. The head and front of that movement is the Anti-Saloon League. Mr. William H. Anderson,

one of the ablest representatives of that organization, and State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League of New York, has recently stated the attitude of the League toward the votes of members of Congress as follows:

> The Anti-Saloon League is not asking any member of Congress to declare that he is in favor of national prohibition, but simply that he shall not become an avowed exponent and protector of the liquor traffic by refusing to vote to allow the people of the nation, by States, through their representatives, to determine this question in the manner provided therefor by the framers of the Constitution.

A doctrine more dangerous, more subversive of the spirit of representative government, than that here laid down concerning the duties of members of Congress in relation to the most solemn responsibility they are ever called upon to discharge, it would be difficult to imagine. Under the Constitution, Congress has power by a vote of "two-thirds of both houses" to "*propose* amendments" to that instrument, which amendments become part of the Constitution "when *ratified* by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States." The action here contemplated on the part of Congress is so far from being the performance of the merely ministerial function of submitting questions to the Legislatures that the action of these latter is treated as a mere check upon the decision of the Congress — the "ratification" of an act the deliberateness and solemnity of which is specially recognized by the requirement of a two-thirds vote in the House of Representatives and in the Senate. Upon the reasons which make the observance of this responsibility peculiarly necessary under our Federal system, I shall have something to say further on; but that the responsibility is there, is too manifest to require any argument. Few, indeed, will have the hardihood flatly to deny it; and it is to be observed that, even in this Anti-Saloon statement, the claim that it does not exist is not made flatly but with an insinuated qualification. The Congressman who is asked to abdicate his function is

assumed to be a man not standing upon his own convictions, nor representing a body of intelligent or disinterested opinion, but as an "exponent and protector of the liquor traffic;" and indeed it is safe to say that were it not for the moral intimidation that lurks behind this assumption the demand that Congress should obliterate itself in the treatment of this vital question would receive short shrift.

One of the most remarkable things about this whole remarkable situation is the way in which the preposterous assumption that opposition to national prohibition can be accounted for only on the ground of subservience to "the liquor interests" is allowed to pass unchallenged. There are many millions of people in this country who do not sell beer or wine or spirits, but who like to drink them; there are other millions who may be quite indifferent about drinking, so far as they themselves are concerned, but who think it unwise, or inexpedient, or wrong in principle, to interfere by law with the privilege of other people to do so; and there is still another great mass of citizens who, whatever may be their views as to prohibition by localities or by States, are firmly convinced that national compulsion in the matter would be a grievous and disastrous blunder. The almost complete silence of all these multitudes, so far as any public manifestation is concerned, is in part to be explained by lack of courage, in part by that same kind of inertia which has accounted for our submission through several generations to the notorious evils of our municipal governments, and in part by that more general human characteristic which causes great numbers of individuals, each mildly interested in a given subject, to appear non-existent alongside the comparative few who are intensely in earnest for a cause. The Anti-Saloon people are animated by a crusading zeal, they are thoroughly organized, they are working by definite methods toward a definite end; and as the only people whose feelings on the opposite side are equally

acute and intense are those who are interested in the liquor business, the League agitators find it possible to represent the issue as lying solely between them and "the liquor interests." It is a good card to play; but the notion that nobody is concerned in the matter except prohibitionists on the one hand and those who make money out of liquor on the other is not only false, but so monstrously false that its almost unchallenged currency must be set down as one of the most interesting and instructive of psychological curiosities.

But now let us drop all that is special to the liquor question, and ask ourselves what this kind of proposal means as to constitutional amendments in general — the proposal that whenever there is a popular agitation for a change in the United States Constitution, Congress shall stand aside and "allow the people of the Nation by States, through their representatives, to determine the question." The idea that such matters should be left to the decision of "the people," instead of being discussed and passed upon by a deliberative assembly of responsible legislators, has recently been very much in the air. To this idea there are extremely grave objections — objections which I am sure, in the judgment of almost all competent political thinkers, are fatal. But the proposal to turn over to the Legislatures of the separate States the decision as to whether an amendment to the United States Constitution shall be adopted or not, while open to most of these objections, cannot even plead in its favor whatever argument there may be in support of leaving it to "the people." It is not an appeal to "the people of the nation" at all. The adoption of the amendment, if Congress were to stand aside, would mean simply that in some set of thirty-six out of the forty-eight States of the Union a majority vote in its favor had been obtained in the Legislature. No account whatever would be taken of the size of the population of these States; no account

whatever would be taken of the question whether the majority in the several Legislatures, for or against the amendment, had been large or small. The vote of the Legislature of Nevada, representing a population of 80,000, would weigh as much as the vote of the New York Legislature, representing a population of 9,000,000 — 110 times as great. Even within the Legislatures themselves, there are — and there are many reasons why there should be — great disproportions in representation: New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and many other great cities are grossly underrepresented in the respective State Legislatures. Of the 92,000,000 inhabitants of the United States, as given by the Census of 1910, the twelve most populous States contained 51,000,000, while the remaining thirty-six States contained only 41,000,000. As it happens, division of sentiment on the prohibition question coincides in great measure with the division between the States of large and the States of small population; so that in the case immediately before us, this consideration has the greatest possible practical bearing. But apart from this, and taken simply in the abstract, these facts of population suffice completely to dispose of any claim that might otherwise be made that submission to the Legislatures is equivalent to submission to "the people of the nation." The only place where the people of the nation are represented approximately according to their numbers is the House of Representatives at Washington.

But there is a further peculiarity which greatly magnifies the failure of the method of submission to the Legislatures as a test of the sentiment of "the people of the nation." No particular time is specified when the several Legislatures must act upon the question. In a given State, Legislature after Legislature might fail to act, and then a favorable moment might be seized for forcing through the ratification of the amendment. Even more than this appears to be true. It appears to be generally admitted that while the Legislature of a given State may reverse

its own action or that of a preceding Legislature of the same State when that action has been adverse to the proposed amendment, an act of ratification cannot be reversed. If this be so, — or even if it be merely possible to keep the question alive in the *absence* of adverse action — a proposed amendment once submitted to the Legislatures of the States might be adopted through the gradual accumulation of thirty-six favorable votes in the course of years, although there might be at no one time anything like that number of Legislatures favorable to the proposal. In this curious, and indeed anomalous, condition of things there may be nothing seriously dangerous if the action of the Legislatures be regarded in the light of a mere possible check upon unwise or objectionable action by Congress — in the light strictly of a ratification of what Congress had decided upon deliberately and with full sense of its responsibility. But if the votes of the Legislatures are to be regarded as the sole substantial part of the process of adoption, the situation thus presented is nothing less than grotesque; it would mean the clear possibility of the adoption of the most momentous or radical of changes in the organic law being brought about by the vote of the Legislatures of a handful of States previously disinclined to it, at a time when an indefinite number of the States previously favorable to it had experienced a reversal of sentiment on the subject. And here again, the general consideration happens to apply with peculiar force to the particular question of prohibition; for surely there is no subject upon which reversals of sentiment in individual States have been more marked.

But, conclusive and imperative as are the objections against the proposal that Congress stand aside and leave to the State Legislatures the question of the adoption of a constitutional amendment — especially such a one as the proposed prohibition amendment — there remains another objection fully as serious. Suppose the amendment adopted, and suppose that the experience of the

country under it were to lead to a movement for its repeal. In order to accomplish that repeal it would be necessary to secure, besides the two-thirds vote of both houses of Congress, the assent of three-fourths of the Legislatures. If any thirteen States out of the forty-eight were determined supporters of the prohibition policy — nay, if in these thirteen States the anti-saloon "big stick" were sufficiently powerful to keep the Legislatures in line for that policy — it would be impossible to expunge the amendment, however strong might be the feeling of reasonable men in all other parts of the country against its continuance. That Congress should have nothing to say as to the wisdom or expediency of inviting the possibility of such a state of things — a state of things calculated to endure for generations, and to play havoc with our national politics besides doing all manner of local mischief — is a proposition so preposterous that only want of thought as to its true significance can account for its being entertained at all.

All these considerations derive greatly added force in the case of a prohibition amendment, from the circumstance that it alone, of all the amendments to the Constitution — indeed, of all the *provisions* of the Constitution — with the single exception of that abolishing slavery, would be in the nature of an edict deeply affecting the daily life of the people of one State by the imposition upon them of the will of the people (or the Legislatures) of the other States. The abolition of slavery was, indeed, of this character; but not only was it the result of a gigantic war — the registration of what was universally felt to be an accomplished fact — but it was an enactment which no sane person entertained the idea that there would ever be a serious desire to reverse. In the case of prohibition, the country would be confronted in this regard with a situation wholly and radically different from any that our history has thus far presented. Whatever reasons, therefore, there are for holding the process of the adoption of

an amendment to the Constitution to be one which should embody the deliberate approval of two-thirds of the responsible representatives of the people in the House of Representatives, and two-thirds of the responsible representatives of the States in the United States Senate, these reasons are of tenfold force in the case of a proposal in which, in a matter full of controversy and difficulty, and intimately affecting the daily life of the people, Congress alone stands between the individual States and the menace of a long-continued coercion of them by a combination of other States.

I trust it has been made sufficiently clear that the proposal that Congress should efface itself and leave it to the State Legislatures "to determine this question" has no support in that doctrine which, under the catch-word "Let the people rule," has recently been so much to the fore; that, in fact, it flies in the face of that doctrine. Nevertheless, illogical though it be, thoughtless though it be, it is unquestionably from that doctrine that the proposal actually derives a large part of whatever favor it enjoys. It is, accordingly, of the highest importance that thinking men should clearly realize the fatal error involved in the application of that doctrine to the decision of fundamental questions of law-making, whether in the nature of constitutional amendments or of other far-reaching legislative acts. Whenever a movement for the introduction of some vital change in which sincere or fanatical agitators or reformers are intensely interested has acquired a certain momentum, the cry is sure to be raised that the question should be left to the people. "We do not ask you," say the single-tax agitators of New York City to candidates for the State Legislature or the governorship, "to subscribe to our doctrine or to approve our proposal. 'Leave it to the people' is all we ask. Don't stand in the way of the popular will. You may think as you please; we are demanding no sacrifice of your convictions. All we desire is that you submit the question

to a popular vote." That a not inconsiderable number of candidates, and among them a few from whose intelligence and character better things might have been expected, should yield to such an appeal is discouraging; but, on the other hand, it is highly encouraging that it has not made greater headway than it has. That, on the whole, Legislatures have stood fast against this plausible, though thoughtless, view must be regarded as evidence that a sense of the vital principle of representative government is seated deep in the instincts of our people. It is still true, as a rule, that self-respecting candidates for responsible public office stand upon that conception of their duties which is embodied alike in our organic laws and in the great tradition of representative government. They feel that to grant what agitators ask of them in the name of so-called "popular rule" would be to abandon that tradition and to betray that principle, whether or not they are able to give explicit expression to the reason for that conviction.

But there is no difficulty in stating that reason. The issues upon which legislators are asked to stand aside, and let them be determined by the count of anonymous ballots at a popular election, are the very issues for which, if for any at all, the processes of representative government are of essential and indefeasible importance. They are issues which involve grave matters of principle; issues which, once decided, bring on a long train of important consequences; issues upon which the correction of an erroneous decision is difficult and sometimes impossible. To leave the determination of such a question to the chance result of an election held on a particular day, when all sorts of accidental influences may determine the outcome — with no warrant that the question will have received adequate attention on the part of the voters, with no guarantee that the total vote will constitute any large proportion of the electorate, with no voter held responsible in the future for his action, with no chance for reconsideration or amendment, — to do this would be for a Legis-

lature to abdicate at precisely the time when its obligation to fulfil to the utmost its duties and responsibilities is most imperative. If the people really and deliberately and earnestly desire the change, if their desire is of so fixed a character that it can stand the test of persistent discussion and controversy, they will find means of electing representatives who will carry out their will; and when the thing is done, it will be plain to all men that the result was no accident, nor the gratification of a temporary mood, but the decision of a rational self-governing commonwealth. For the subjects of ordinary law-making, the safeguard of debate in committee, of consideration by the whole house, of determined opposition by a minority when thought necessary, of a roll-call which binds each member to his record, and finally of a possible veto by the executive, is regarded as indispensable. But if we are to follow the cry "Let the people decide!", all these things are to be swept aside as superfluous in the decision of those questions which are of the highest moment and which involve the most profound and lasting consequences. When it comes to these, we need no debate, no confrontation of opposing sides, no personal responsibility, no opportunity for amendment, no check in the event of a wrong decision. Union or disunion, peace or war, preservation of the rights of property or confiscation, — when it comes to things like these, turn them over to the people. According as upon a given day — in the temper that happens to prevail at the fixed date, with weather or business conditions or what not as they may chance to be at the moment — there shall be a hundred thousand votes on the one side and ninety-nine thousand on the other, the great measure at issue must be settled for good and all. If such a notion were put forward in the infancy of popular government, it might be looked upon as the rudimentary beginning of great things. To propose it now, after ages of experience, is worthy only of a kindergarten or of Bedlam.

NATIONAL PROHIBITION AND THE CHURCH

I HAVE always felt a distrust of politicians in long skirts, whether feminine or ecclesiastical." This utterance, attributed to Bismarck, represented the sentiments of some of the older and more experienced members of Congress when they recently faced the two militant campaigns for amending the Federal Constitution. There were long skirts in both organizations, and the ecclesiasticals were more militant than the suffragists, in that they swept aside all economic, legal and constitutional arguments against national prohibition, with the assertion that it was a moral issue, supported by the churches and the christian citizenship of the nation.

The demand that Congress should submit such a constitutional amendment to the states, that the christian citizenship should pass upon it, impressed or intimidated many Representatives; but the older men whose memories dated back to the period of other church agitations in politics, doubted the wisdom of the ecclesiastics who would change the Constitution to control the morals of the people. These older members remembered that thirty amendments to the Federal Constitution, to keep separate church and state, had been introduced in Congress since the Federal Government was established. The proponents of those resolutions were not entirely satisfied with the third amendment, that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." The subsequent amendments offered ranged from prohibiting the states from recognizing any religion by appropriating public funds for any sectarian use, to prohibiting the clergy from holding public office.

Notwithstanding this history, prohibition was presented

to the 63rd Congress as a moral and religious issue. The Anti-Saloon League, representing "a federation of churches and temperance societies," demanded a change in the Federal Constitution "to promote public morals," and that the nation should cease to "exchange public morals for public money" to the end that we might have "a stainless flag." The League assured Congress that "the forces struggling for sobriety in the vast centers of population must have the assistance of the rural communities and the rural states in order to extricate themselves from the entangling meshes woven by the liquor traffic in the cities," and that the only way the rural states could help in this great moral uplift would be in the adoption of an amendment to the Federal Constitution that would take from the cities the privilege of home rule.

The first trial of strength was in the House of Representatives, on December 22, 1914. The Hobson prohibition amendment received a majority vote, but lacked 107 of the two-thirds of the whole House, and 61 of two-thirds of those voting. Of the 197 Representatives who voted for the Hobson resolution, 129 were from cities of less than 10,000 population, and 64 of them from rural villages of less than 2,500. Only 13 were from cities of more than 100,000 population. Of the 190 Representatives who voted against the resolution, 109 were from cities of more than 25,000 population, and only 25 from towns of less than 2,500 population.

This drew the line as the Anti-Saloon League drew it, between the urban and the rural population. The Representatives of the rural districts were willing to force prohibition on the cities. The Representatives of the cities resisted a plan to take from those communities home rule. This division in the House of Representatives also represented the division of the country on the question of church influence. The Anti-Saloon League claims to represent the churches, and it has in large part the support of the clergy, if not the laity, in four great Prot-

estant denominations — Methodist, Baptist, Lutheran and Presbyterian. These churches have their strength in the rural districts, and not in the cities. The Roman Catholic Church, the Protestant Episcopal Church and the Jewish congregations have their strength in the cities. The four great Protestant denominations may believe in national prohibition. The Catholics, the Protestant Episcopalians and the Jews do not believe in national prohibition, but in home rule.

Bishop Luther B. Wilson of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and President of the Anti-Saloon League, says that it represents the churches and the christian citizenship of the country, and that its purpose from the beginning has been national prohibition.

Cardinal Gibbons says: "Prohibition will never be enforced in a christian nation."

The Rev. Frederick E. J. Lloyd, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Chicago, says: "The prohibition movement is anti-American, anti-christian, anti-common sense, anti-freedom."

The leaders of the Jewish congregations have also taken their position against this prohibition movement.

Here we have evidence, not of harmony among religious leaders, but of opposition and even of antagonism. The line of cleavage is not between those who are identified with the churches, and those who are not: it is in the churches and the ranks of their leaders. The different views are emphatic as to the christian character of the Anti-Saloon League and its propaganda. The difference appears to be fundamental from the church point of view, and it suggests a revival of the spirit which prevailed in the period preceding the civil war, when church was arrayed against church, with religious riots, the burning of churches and convents, the development of many new sects, and the introduction of new religious beliefs which had been foreign to this country, such as spiritualism and Millerism, attended by hysterical demonstrations.

The spirit of intolerance among some of the churches did not cease with the development of the slavery question into a national issue, or with the civil war. It increased in that great sectional contest, and the Protestant churches became as sectional as did the politics of the country. The scars are still visible on the churches more than on politics and business, and half a century after the close of the civil war, the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian churches are divided into Northern and Southern denominational divisions, with separate Conferences, Synods and General Conventions. The nearest approach to unity has been the exchange of fraternal greetings.

There are other divisions, and the Census of Religious Bodies gives the list of 15 different kinds of Methodists, 14 different kinds of Baptists, 12 different kinds of Presbyterians, 24 different kinds of Lutherans, and 164 different kinds of Protestants, while there is only one Catholic Church, and one family of Jewish congregations. Much of the division among the Protestants is traceable to the political activity in the churches, in that time which MacMaster calls "the period of social ferment which was singularly productive, not only of reforms, but of popular delusions and crazes which the press called 'isms.'" The church leaders carried their religion into politics, and politics divided bishops, elders and congregations, as it divided men who were not identified with the churches.

For many years Protestant leaders have discussed plans for church unity, and a great Parliament of Religions was held in Chicago at the time of the Columbian Exposition, attended by not only representatives of all Protestant denominations, but of all religions, Catholics, Jews, Buddhists, Brahmins and Mohamedans, and much was hoped from the spirit of coöperation there manifest. But about the same time an itinerant Methodist preacher in Ohio began the organization of the Anti-Saloon League, with the purpose of combining the churches in a political

effort to destroy intemperance; and Bishop Wilson says there has never been a day since the organization that the League has not had national prohibition for its ultimate object. Political methods have been more successful than religious methods in bringing a part of the Protestant churches together. The Parliament of Religions has been forgotten, and the Anti-Saloon League has grown into a national political party which adopts platforms, endorses candidates for office, proscribes other candidates, and assumes to represent the churches and the christian citizenship of the country.

This party is making one of the most momentous political campaigns we have had for half a century, to change the Constitution of the United States and those of the various states. In the name of the churches, its leaders preach outlawry, confiscation and proscription — outlawry of certain forms of business, confiscation of certain forms of property, and proscription of all men who do not agree with them and their propaganda. They announce in their platform adopted at Columbus, Ohio, in November 1913 and formally presented to Congress: "Of cavil and evasion we have had enough. We want the decision and the action of the statesmen. Henceforth we know this cause only, and for it, whenever necessary, men must be set aside and parties abandoned."

The Rev. E. C. Dinwiddie, Legislative Superintendent of the League in Washington, puts the purpose of the League more picturesquely, saying: "The graves of many state legislators and members of Congress can be seen along our line of march, and there are other graves waiting." He paraphrased the declaration of a church politician sixty years ago: "If there is any thing dear to the hearts of the Know-Nothings, it is to write the epitaphs of certain noted political leaders." William H. Seward was one of those whose epitaph was to be written by the Know-Nothings. Lincoln and Chase also fell under their ban. Mr. Dinwiddie is preparing graves for some political

leaders of today who are almost as prominent as Seward was in 1854.

This is the militant church movement as described by its leaders. Is it an effort to create a closer union between church and state, and to substitute political for spiritual influence in religion? If so, will it succeed?

The answer to these questions would be difficult if the claims of the League were true, not because a majority of the people are identified with the churches, for they are not, but because the great majority of the people do hold the churches in esteem, and the religion of Jesus in veneration, whether they subscribe to church creeds or not. But this appeal to Cæsar in the name of the churches does not come from all the churches, and not all the churches acknowledge, subscribe to, or support the methods of the League.

Let us consider the religious side of this movement in the light of the church statistics published by the Census office of the United States. The Census of Religious Bodies, taken by the United States Census office in 1906, shows that the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian and Lutheran bodies, including their 65 divisions, white and colored, have less than one-half the church members in the United States. The Roman Catholic Church and the Protestant Episcopal Church together have almost as many. The spiritual leaders of these two great churches have dissented from the prohibition propaganda as a church movement, and have expressed their doubts of it as a practical political movement.

The four great Protestant bodies behind the Anti-Saloon League have their strength principally in the rural districts and smaller cities. The Methodists have 86 per cent of their members outside the principal cities, the Baptists 88 per cent, the Presbyterians 72 per cent, and the Lutherans 75 per cent. The Roman Catholic Church

has but 48 per cent of its communicants outside the principal cities, and the Protestant Episcopal Church 49 per cent. Of the total members or church communicants in the principal cities, 60 per cent are Catholics and only 37 per cent are credited to all the Protestant bodies, including those which are not affiliated with the Anti-Saloon League. The claim that prohibition is a large factor in the four Protestant churches mentioned is apparently borne out by the church statistics, which show that the fourteen prohibition states, with the exception of Maine, Arizona and Colorado, may be called Protestant states, in that the majority of church communicants are Protestants, though not a majority of the people. Maine was a Protestant state in this sense when it adopted prohibition, but the Catholic is the majority religion now. Colorado has more Catholics than Protestants, and Arizona has a Catholic majority. All the Southern prohibition states, Georgia, Mississippi, North Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee and West Virginia, have Methodists and Baptists in the majority of church members. Kansas has a plurality made up of Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians and Lutherans, and so have Oklahoma, Oregon and Washington. The Roman Catholic is the plurality religion in more than one-half of the states, and in nearly one-half the states has more communicants than the Baptists, Methodists, Lutheran and Presbyterian churches combined. There are only six states in which a majority of the population is identified with the churches. These are Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Louisiana, New Mexico and Utah. In the first five of these six, the Roman Catholic Church is the majority religious force, and in Utah the Latter Day Saints or Mormons. In no state are the Protestants a majority of the whole population. In none of the prohibition states are the church members a majority of the whole population. The percentages of church members to population range from 18 in Oklahoma to 28 in Kansas and West Virginia, and to

42 in Georgia, where about one-half the church members are colored. From the Census statistics it appears that the larger states have not only the majority of the church people, but a larger percentage of the people identified with the churches than the smaller states.

The twelve large states which have either tried prohibition and repudiated it, or have refused to adopt that method of securing temperance, have 56 per cent of all the church members in the United States. These twelve states are Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri and California, and the percentages of church members to population range from 51 in Massachusetts to 44 in New York and Pennsylvania, and to 35 in Indiana. These twelve states have a majority of all the people in continental United States, a majority of the votes cast in the last Presidential election, a majority of the members of the House of Representatives, a majority of the wealth, manufactures, church members and church property; they spend more money for public education than do the other thirty-six states, have more children attending the public schools, and youth in the colleges; have a less percentage of murders and other grave crimes, a smaller percentage of divorces, and contribute three-fourths of the internal revenue, and six-sevenths of the income tax.

The question of trying to have the thirty-six smaller states force national prohibition on the twelve large states is also an economic one: for the League announces its purpose to have the revenues now received from the taxes on the liquor traffic substituted by an increased income tax, which would, if paid in the same proportion as now, compel the people in the twelve states to pay four-fifths of the taxes to the support of the Federal Government. As a religious one, the question is dangerous, but those who direct the campaign of the Anti-Saloon League boldly proclaim that it is a church and religious move-

ment. The statistics of the Government show, however, that, as a church movement, it is by a minority of the people identified with the churches in a majority of the states, and especially in the twelve great states that are to be brought under prohibition by force, through amendment of the Federal Constitution.

In each of the New England States, the Catholics have more than 50 per cent of the church members, with 69 per cent in Massachusetts. In New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, they have 63.5 per cent of all church members; in the North Central States the majority of church members; and in the West, more communicants than the four prohibition Protestant bodies. It is only in the South that these Protestant bodies have the majority of church members, and about half of them are negroes who have no affiliation with the white church members.[1]

If we look at the church statistics of the cities which are the special object of the prohibitionists' distrust, there is a greater danger in calling prohibition a church movement. A greater percentage of the population of the cities are identified with the churches, than in the country at large. The figures [2] illustrate the danger of inaugurating any

[1] The figures of Dr. Carroll for 1913, gathered from the churches, show a gain of about 5,000,000 church members since 1906, or a total of 38,700,000, instead of 33,000,000 reported by the Census in 1906, but the relative standing of the church families is the same as that presented by the Census office, giving the Catholics about 37 per cent of the whole, the Baptists and the Methodists 17 per cent each, and the Presbyterians and the Lutherans, 6 per cent each. The Census office and Dr. Carroll both reduced the Catholic returns by 15 per cent for children, but the Catholic directory claimed 16,000,000 communicants in 1913, instead of 13,000,000 as given by Dr. Carroll. This would give the Catholics 40 per cent of all the church members of the United States.

[2] The Census gives the proportion in the principal cities as 469 church members to 1,000 population; for the whole country 391; and for the section outside the principal cities 363. The Census report quoted, says: "The ratio of communicants to population is thus considerably greater for the principal cities than for the country as a whole. . . . Of the total number of communicants or members reported for the principal cities by all denominations, 6,307,529, or 60 per cent, belong to the Roman Catholic Church, and 3,935,341, or 37.4 per cent, to Protestant bodies."

If we take specific cities, Baltimore, Cleveland, Columbus, Denver, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Rochester, Toledo and Washington, have a greater percentage of all Protestants than of Catholics; while Allegheny, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, Fall River, Jersey City, Louisville, Milwaukee, Newark, New Haven, New Orleans, New York, Paterson, Philadelphia, Pitts-

movement in politics as a church movement, when it is apparent that the churches are not acting as a unit. If it is a church movement, it must be a Protestant movement, not only directed against the principal cities of the country, but also against the majority of the church members in those cities.

There is another danger in calling national prohibition a militant church movement. Only about two-fifths of the people are identified with the churches as members or communicants, and only 15 per cent of the population is identified with the Protestant churches which are claimed as part of the movement. In the beginning there were fourteen states of the Union that embodied in their Constitutions a clause declaring: "Whereas: Ministers of the gospel are, by their profession, dedicated to God and the care of souls, and ought not to be diverted from the great duties of their functions; therefore, no minister of the gospel, or priest of any denomination whatever, shall be eligible to a seat in either house of the legislature." Texas also excluded ministers from the office of Governor. Two states, Maryland and Tennessee, still retain this clause in their Constitutions, making ministers ineligible to seats in the state legislature. In the other states this clause has been repealed, but not without a contest, as there was in each state convention a strong minority opposed to the change. It is not conducive to the peaceful growth of the churches and the increase of their influence, for a part of the church family, making only one-seventh of the population, to advertise that it proposes to change the Federal Constitution, and do it by a militant church movement.

While only two-fifths of the people are affiliated with

burg, Providence, St. Louis, San Francisco, St. Paul, Scranton, Syracuse and Worcester, have a greater percentage of Catholics. In each of these larger cities the Catholics have more than one-half the church members; in San Francisco and Fall River more than four-fifths; in New York, New Orleans, Providence and Jersey City more than three-fourths; in Chicago, Cincinnati, Boston, Detroit, Milwaukee, New Haven, St. Louis, Pittsburg and St. Paul, more than three-fifths; and in Philadelphia 52 per cent of all church members.

the churches, as members, it is estimated that a large majority of them contribute to the support of the churches. It is also a matter of common knowledge that the churches in many rural districts are not self-supporting, and that campaigns are made every year in the larger cities for contributions to prevent these rural Protestant churches from disorganization and abandonment.

For many years the city Home Mission Societies have liberally contributed to this support of the country churches, and there have been suspicions that part of the funds so contributed have been used in this so-called church political campaign for national prohibition. Should such suspicion become reasonably well founded, it would embarrass the effort to have the cities finance the country churches — to build them up into political bodies making a campaign to take from the cities the right of home rule in their own affairs. All men, even where they have no particular religious belief, are disposed to help the churches, because they believe that religion has a good influence. But all men have their own political attachments, and they will hardly surrender these to the churches.

This new political party has its national and state headquarters, with salaried officials and hundreds of employees, a large publishing plant for publicity purposes, and boasts a larger campaign fund than any other political party now recognized in American politics. Its officers collect their campaign funds in the same way as do the campaign committees of other political parties, not refusing the large contributions of the big corporations and millionaires, nor the smaller collections from the churches; and they expend this fund in the same way. The League has its national headquarters at Westerville, Ohio, and it maintains a lobby in Washington and in every state capital, designating the official in Washington as legislative superintendent and those at state capitals as state superintend-

ents, but all selected, directed and paid by the central or national headquarters.

The functions of the legislative superintendent are to prepare bills, and appeal to members of Congress to enact them. These functions are not different from those of other men who are generally recognized as lobbyists, whom the League condemns as evil influences. The legislative superintendent is also something of a dictator in his lobbying. He considers it a part of his duty to sit in the gallery, and keep tab on how members vote; and he does not hesitate to inform those who vote against his bills that he will black-list them with the church and temperance people of their districts. He openly defends this practice as legitimate influence on Congress. He also offers the support of the League, regardless of party affiliations, to men who will vote as he wishes, and in the same impartial manner he threatens all others. This is carrying church influence in politics to extreme limits, to say the least.

A considerable part of the church work in this federation is in taking up collections for the Anti-Saloon League, in signing petitions to Congress and state legislatures, and in signing and forwarding to members of Congress letters demanding votes for the legislation prepared and recommended by the League. The Boston pastor who wrote to his Representative demanding, in the name of the 2,300 members of his church, that the Representative should vote for the Hobson resolution, is an example. That pastor, if he spoke for all the Baptists in Boston, represented less than 5 per cent of the church members of the city.

Not all the revenues of the League are contributed by the churches. There are large contributions made every year by wealthy men and big corporations, which are not made public, though we have laws requiring political parties to report to Congress the amounts and the sources

of large contributions to political campaigns. The managers of the League, claiming that they are representing only a federation of churches and temperance societies, and not a political party, ignore these laws. In fact, few of the contributors or members of the League have any knowledge of its finances. The complaint was made in the general convention of the League in 1913, that there was no intelligent report from the general superintendent and the treasurer as to their financial transactions. There was no report of receipts and expenditures, and no material for an audit committee. The League officers had regarded these financial transactions as completely within their control, and not to be accounted for to anybody.

The two grounds for condemnation of the Know-Nothing party were that it encouraged religious intolerance, and that its organization and political efforts were secret. The Anti-Saloon League declares for publicity, and it uses publicity as one of its most powerful weapons. But this publicity does not extend to its contributions or its expenditures, though its leaders have demanded Congressional investigation of contributions to Republican and Democratic primary campaigns for the nomination of United States Senators.

The men in control of this new political movement declare that they have a fund of $1,250,000 to conduct a campaign in every state, congressional and legislative district in the United States, and that they distribute more than two billion pages of literature each year, but they are secretive as to the amounts of money contributed to their campaigns by corporations or rich men; or what purpose inspires the contributors — whether they are inspired by a desire to foment one agitation to prevent another which might be dangerous to their interests, or to promote some new product on the market, or whether they have in mind some purpose farther removed from the present agitation, and will employ this great machine to build up a real church party to be controlled by one combination of

church men, against another church or churchmen. There was last year in several states a revival of hostile demonstrations against the Catholic Church, and the agitators coöperated with those of the Anti-Saloon League. It is legitimate to inquire as to the resources of this new party, and its ultimate purpose, because it seeks political control through the influence of the churches, and pretends to represent the churches.

The League organization is different from those of other political organizations, in that it is centralized. Its political campaigns are directed from the national headquarters, as are the campaigns of the American Federation of Labor; and candidates for Congress who desire the support of the League have to deal with the legislative superintendent in Washington or the general superintendent at Westerville, Ohio, and not with temperance leaders in their home districts. The centralization of the League also extends to control over state superintendents, who are assigned by the general superintendent, instead of elected by the state leagues. This system enables the League to transfer its most efficient workers from one state to another, and to swing its flying squadrons to the points where most effective service can be utilized. In this method it has an advantage over other political parties, which, especially in campaigns for the election of Representatives in Congress, depend on local sentiment and local organizations. Whether this system of centralized power was adopted from the old Know-Nothing system cannot be stated, but that party also allowed its plans to be carried into execution by an unhampered single executive, and it failed partly because it did not take into consideration local sentiment and conditions.

The League has also put forward the plan of proscription — that he who is with it shall receive the support of

the churches, whatever else he represents, and that he who refuses to obey its commands shall be black-listed, regardless of his ability, his patriotism or his integrity. The League draws the line sharp and deep. It divides the people, especially the public men, into sheep and goats. The sheep are Prohibitionists, and the goats are non-Prohibitionists.

In a Senatorial campaign in one state last year, a prominent candidate before the Senatorial primary was called upon by a committee representing the League, with the assurance that if he would give them his pledge to vote for the National Prohibition Amendment, they, in turn, would pledge him the support of the League and the churches in the primary and in the election. This gentleman is a lawyer, and has spent many years in public life, and he said that this was the boldest proposition to influence his action as a United States Senator ever made to him. He told the committee that there were two reasons why he could not give the pledge they desired. The first was that he was unalterably opposed to the proposed change in the Constitution, as absolutely contradictory to its spirit. The second was that he believed it a visionary and impractical plan for controlling the liquor traffic. Beyond these reasons was another, quite as serious: the state had a corrupt practice act which made it a felony for any candidate to pledge his support for any particular legislation, with the promise of material support of any kind as a condition. That legislative act of the state might not be able to reach him in the United States Senate, in the event of his election, but as a candidate before the people of that state, he felt it incumbent upon him to obey the state laws.

The League black-listed that man as an enemy of temperance and a friend of the saloon, though he had been an earnest and effective friend of local option all his life. He was defeated in the primary by the votes of those who followed the dictates of the Anti-Saloon League, aided by

the Guardians of Liberty. That man is a Methodist, with a membership in one of the largest Methodist churches in his state, but the church vote was used to prevent him from standing as a candidate for election to the United States Senate. There have been a number of such instances in the last few years, since the League began to assume that it could control the Protestant churches in elections.

This bold propaganda for national prohibition as a church movement has already brought forward a suggestion which is not entirely new. It is that church property shall be taxed as other corporate property. In 1906, the Census report listed nearly a billion and a half dollars worth of church property, not including the parsonages. It is estimated that the whole amount of untaxed property held by church corporations now amounts to more than three billion dollars. A bill has been introduced in the New York Legislature to remove the exemption from church property, and tax it as other property. President Grant, in 1875, recommended to Congress the submission of such an amendment to the Constitution, and it passed the House, failing in the Senate by only two votes.

Where will such a propaganda as National Prohibition presented as a church movement in politics end? The leaders of this new political party have followed the old rule of other politicians, and claimed everything. They claim to represent the churches, when they do not represent all the churches, particularly the Catholic Church. A prominent leader in the Catholic Church says: "The Roman Catholic Church believes in temperance in all things, but it does not consider that it is obliged to call upon the state to suppress intemperance. The church has other means of enforcing temperance upon its communicants, without resorting to prohibition by the state, or even by enjoining prohibition upon all. While many

Catholics are total abstainers because they find it necessary to themselves, and others are total abstainers as an example to their fellows, the Catholic Church does not consider that absolute prohibition is necessary to all the people. But above everything else, the Catholic Church believes in spiritual means to spiritual ends, not political means to spiritual ends. Whatever may be the ancient history of the Catholic Church, according to the exigencies of the times, it believes most devoutly in the principles of this government, that there shall be no union of church and state. Cardinal Gibbons has repeatedly asserted that, while he does not pretend to speak for other countries with whose conditions he is not sufficiently acquainted to express an opinion, any official union between church and state in this country would be harmful to both. Should there be a successful effort at such a union, it would be the church that would suffer most, because it would lose its spiritual character and become merely a political organization. It has been the experience of the church in the past where there was a union of church and state, that politics controlled the church rather than that the church controlled politics. I fear that experience would be repeated should the church attempt to control the politics of this country: for we are all human, and a preacher-politician is not different from other ordinary politicians. We might see candidates for bishop and other church titles, presenting their claims to the political power rather than to the spiritual power."

ON READING A PLAY

EVERY one who glances over publishers' lists, or skips down the columns of newspaper notices of the new books, must have remarked the increasing frequency with which plays are now printed, — a startling contrast to the rarity of their publication a score of years ago. This must indicate a change of taste on the part of the reading public, since it can be only in response to a definite demand that the more significant plays of all the more important foreign dramatists of our day are now promptly translated for the benefit of those who can command only their native English. Ibsen and Björnsen, Rostand and Brieux, Sudermann and Hauptmann, Etchegaray and d'Annunzio are as accessible in our libraries as Augustus Thomas and George Bernard Shaw.

This revival of interest in dramatic literature is more pronounced, or at least more evident, in the United States than in Great Britain, the British public being always a little insular in its tastes. Yet there is no doubt that on both shores of the Western Ocean the two peoples who have English for their mother-tongue, are now engaged in reacquiring the habit of reading plays as readily and as freely as they read novels, — a habit which the French have never lost, since their language has never been deprived of a living drama, but which the British and the Americans did lose in the mid years of the nineteenth century when there was in our language a long divorce between literature and the drama.

A century ago our ancestors had this habit which we are only now beginning to recover. Only after the sweeping vogue of the Waverley novels was it that prose-fiction began to interfere with the circulation of the play-book as a story-book to be read; and it was due probably to this vogue of the Waverley novels that young men of

literary ambition took to the writing of prose-fiction and gave up the writing of plays. In the later years of the eighteenth century every comedy and every tragedy, even if its career in the theater had not been triumphant, was promptly published for the benefit of those remote from the playhouse; and these pieces often went through many editions. So late as the beginning of the second quarter of the nineteenth century Fanny Kemble's *Francis the First* pushed itself into its tenth edition, greatly to the later surprise of its author, who had discovered the emptiness of her juvenile effort. And Hazlitt in one of his essays asserted that "to read a good comedy is to keep the best company in the world, where the best things are said, and the most amusing happen."

After Hazlitt's time, and while Fanny Kemble was still a bright particular star, darkness settled down on the drama in England and America, and the plays which were actable proved to be unreadable, while the plays that were readable were frankly unactable. It was only in the final quarter of the nineteenth century that the actable plays of our language became worthy of critical consideration, and that the divorce between literature and the drama was annulled. In Great Britain T. W. Robertson and W. S. Gilbert blazed the trail for Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, who in their turn paved the way for Bernard Shaw and Sir James Barrie, while at the same time in the United States Bronson Howard was making the path easier for Clyde Fitch and Augustus Thomas. The fertilizing influence of Ibsen's series of social dramas was felt in our theater, even if its stimulating effect was not so obvious in English as in French and German. There were even signs that the rivalry of prose-fiction was slackening, — partly because novelists like Hervieu and Sudermann, Barrie and d'Annunzio, were strongly attracted to the more difficult art of the drama. The causes of this revival of the drama in English are many; and even if the results of it are not

yet what we have reason to hope that they will be, the revival itself is an indisputable fact. The play is now a more energetic competitor of the novel than it has been at any time in the past hundred years.

Perhaps there is no evidence of the increasing public interest more significant than the sudden spreading of the Drama League all over the United States. The Drama League is an organization intended, first of all, to support good plays when they are brought out on the stage, and secondly, to encourage the reading of good plays in the study. It publishes in its circulars lists of all sorts of plays; and it even patronizes a special series of the contemporary drama, — a series which includes translations from the French, the German and the Spanish, as well as pieces originally written in English. The Drama League is working seriously and steadily to entice its members to acquire an insight into the principles of dramatic art, and to raise that general level of knowledge and understanding which will create a more intelligent audience for more ambitious playwrights. The drama is fundamentally democratic; and the playwright cannot soar too far above the apprehension of his average audience; and therefore to train the spectators to appreciate at least the elementary conditions of the art of playmaking is to stimulate the playwright to do his best, and to encourage him to try his wings in loftier flights than are possible in an atmosphere of complacent ignorance.

However much the interest of the members of the Drama League may be aroused, there will remain many plays, native and foreign, which even the inhabitants of the largest cities with the most theaters can scarcely ever hope to see on the stage; and the only way in which it is possible to get acquainted with these plays is by reading them in the study, just as we are forced to rely upon the printed page alone for our acquaintance with those plays of Shakespeare which are not included in the repertories of our scant half-dozen of Shakespearian companies.

And there is one danger against which every reader of plays needs to be warned, — this is, the belief that it is possible to judge a play adequately from the reading of it, that the reader can hope to grasp all its qualities and to feel its full appeal when it is deprived of the aid of the actor.

In an address delivered by Mr. William Gillette at the joint-session of the American Academy of Arts and Letters and of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, held at Chicago in the fall of 1913, the actor-author made a series of assertions from which most professors of literature would probably dissent and of which most of his fellow playwrights would probably approve. He declared that a play really exists only when and while it is being acted, and that it can never disclose its full possibilities to those who seek to appreciate it from the printed page only. In fact, he goes so far as to deny that anybody can actually *read* a play, because all that the printed page could supply is a set of directions for the play itself, just as the printed words and music of a song are not the actual song, but only directions for the singing of that song by the human voice. The song itself does not come into being until it is sung, and the play does not really wake to life until it is performed, no matter how ample the directions may be, with their suggestion of the proper scenery, of the accessory properties, of the appropriate action, and of the necessary dialog.

The book of the play may contain all the words to be spoken; but the words (even although they are the most important) are nevertheless only one of the elements which a play needs to possess if it is to live an independent life of its own. As the song "cannot, does not, and never will exist until the specific vibrations of the atmosphere indicated by its directions actually take place, and only during the time in which they are taking place," so "the play will exist only when its directions are being followed out — and not then unless the producers are very careful

about it. To make his meaning even more precise and emphatic, Mr. Gillette did not hesitate to insist that "no one can *read* a play. You may read the directions for a play, and from these directions imagine as best you can what the play would be like; but you could no more read the play than you could read a fire or an automobile accident or a baseball game," because the play does not even exist, "until it appeals in the form of simulated life," since "reading a list of things to be said and done in order to make this appeal is not making the appeal itself."

Mr. Gillette's challenging proclamation of the faith that is in him would receive scant mercy from those professors of literature who teach Shakespeare from the printed page alone, with no attempt to draw attention to the conditions of the Elizabethan theater for which Shakespeare composed his pieces — without regard, indeed, to the ultimate fact that Shakespeare wrote all his plays to be performed on the stage by actors of the company to which he himself belonged, that he seems never to have given a thought to any possibility that these plays might be read in the study by future generations. Shakespeare published his narrative poems, and from them he may have hoped for literary fame; but he did not publish a single one of his plays, being apparently content with the impression they had made in the theater itself. There is one professor of English in one of our oldest universities so blind to the specific qualities of the greatest of dramatists, that he gives a course entitled "Shakespeare" in which he deals almost altogether with the vocabulary of the poet, sadly neglecting the art of the playwright.

While there are still professors of literature who would dispute Mr. Gillette's contention that plays cannot be read, there are very few of his fellow-dramatists who would not support him. They might feel that he had perhaps unduly overstated his case; but they would deny that he had misstated it. There is significance in the facts

that Shakespeare did not publish his plays, and that Molière did not intend to publish his, until his hand was forced by a piratical attempt to issue one of them without his consent, — a French parallel to the English publication of the unauthorized quartos of certain of Shakespeare's pieces. In the preface to the *Précieuses Ridicules* Molière protested that it was a strange thing for an author to be published against his will; and he explained that as a large portion of the beauties which had been found in his little comedy depended on the gestures and voices of the authors, he had been disinclined to print his play in a book where it would be "deprived of these ornaments." And in the preface to the *Père Prodigue*, the younger Dumas declared that dramatic effect was sometimes so intangible that the spectator is unable to find in the printed text the point which had delighted him in the performance, and which had perhaps been due to "a word, a look, a gesture, a silence, a purely atmospheric condition."

Gestures and silences and purely atmospheric conditions are the result of the proper carrying out of the directions for a play; and no mere reader can do more than try to imagine what a play will be like when all its explicit and implicit directions shall be satisfactorily carried out. What every reader can get from the play-book, and all that any reader can get from it, is material for an appreciation of the external literary merit of the piece, — its style, its poetry, its philosophy; but he cannot from the text alone grasp its internal literary merits, its ingenuity of construction, its delicate inter-relation of character and situation, its adroit building up of the action to its inevitable culmination, and, above all, the exact force of its emotional appeal to the audience. The external literary merits of a drama are those which can be apprehended by the mind alone, whereas the internal literary merits can be gauged only by the influence upon the feelings of the spectators individually and collectively. And in the drama, as in most of the other arts, the emotional

appeal is primary, and the intellectual appeal is but secondary.

It is characteristic of the shrewd insight of Aristotle, that, in spite of the limitation of his experience to the Greek drama only, he seized this superior importance of story, which stirs the sympathies of the spectators, over the delineation of character and the polish of verse, qualities which are appreciated rather by the intelligence. "For tragedy is an imitation not of men, but of an action and of life, — of happiness and misery," he tells us; adding a little later, that "if you string together a set of speeches expressive of character, and well finished in point of diction and thought, you will not produce the essential tragic effect nearly so well as with a play which, however deficient in these respects, yet has a plot and artistically constructed incidents."

The same opinion is expressed by that admirable critic of literature, of dramatic art and of the art of the actor, Fleeming Jenkin, who shared with Aristotle the advantage of being also a man of scientific training: — "The author who is penetrated with the belief that the aim of the drama is to produce emotion will be indifferent to beauty of language or of metaphor, to profound philosophy and to brilliant sayings, except when these help to move an audience. He will know that obscurity of language or of thought is fatal to his purpose. The knot, crisis, or motive of his play will be chosen by him to exhibit, not a striking event, but strong feelings. He will so contrive the story leading to the crisis as to exhibit a gradually culminating series of emotions, produced by incidents arranged so as powerfully to affect the personages of the drama, and through them the audience." And the effect upon the audience can be measured only when there is an audience to be affected. Until the actual performance takes place before actual spectators, we can only guess at the degree of success achieved by the dramatist. In other words, we cannot *read* a play. And yet Robert Louis Stevenson,

in his memoir of Fleeming Jenkin — whose precepts he failed to follow in his own mistaken attempts at play-making — informs us that his old friend "was one of the not very numerous people who can read a play: a knack, the fruit of much knowledge and some imagination, comparable to that of reading score." Here Stevenson's figure of speech is closely akin to Mr. Gillette's; and we may remind ourselves that however gifted with experience and imagination Fleeming Jenkin might have been, after all, the score could give even to him only the directions for the song; and the song itself like the play, would come into being only when these directions should be carried out.

It is the vice of most German criticism of Shakespeare,— although Lessing and Schlegel are free from it, — and also of a large part of English criticism, that it deals with the drama as if the external literary merits were not only the most important but the only merits worthy of analysis. Even Professor A. C. Bradley, the acutest and the most suggestive of recent British expounders of Shakespeare's art, sometimes considers the plays as if they were poems intended specifically to be read by posterity, instead of being dramas designed to be performed before an audience made up of Shakespeare's contemporaries. It is only to the reader who can make the needed effort of "imaginative sympathy" (as Sir Richard Jebb aptly called it) and evoke as best he can the effect of *Hamlet* and *Othello*, of the *Merchant of Venice* and of *As You Like It* upon Elizabethan audiences, who thereby places himself in a proper position to appreciate what Shakespeare was trying to do when he composed these masterpieces.

Sincere students of the stage — Sarcey, for one — have always been frank to confess a change of opinion as to the quality of a play which they had long known only as literature, after they had at last had the good fortune to see it performed. Sometimes this performance merely inten-

sifies the impression derived from the perusal; — but more often than not, it modifies the earlier opinion completely, bringing out in high relief the internal literary merits only dimly glimpsed, or disclosing weaknesses not even suspected. Sir Richard Jebb declared in his introduction to the masterpiece of Greek tragedy, *Œdipus the King*, that the actual performance of this drama proved "how powerfully the best Greek tragedy can appeal to modern audiences"; and he accepted the actual performance as a wholesome corrective of the manner in which Greek plays have usually been studied, — "a manner more favorable to a minute appreciation of the text than to apprehension of the play as a work of art." And "speaking merely as a student of Sophocles," he bore witness that the representation of the *Ajax* at Cambridge (1882) was to him "a new revelation of meaning and power." That is what adequate performance of a great play must be to every student, — a new revelation of meaning and power.

In other words, the proof of a play is in the performance; and this is the reason why dramatic poets so supreme as Shakespeare and Molière have been willing to abide by the verdict rendered in the theater, and have not cared greatly about the verdict to be rendered later in the library. It is the reason why Mr. Gillette on one side of the Atlantic, and Sir James Barrie on the other, have been loath to publish their plays. It is the reason also why a true dramatist is likely to be a little impatient when praise is centered upon the external literary merits of one of his plays, — its style, and even its poetry, and its philosophy. These external literary merits he has held subordinate to the internal literary merits — the invention, the adroit construction, the immeshing of character in situation, and the cumulative emotional stress. The external literary merits are of immense importance, no doubt, since it is by these that a play survives in the study, but they are not the elements by which a play succeeds on the stage.

They are but by-products of the playwright's primary purpose, which is always to build up a story fitted to hold the interest of successive audiences assembled in the actual theater. Only before the massed spectators can his play make that revelation of meaning and power which is the test of the playwright.

The dramatist is primarily a playwright, and only secondarily a man of letters, concerned with the mint, anise, and cummin of rhetoric. As a playwright he thinks in terms of the theater of his own time and his own country, planning to produce a definite emotional effect upon the playgoers of his own time and country by the immediate aid of the players of his own time and country. Of course, he is highly gratified if he discovers his drama to possess also the power of pleasing foreign audiences; he may be buoyed by the hope that it will also delight audiences of a later generation than his own; but no dramatist has ever believed that posterity would reverse the decision of his contemporaries.

So long as he has been able to choose a story at once noble and ample, — noble in spirit and ample in emotion, — so long as he has been able to give this story a coherent and logical skeleton, and to bestow upon it an increasing intensity of emotion for his actors to express, so long as his imagination has contrasted his characters boldly, and endowed them with vital energy, with that unbending will which is the essence of drama, so long as he has done all these things to the satisfaction of his immediate audiences, then he has achieved his major purpose, even if he has raised few flowers of rhetoric, and even if his wit or his poetry does not lend itself to detached quotation. Whether his play will also reward the reader will depend on his having builded better than he knew, and on his having unconsciously put into his play the external literary merits which the reader can perceive without undue effort.

What it is not unfair to call a distinctly undue effort, used to be imposed on all those who attempted to read

the playbooks of a generation ago, by the technical jargon in which the stage directions were set down. In the old fashioned "acting editions" we were informed that the hero entered R. U. E. and crossed to the heroine near Door in Flat, L. 2nd E. So long as plays were not meant to be read by outsiders, and were in fact printed only as a substitute for manuscript, and for the sole use of the actors, there was no great harm in this employment of the shorthand of the stage, understandable only by the stage-folk themselves. But such an obtrusion of abhorrent technicalities into a book published to be read of all men, was most intolerable and not to be endured; and it is fortunate that the practise is now dead or dying. Indeed, Mr. Bernard Shaw and Sir James Barrie have been moved to take thought of the reader's tastes, and to supply ample explanations of the looks, the gestures, and the movements of their characters, a commentary as carefully thought out and as cleverly written, as easy to understand and as interesting to read, as the dialog itself.

Although no reader has a right to hope that he can get from the mere reading of a play that revelation of meaning and power which can be given only by an adequate performance, yet adequate performances are less frequent than could be wished for; and if the printed text is all that is available, the reader must make the best of it. And he can do this only by remembering always that the play was meant to be performed, and that it will take on life only as he is able to imagine a performance, to visualize the actors as they utter the words, to behold in his mind's eye their gestures as they speak and the expression of their faces as they listen. Furthermore, the result will be most satisfactory if the reader is able to make his effort of "imaginative sympathy" so complete that he feels himself one of a mass of spectators intent upon the performance, and if he can succeed in surrendering himself to the feelings evoked in the rest of the audience as the story is enacted before their eyes.

AESTHETIC INTEGRITY

A FRIEND of mine, who is a lawyer, recently rebuked me for what he is pleased to call my "damned indifferentism." You live in a world, he went on, which is courageously tackling the most important and difficult problems — political problems, social problems, moral problems. The world has waked up to a new sense of responsibility for its own welfare. We're fighting things out nowadays, and striving for ultimate solutions. Democracy is on trial. Yet you, a man of at least average ability, stand aside! Yes, my dear fellow, you stand aside. You take no part in the scrimmage. Even as a writer you are ineffective and puerile, because you do not adopt a consistent point of view, support the opinions or second the action of a given party. No one knows what you believe, nor how to take you. Are you a socialist? You don't say. Have you any faith in democracy? It's impossible to judge. For all you tell us, you may be a black reactionary, an aristocratic snob. If you are, why hedge about it? Surely it's better to choose your colors and stick to them? But what do you give us, when all's said? A few vague verses that reveal nothing of any consequence to others, and a few stories and plays so entirely objective as to be negligible. And you sometimes wonder why your work wins so little appreciation! Good heavens, man! You are years behind the times. We refuse to feed on wind any longer. We want something nourishing to masticate. Meat, my boy, meat — red meat! The day of piffle and dreams is over.

At the time, I was a good deal abashed by this attack, which was delivered with great earnestness and energy — so much abashed that I found it impossible to make any attempt at a reply. My brain, such as it is, works slowly; I am a ruminative person. But now, after many days of

reflection, I am no longer hopelessly abashed. It now seems to me there are certain things that might have been urged in rejoinder, if I had had sufficient presence of mind to think of them in season.

My present purpose in setting these belated notions down, is not, however, a personal one. It seems to me that my friend's remarks were not aimed at my head alone. At any rate they have stirred within me certain general reflections, which have gradually taken form as a sort of protest against the modern tendency to exalt direct action, executive efficiency, at the expense of certain other, at least defensible, goods.

What, I begin by asking myself, are we striving toward here on Earth? What, if man's stubborn efforts are finally crowned with success, will be the outcome of all this direct action and executive efficiency? The one result desired, and aimed at from so many disparate angles, is surely a perfected civilization, a world made homogeneous, and so skilfully and stably organized that the crying evils of society will, virtually, have disappeared. If man is struggling toward anything, he is struggling toward a World Order which might fairly be called Utopia. Yes, Utopia. I state this soberly, fully conscious that the idea of Utopia has always been a laughing-stock for practical men. But this is merely the wise refusal of practical men to look too far ahead, lest they grow dizzy and discouraged while grappling with the pressing problems and business in hand. It is entirely right that practical men should conserve their energies and take short views. Nevertheless, it is obvious that some approximation to Utopian conditions, here on this difficult planet, is the one logical goal toward which they strive.

Not being a practical man, as my friend rather warmly reminded me, I am perhaps entitled to take somewhat longer views, and even to sport, on occasion, with hypotheses. And I have been wondering a little, for the fun of

the thing, how the far descendants of these practical men — Utopia being no longer ridiculous, because no longer a dream — will employ the large reserves of leisure with which the better ordering of society must infallibly endow them. They will, of course, be — those far descendants — men physically and mentally our superiors. They will not be an idle or frivolous breed; for it can hardly be supposed that the descendants of men who have achieved so much, and who are themselves capable of preserving what has been won, will be content, or even inclined, to give up their leisure hours to meaningless dissipation.

What are the resources to-day for men of superior character and intellect in their hours of leisure? Leaving aside that portion of their leisure which they do well to devote to gardening, golf, or some kindred open-air pursuit or game, there remain for casual amusement or deeper delight, social intercourse, scientific inquiry and speculation (using the word "scientific" in its broadest sense), and the aesthetic arts. And of these resources, for men of finer culture, I think one may fairly say that the aesthetic arts are easily first as ministers of emotional relief and abiding joy. Man, so far as we can judge from human records, has always had a sense of beauty, and the workings of this sense in all its ramifications have played a by no means clearly understood, but obviously an important part in the progress of civilization. The claim is not extravagant, and should in fairness be granted. Those who are artists are often tempted to go much farther; and, no doubt, too far. It suffices that the vari-colored threads of the arts are woven into the garment of civilization, that they have brightened the fabric and softened its texture, and that they have not impaired, but rather have added to its serviceable strength.

Cultured men to-day turn most readily to art, in creative or receptive mood, for their higher solaces. In Utopia, all will be cultured, leisure will abound, and the æsthetic arts

must necessarily expand in interest and influence, if only to fill up the vacuum. As needful activity diminishes, contemplation must increase; and beauty is the one essence in earthly things which it is possible to contemplate without satiety and without fatigue. Beauty, as befits its origin (an intuition I shall not defend), is always restorative. It heartens and heals.

Does it not follow that men specially sensitive to beauty, specially endowed for the creation of new forms of loveliness, are the chosen ministers of solace and joy to the highest type of individuals? This, it seems to me, is their sufficient function in life; the unique function of the artist. One does not sanely demand from a Watteau, a Keats, a Debussy, an intellectual contribution toward a working scheme for the abolishment of the slum. It is emphatically not the function of the artist to contort or cloud his peculiar vision by endeavoring, from a false sense of duty, to fix it upon such timely problems of social organization and industrial efficiency as must always be better focussed and attacked by a different order of men. And by this, heaven save the mark, I do not mean a lower order! The ship of civilization manned solely by artists would soon founder, and, I fancy, the sooner the better. But if the artist should know what to keep his hands off, and when, he should also be given the benefit of his restraint. He ought not to be accused, I submit, of a frivolous indifferentism by those practical organizers of life whose essential work, as the artist in his heart well knows, nature never framed him to perform.

It is — to the confusion, and often to the wrath of the logical — a peculiarity native to this sense of beauty in man, and its expression in creative art, that it operates in a capricious and incalculable manner. It cannot be effectively organized; cannot be broken in harness to do honest day-labor for humanity. This has always irritated men of a practical turn, cast a certain suspicion upon the arts, and a suspicion far more certain upon the artist. To

the practical man the artist, however laborious, however consummate, seems nevertheless to be standing a little off from life, his shoulder not propped visibly against the wheel. Yet, if the practical man happen also to be a man of feeling and sense, he will admit, grudgingly enough, that the artist does seem somehow in the long run to have helped things forward. But his method of propulsion escapes analysis: it cannot be plotted on a blueprint, or reduced to a formula; cannot be made to fit neatly and efficiently into a prearranged scheme. To the organizing mind this smacks of insubordination, almost of anarchy: and it troubles him.

The artist understands this; he can even sympathize with the perplexed irritation of the social organizer. Indeed the validity of the artist's function in life is too often for him a matter of dreadful doubt. You recall Stevenson's amazing analogy, in one of his "Shorter Catechist" hours, between the artist and the Daughter of Joy! Truly, to few mortals is it granted to be entire; and the artist in a man, even when predominant, is often crossed by antagonistic, because distracting, strains. His heart may bleed for all who suffer from social injustice; he too may long to act directly and with instant efficiency; he may even attempt to do so. And so long as his endeavor is translated into terms of action, it may be a worthy one and contribute to the general welfare. It is not at all necessary that an artist should immure himself in an Ivory Tower, though he should always possess such a retreat, and keep the key in his pocket when he walks abroad. For walk abroad he must; indeed, his work should be the sounder for each contact with life as lived. *Should be!* Alas, there is a reef here which has wrecked many an adventurer from the Isle of Dreams! The danger is that the artist will not translate his practical impulses into terms of *action*, but will instead mingle and confuse them with his artistic impulses, and attempt, always vainly, to face two ways at once — attempt to use aes-

thetic vision as a material tool for day-labor in a sweaty world. The result is propaganda-art, which is neither sound art nor effective action.

We live, unhappily, in an age of propaganda-art. The artist (particularly the artist in words, to whose peculiar temptations I shall return) has, for the time-being, lost his bearings. He steers not for beauty, but for reform; and he arrives nowhere. As a result we are sermonized in the novel, exhorted in the theatre, and lectured in verse. And while, in a world bent on social regeneration, there needs must be for us a certain interest in any effort toward a juster way of life, nevertheless we feel, I believe, a proper contempt for words used where deeds are called for; and we miss, as well, the purer solace and joy won from novels, plays, and poems which seek to prove nothing, to accomplish nothing, but rather to *be* something — something harmonious and complete — in themselves. Propaganda-art is topical. No art that is markedly topical endures; and art which cannot live beyond its hour of creation has never really lived at all. Is there any more striking symbol for death that is dreamless than the didactic verse of, say, the Eighteenth Century in England? It was the, not despicable, purpose of its authors to teach and enforce a pure morality; but their purpose, being alien to the caprice of art, betrayed them. They did not improve the morals of their time; they were half-heartedly admired for a day; they are now forgotten. Meanwhile William Blake, living in obscurity, had scribbled his "*Tiger, tiger, burning bright*" — which taught nothing then or since; nothing, I would say, that can be reduced to a formula or efficiently applied. To all common seeming, William Blake was the least useful of men. He "stood" for nothing: for nothing, that is, but "piffle and dreams." For these he yet stands, and will stand; no longer obscurely. May I not urge our propaganda-artists of the moment to consider whether they are still capable of a pure reflective process divorced from an immediate issue?

It is the good-fortune of certain artists that their native medium does not too easily lend itself to propaganda. The composer of a symphony cannot, in the idiom of his art, intelligibly express his views on tenement-house reform. The sculptor discovers a difficulty in modelling a figure which will convince Congress, shall we say, that it ought to pass a more rigid Pure-food Act, or write a Minimum Wage Law into the statutes. But the artist in words, if his vision be not stubbornly single, finds himself everywhere betrayed by his chosen medium. Language is first of all utilitarian, and constantly tempts us to employ it for practical ends — to convey information, expound a theory, or argue for a cause. It can serve the higher imaginative powers of man as perhaps no other medium will equally serve them; but it prefers an easier servitude. Rather would it state a fact than express an idea; and far rather express an idea starkly than strive to warm and vivify it with the emotional color and rhythm of an artist's mood. A master of language, then, if his purpose is artistic, must be a stern overseer of his troop of words. He must make them his slaves, to do his will to the uttermost. It needs but a slight relaxing of discipline to destroy the hardly won morale of so recalcitrant a body of employees. And the artist, I repeat, has meanwhile his own temptation to scamp his job; must be a stern task-master not only to his servants, but to himself. Clearly must he understand that true art is never about something; it *is* something. Firmly must he grasp the fact, that unless the thing he creates is a self-sufficing whole, a completed harmony, wherein each tiniest detail contributes to the general design, he has failed: — and to fail in art is perhaps less pardonable than to fail elsewhere, since the artist is undoubtedly a social parasite unless he be, in a high sense, a minister to the harmonic-hunger of the soul of man.

But do not mistake me. Do not too hastily assume that I plead for shadows, for an art divorced from life as lived.

Do not assume that I advocate a mystic, a precious, an oversubtle, exclusive or esoteric art. For my purpose here, I am no more on the side of Maeterlinck than of Maupassant. I am on the side, solely, of art true to its proper function — on the side of æsthetic integrity. Gladly I acknowledge that the artist has the range of the Universe for his material, and is as free to make his magic from the mud of the gutter as from the pollen of the stars. His magic, however, must be authentic: some miracle must be wrought — whether in gossamer or granite, in a lyric woven of moon-fire, or in a novel built from the very stones of the streets.

Yet it is, necessarily, the artist who keeps closest to our daily round, who subjects his aesthetic integrity to the greater strain. The more honor to him, in all conscience, when he triumphs! But the danger is great; and the fact that we are more quickly attentive to the familiar, the immediate, lures many an artist-adventurer to his destruction, and our final loss. Instead of focussing the conflict for us, he shuts his eyes, and rushes, head-downward, into the thick of the fray. It is functional suicide, merely. A soldier charging the enemy cannot interpret the general scene of battle; that is a task for a more collected spectator, a little off from the carnage, on the brow of some hill. The propaganda-artist gets always too close to his subject (in this case, truly, his enemy) for comprehensive views. But without comprehension, there cannot be selection, there cannot be design.

Perhaps it is the final pity that so much genuine artistic power thus runs to waste. For one Galsworthy who is able to stand close to life, yet not (for the most part) too close for vision, how many botched novelists, playwrights, poets we possess who are merely fighting as partisans (none too effectively), when they should be observing, reflecting, interpreting, above all choosing and rejecting with a great patience, until their vision clears and is steady and their powers are ripe. Then, and not till then, can

they make true magic, summoning from quiet depths below these surface-waves of life, green islands of refuge and beauty and peace, established in the midst of chaos for our enduring solace and joy.

So much for the artist in, what is called, reality. His task, after all, is the same as that of one more withheld from the immediate scene. He too, if he is not to fail where failure means death, must somehow a little appease the innate harmonic-hunger of man's soul. To appease in some measure this craving is, I again and finally submit, the sole and sufficient function of the arts. And the artist is never justly censured for "damned indifferentism" unless, blinded by alien considerations, he loses sight of this function, and strives to use his peculiar gifts as draught-horses, instead of lifting them as wings in the service of humanity.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE

AN old and respected school principal gives the following account of one of his early attempts at vocational guidance. When he was a teacher in the eighth grade he had in his class a boy who kept up in his school work only by the closest application. This boy was slow in thought, hesitant in speech, and awkward in manner. He had little personal magnetism, and did not mix with the other members of his class. On the other hand, he was earnest, persistent, conscientious, and remarkably skillful in the use of his hands.

The boy wished to be a lawyer, and desiring to talk over his future with some one he came to his teacher for advice. The teacher told the boy that he was making a serious mistake in choosing the law. He pointed out the fact that he had none of the needed qualifications, and advised him to enter one of the trades or manufacturing industries for which his qualifications better fitted him. The boy thanked his teacher for his interest and his advice, and returned to his studies. He went from the eighth grade to the high school, finished a four-year course, entered a law school, was graduated, went west, and began the practice of law. In a few years he worked himself into a prominent position in his profession. He served his state brilliantly in the highest legal capacity, both as lawyer and judge, and is to-day the acknowledged leader of the bar in his state. "Thank God," said the school principal, "that that boy did not follow my vocational advice."

We are to-day everywhere confronted with this question of vocational guidance. From nearly every field of endeavor there comes to the psychologist the request to point out the characteristics which make for success in some special domain. He is asked to furnish laboratory

tests which will measure the characteristics so that each individual may know in advance whether he will succeed best as butcher, baker, or candle-stick maker. This demand upon psychology comes most insistently from the "sob-squad" of social and industrial reformers, who have been seized with acute hysteria over the frightful waste caused by round pegs getting into square holes and square pegs into round holes. These frenzied busybodies have become still more active since Professor Münsterberg, in his book on *Psychology and Industrial Efficiency*, has assured us that he can pick out successful sea-captains, motormen, and telephone girls by a few simple psychological tests. These reformers have without doubt taken Professor Münsterberg too literally. They will not be satisfied until he furnishes them also with tests for selecting lawyers, doctors, and cooks. They are insatiable, these world regulators. They are even now pestering our legislators to prescribe eugenic tests for mothers and fathers. There is no function too individual or too sacred for them to regulate.

In spite of all the tests that psychology has produced, when we attempt to fix by vocational guidance the career of so complex a thing as a personality, we are in no better position than the schoolmaster who advised his pupil not to study law. Psychology does not know, and has as yet no means of finding out, what powers lie latent in the individual, awaiting just the right stimulus to call them out. Nor is it able to say, except in a very limited way, what mental characteristics are the *sine qua non* of success in any given pursuit. Even though we were able to analyze personality into its elements, we cannot determine which one of the many possible combinations of them will make for the greatest success in any one calling. How far may an individual vary from the type which the vocational expert may fix for any particular line of work, without making a failure in it? We do not know. There are so many possibilities of compensation among the per-

sonal factors involved that it would require vastly more knowledge than we now possess to enable us to say with any certainty to an individual: "You will fail in this and succeed in that." Although he may not possess what is supposed to be a necessary qualification, other traits may compensate for its absence. Not long since two young engineers were thoroughly examined and tested in a psychological laboratory. They were found to possess as nearly opposite characteristics as could be imagined. These two young men are occupying identically similar positions in two different manufacturing plants. Their duties are highly specialized, and differ in no essential point. Yet, in spite of their different qualifications, they are equally and brilliantly successful. There may be a dozen different types of personality that would make good in these positions.

These are some of the reasons why psychology is unable to furnish a scientific basis for the propaganda of the vocational experts. The industrial world, however, is perfectly sincere in its demands for such a basis, and where legitimate psychology is hesitating, pseudo-psychology and quackery are more than ready to meet the demands. The duty of psychology is very plain. It must show exactly what its limitations are. Dr. Münsterberg's attempt to keep this form of applied psychology within the limits of scientific procedure, and at the same time to meet the popular demand, has, I think, failed. I fear that he has only added fuel to the flames. The mania for psychological tests has spread so far that they may now be found outside of the laboratories,—in the public schools and the camps of the social and vocational workers. This form of activity would be innocent pastime if it did not lead to half-baked conclusions drawn from questionable tests. America has probably suffered more than any other country in this respect.

As an illustration of the extent to which we are afflicted, I offer the following quotations from a full page advertise-

ment in the *American Review of Reviews*. The advertisement contains a flattering letter of recommendation signed by the magazine, and closes with the following sentence: "Now with the whole organization of the *Review of Reviews Company* to assist her, she is ready to give you her accumulated knowledge and experience — her personal teaching." Here are some of the statements under the caption "Science of Character Analysis":—"Grant Nearly Failed Because He Did Not Know His Own Talents"; "Thackeray was a failure until he found his real work"; "Washington Irving was a failure until forty"; "The world is full of misfits — men doing the wrong work — men marrying the wrong wife"; "Millions of men never know their real talents"; "21 Practical Lessons by mail"; "Illustrated"; "This course will teach you: How to read the secrets that men reveal in eyes and face and hands"; "How to judge all people from their outward appearance"; "How to understand yourself and what you are best fitted to do"; "How to sell goods by understanding your customer"; "How to judge the aptitudes of your children"; "How to develop social ease"; "If you are a salesman you will know whether to approach your prospective customer with a joke, a fact, or a compliment"; "If you are a clergyman, you will know when to be firm and when to plead"; "If you are a lawyer, you will know when to use pathos or logic"; "If you are a doctor, you will cure men through the knowledge of their minds as well as their bodies"; "Whatever you do, you need this knowledge for yourself, your children, your wife, your business"; "Send this coupon at once for full information and a fascinating article showing the mental and physical characteristics of Blondes and Brunettes"; "Free."

The rapidity with which we have progressed in the "Science of Character Analysis" and in the use of tests has gained a reputation for us abroad. I am told by a

young American physician, who has just returned from a year's study under one of Europe's most celebrated alienists, that this well-known professor has in his study a certain cartoon which affords him much amusement, and which he is fond of showing to his American friends. This cartoon represents an American woman seated at a table around which a number of school children are grouped. She holds a large card marked in big letters "Binet-Simon Tests." With an air of profound wisdom she points her finger at each awe-struck little child and announces, "You are a fool," "You are weak-minded," "You are a low grade imbecile," "You are an idiot!"

It would be instructive to examine a number of vocational tests that have been proposed and used in certain vocational bureaus. We shall, however, pass by those that are palpably fallacious (such as the puzzle-boxes and puzzle-boards used for testing mechanical ingenuity) and spend a few minutes with the Münsterberg tests. First of all, the sea-captain test. To carry out this test we shall need a stop-watch and 24 cards with 48 letters (A's, E's, O's, and U's) printed upon each card. The letters are so distributed that six of the cards have more A's than any other letter, six have more E's, six have more O's, and six have more U's. For instance, on one of the "A" cards there are 21 A's and 9 E's, 9 O's, and 9 U's. Another one of the "A" cards has 15 A's, 12 E's, 11 O's, and 10 U's. There are never more than 21 A's or less than 15 A's on any one of the "A" cards, but some have 16 and some have 18 A's. The A's are sprinkled at random among the other letters, which occupy four rows across the card. The E, O, and U cards are similarily arranged, but with the E's, O's, and U's respectively preponderating. Now the applicant for the sea-captain's position must take this pack of 24 cards after they have been properly shuffled, and sort them as quickly as possible into four piles, putting the "A" cards in one pile, the "E" cards in another, and so on. He may not take the time to count

the letters, but he must judge immediately when he looks at each card whether it is an "A" card, an "E" card, an "O" card, or a "U" card, and then put it in the right pile. Multiplying the time in seconds which the would-be sea-captain takes to sort these cards, by the errors he makes in sorting them, gives an index of efficiency. The larger the index, the less the efficiency. If the applicant's index is less than 400, he is graded as a perfectly reliable sea-captain, but if his index is between 400 and 1000, he is only fairly reliable, and if his index is over 1000, he should never go near the water. It is assumed that the essential characteristics of a good sea-captain are the ability to perceive a sudden and complex situation correctly, and to act quickly and efficiently in order to meet the situation properly. The test is supposed to measure these characteristics. There are, we are told, two classes of men who will receive a very poor ranking in this test. First, there is the man who acts impulsively and hastily before he has perceived the true situation. Such a man will make many errors in sorting the cards. He would therefore make many blunders in handling a ship. Secondly, there is the man who hesitates to act in a crisis. He is inhibited. He cannot make a decision and act upon it quickly. A man possessing this characteristic allows the golden opportunity to slip through his fingers, while he stands dazed and inactive. This mental confusion shows up plainly in the card-sorting test. The person who has this trait in any marked degree cannot decide quickly enough whether the card before him is an A card, an E card, an O card, or a U card. He also could not handle a ship efficiently. Only the class of men who are neither impulsive nor hesitant, and who are able to sort the cards correctly and quickly, have the characteristics which make good sea-captains. We cannot, of course, question the fact that we get three classes of reactions from the card-sorting test; the over-impulsive and inefficient, the over-hesitant and inefficient, and the

direct and efficient. But we are doubtful concerning Professor Münsterberg's conclusion that the card-sorting test calls out the same kind of reaction that a real ship situation would call out.

A man seated at a table in a psychological laboratory sorting cards can hardly be thought of as being stimulated to action in the same way as he would be if he were in command of a ship with all the responsibility which such a command involves. If we know anything of human nature, we know that a man's efficiency in action depends not only upon clear and accurate perception, but also upon the character of the emotions aroused. Even his perception may be modified by the nature of his feelings, and they are certainly a most important factor in determining the nature of his action. The test does not take account of the emotional background. Its inability to arouse a sense of responsibility while the applicant is undergoing the test makes it worthless as a means of determining what he will do when he assumes command of a ship and so faces a real situation. A man might be able to sort cards quickly and correctly in a psychological laboratory, yet might "go all to pieces" under the stress of a real life problem. On the other hand, there is another class of men who, instead of being "rattled" by the consciousness of responsibility, have their wits sharpened by it. Such men might do very badly in any psychological test, and yet make good in a real situation. The Münsterberg test absolutely fails to detect this important difference in personalities.

One of the most obvious methods of testing the test would be to try it out on a number of sea-captains whose ability we already know. I have had no sea-captains to work with, but I have given the test to forty students in the University, twenty boys and twenty girls. No selection was made for the test. I examined the first forty who volunteered. The results are rather interesting. For one thing: they seem to indicate that our old custom of

selecting men instead of women for sea-captains is wrong. According to the test, girls are much better fitted for sea-captains than boys. This is an illustration of the need of scientific vocational guidance, and also an instance of how little we can depend upon common sense in such matters! For hundred of years we have, in our ignorance, been putting men in command of our ships, when women could have done the job much better. The girls not only did the test more accurately, but also much more rapidly than the boys. Only four of the boys were able to reach the standing made by twelve of the girls. On the other hand, five girls surpassed the ranking of the highest boy. Another fact worthy of note is that the young man who stood highest in the test is an acknowledged dreamer and abstract thinker, and not a man of action at all, while the young man who stood lowest in the test is noted among his friends as a man of quick and ready action. He drives an automobile, and is generally thought to be an extremely skilful and safe driver. In fact, he has several times demonstrated his ability to think and act quickly and efficiently in a crisis. The most striking instance of this occurred not long ago when the brakes of his car failed to work while he was descending a dangerous hill. He had three passengers beside himself in the car. When the brakes gave way, the car shot forward at an alarming rate, and threatened to dash itself to pieces at the foot of the street, which at the time was filled with traffic. With unusual presence of mind he managed his car in the only possible way that could have saved himself and passengers. It all happened in an instant, and yet if the young man had had a week to plan his action he could not have done better. In the Münsterberg vocational test, however, he received the very lowest rating in the entire group of forty students.

Space will not permit me to examine in detail the test for street car motormen and telephone operators which Professor Münsterberg proposes in his book. The motor-

man's test requires the ability to read and understand maps and drawings. I cannot at this time say more about it as a means of vocational guidance than this: the ability to read and understand a drawing is not required in the discharge of a motorman's duties. A man having all the qualifications for a good motorman, but lacking in the ability to understand the drawing, would be eliminated by the test. My attention has been directed to just such a case. One of the best motormen operating on the traction lines of a city in the middle west cannot understand the drawing of the ground floor plan of a street car barn: it is Greek to him: he could not pass the motorman's test if his life depended upon it, and yet this veteran motorman has behind him long years of efficient service without an accident.

The best vocational test that Professor Münsterberg has described is the telephone operator's test. It is proposed that all the girls who apply for positions are to be tested in memory, attention, general intelligence, space-perception, rapidity of movement, and association. These are characteristics which are required in the actual performance of a telephone operator's duties. But even here it is well to keep in mind the fact that the point of view of the telephone company in selecting a few of the most promising individuals from a large number of applicants is quite different from that of the single individual who wishes to enter its employ. The telephone company will be satisfied if the cleverest fourth or third of the whole group of applicants is selected. Any set of general-intelligence or attention tests will make such a selection. It is just on this point that the advocates of vocational guidance fail to understand Dr. Münsterberg's work. On the whole, the group selected by such tests will do better work than the group rejected. But in the group rejected, there may be many single individuals who would make excellent operators. On the other hand, real vocational guidance must take the point of view of the applicant, who wants to know whether he is fitted for the job or not. It

is a comparatively easy matter to select out of a large group, by means of psychological tests, a few individuals for a given job, but it is quite another matter to select the job for the individual. This latter is a task that vocational guidance, if it makes good its claim, must perform. It must determine what each individual is *best* fitted to do. I fear, however, that this attempt of the soul-searchers who have placed themselves at the head of vocational and placement bureaus is too ambitious. If only they would confine their practice to adults who have developed all their powers, it would not be so hazardous: for then they would not interfere with the natural growth and development of young people. But these experts are not doing this. They are entering our schools and attempting to tell immature boys and girls of 13 and 14 years of age what they *will be* best fitted to do. The worst aspect of the situation is that they are doing this in the name of science. If they would stop and consider just for a moment the fact that a child is constantly undergoing far-reaching and vital changes in the elements which are forming his mature personality, especially during the adolescent period, they might hesitate to fix his life's profession at this early date with so much assurance.

Even if we were able to determine the abilities and limitations of a 14 year old boy, even if we could search out through our psychological tests the innermost secrets of his soul, in face of the fact that when he reaches the age of 18 or 20 he may develop an entirely different set of abilities and characteristics, who would dare to tell that boy that he must settle his life work now and choose something that is in keeping with his 14 year characteristics. Those who have to deal with young college men are constantly witnessing the most violent transformations in character and ability from the freshman to the senior year. Likes and dislikes, ideals and aspirations, powers and capacities, are in a state of flux and flow.

There has recently come to light a most striking illustration of how little dependence we can place on the men-

tal characteristics of the youth as an indication of what the mature man is to be. Eighteen years ago a certain superintendent of city schools had occasion to ask 467 boys of 12, 13, and 14 years to indicate in writing the occupations that they desired as life work. After using this material for the purpose he then had in mind, he laid the papers away. A short time ago he came upon these papers. It occurred to him that it would be interesting to find out how many of the boys had actually entered the professions they had chosen as high school students. He began an investigation in which he was able to trace 406 of the original 467 boys. Only five out of the 406 had lived up to their school boy ideals. Of course, external circumstance so largely determined the matter, that it is not reasonable to suppose that the 401 boys finally entered the life work for which they were best fitted, or in accordance with their more mature preferences. I am aware that the advocates of vocational guidance would not take the preferences of children as an important factor in determining what vocations they should enter, and I have mentioned this incident only as an illustration of the changeable character of boy nature. Even though we could determine the fitness of a boy of 13 or 14 years for any kind of work, it would be a serious mistake to choose his life work for him on that basis. A year later he may show fitness for something entirely different.

There is real danger in the assumption behind vocational guidance that individuals are natively so highly specialized that if they are not placed in just the right positions in the professional or industrial world, they are lost. The insidious influence of such an assumption is becoming manifest in our educational and sociological doctrines. We are rapidly developing a state of mind in which we excuse the individual, and place the blame for his moral and economic failures upon society. This wishy-washy attitude is the counterpart to that of the individual who, regardless of his own efforts, believes that the world owes

him a living. Such shifting of the sense of responsibility from the individual to society cannot fail to lessen the integrity of the individual. The "soft pedagogy" of the day is the outcome of the similar assumption that children are so highly specialized in their interests that if their special interests are not appealed to, they are educationally lost. We accordingly excuse the child for failure, and blame the school for not discovering his interests and utilizing them. While I do not condemn the "appeal to interests" as a pedagogical method, I do not think that a child's interests are so narrowly specialized that only certain predominant ones can serve as a basis of his education. On the other hand, education or knowledge is the proper basis for his interests, and the child should not be excused from acquiring the knowledge necessary to create interests where they are lacking.

My observations have led me to believe that many of the misfits in society are failures not because they are highly specialized and have not found the vocation they are fitted for, but rather because they are wanting in fibre. They are misfits not because they lack a certain kind of vocational skill, but because they are lazy, or dishonest, or otherwise unreliable. Their difficulty is due to the fact that they have not had sufficient training in *right thinking*. They have not been taught the proper concepts, and consequently they have not created the right interests in life. Such intellectual and moral shortsightedness is the inevitable outcome of any system of education that attempts to meet only commercial and industrial needs. A system of this kind tends to make merchandise out of human beings, and to ignore the higher qualities which after all are quite as necessary for vocational success as industrial skill.

The danger of vocational guidance lies not only in the fact that it leads too early to over-emphasis of special interests and to training in special lines of work, and thereby cuts off the opportunity for a broader training, but in the

fact that, lacking scientific accuracy, it may suggest the wrong kind of special training. At the present time there is grave danger of vocational guidance becoming vocational misguidance. Misguidance is all the more likely where the vocational expert himself has had no training in the vocations into which he is sending his victims and possesses no accurate and detailed knowledge of them. Seemingly this limitation of the expert does not temper and give pause to his endeavors.

There is without doubt a certain degree of specialization in the capacities and talents of individuals. But since it is impossible to find out what they are before the child has reached a certain maturity, it is an educational blunder to attempt to train him for any specific vocation, especially since such training will, as I have already suggested, limit his chances for a broader education. The school period should not be one of narrow specialization, but a period of general growth and development, in which the foundation is laid for right thinking. In the long run the best preparation for life is that which gives the proper concepts for such thinking.

I am not opposed to vocational training at the proper time, but I do not believe that it should be forced upon immature boys. If the school will give its whole time to teaching the boy the fundamentals in language, mathematics, science, literature, and history, and thereby acquaint him with the world's best thoughts, ideals, and actions, so that he may have the material and standards for thinking — if the school will do this, later vocational adjustment and training will be all the better provided for. It is not training in the narrow routine of a special trade or profession that the school boy needs, but a broad knowledge, — an intellectual and moral background that will serve as a basis upon which he can adjust himself, not only to the matter of earning his bread and butter, but to something besides mere business and industrial efficiency.

THE CONSERVATION OF THE PRIVATE PURSE

UNDER the attacks of modern salesmanship, the private purse is going the way of the sage hen, the wild turkey and the American bison. Its habits have been charted, its probable lurking places determined. Salesmanship can command at will the attention and interest of every one of us. Less complete is its control over our desires and volitions; but even here it is making such notable progress that its ultimate triumph may be predicted with confidence. We may be strong or weak, but with sufficient skill, the salesman can turn either our strength or our weakness to his own account.

We all desire health; half of us desire strength, and the other half beauty. These best of riches, if ever they are really ours, have come free, by God's grace. But it is incredible the sums we have paid for them to persons alleging competence to furnish them, *per fas et nefas*. I shall not need here to recite the achievements of the patent medicine man, though there are few of us who have not held open our throats, like blind fledglings, for what he might choose to drop in. Nor need I vex the reader with a diatribe on patent foods — good to eat, as a rule, and always dear. He'd quarrel with me if I did, for doubtless he sets great store by some of them; so, for that matter, do I. Anyway, it is not the direct attack upon our desires that concerns us here, but the subtle appeal to these desires where there is strictly no relevance. It is part of the technique, if you want to sell a man a pistol, to make him think he is clean-cut and strong and manly. Or, if you want to sell a woman a vacuum cleaner or a fireless cooker, try to give her the impression that she is flowery and disquieting like the breath of spring. This no doubt she is; but what has that to do with fireless cookers and vacuum cleaners?

It is the desire of most of us to advance in the world; and this desire lays us open to many a shaft. Here too is a direct appeal, more or less legitimate, and an indirect one, not legitimate at all. It is all right to sell to Mr. H's stable boy a correspondence course in the art of being railway president. Unforeseeable are the turns of fortune; and it's a comfort to think that the Pennsylvania Railway will not soon be tied up for want of a properly trained president. In the provincial towns all scrubwomen appear to be duly qualified detectives; you know it by the big gilt badges of the Secret Service Correspondence Schools, tucked away in a corner of the laundry and forgotten. Well, we can't have too many detectives; we may sometime need them to track down foreign spies. There is a faithful domestic I know who, until recently, had the road of ambition closed to her. She is tongue-tied, and therefore could never go on the stage. But, thank the stars, the moving picture was invented. All the girl's hard earned money is now going for a double-strength correspondence course in acting for the films. I have no quarrel with this arrangement: the general atmosphere of the house is sunnier with bright dreams hovering over the kitchen.

It is the indirect appeal to the desire for advance, against which we may properly direct our polemic. To analyze this appeal in detail, however, would occupy us too long: it is sufficient to indicate its general result in the conviction, shared by half the ambitious young men of our acquaintance, that in order to get on in the world, one must dress better and house better than one really can afford.

These desires are of our strength, corrupted into treason against us by salesman's skill. The tale of our weaknesses would be much longer, did we not choose to leave the greater part untold. One weakness, which is common to most men not well fortified with capital, is that of incapacity to see the future. "Your credit is good at John Smith's." You get your clothes today; in a month, two

months or three, you pay — and pay more — but today is today, and tomorrow?

τὸ σήμερον μέλει μοι,
τὸ δ' αὔριον τίς ἴδεν;

A related characteristic is inability to put small sums together to compose a moral whole. How much do two dollars monthly, stretched over two years, amount to? Mathematically, a child can tell; how little it bulks morally, is known only to the salesman who sells on such terms what he never could sell for cash.

Again, the great majority of people are without percentage tables in their consciousness, and leave the item of interest out of all computations. Hence the suburban realty agent can convince most workers, and half the men of the professions, that if they owned their homes, they would effect a net saving of all rent. The question of the interest on capital sunk in the home rarely emerges in the discussion. This oversight explains most of the innumerable ill-advised projects that represent the results of conscienceless exploitation of man's nesting instinct, on the whole perhaps the best gift that has come down to him through the ages.

Let us hurry away from this phase of our subject; it's weariness to think on. But stop, can't we squeeze a bit of profit out of weariness itself? Suppose, say, that you are weary, weary beyond endurance; done for, in short. Your interests and purposes have slipped from you, one by one; the doctor calls every day, and acts the sphinx. You know what it all means; why should he act in that way? Friends call day by day, and try to say something without saying anything. Oh, how weary you are of it all! Some one has left a booklet on the table, beside the medicine phials, a booklet in soft greens and reds with splotches of white. Attention! You reach forth your unsteady hand. In the margin above the pictured cover, in Gothic letters of gold, you read, "In the Shadow of

His Wings." Interest! You scan the picture. Sloping to a little stream, a green lawn, scattered over with flower beds and white monoliths. On the lower margin, again in Gothic letters of gold, "There is Rest." Desire! The price of lots, you know is on the inside: whatever it is, it is not too high. You look around, by old habit, for some one to close the deal. Not quite yet.

In a fairly prosperous year, like 1912–13, savings banks deposits in the United States increased by $276,000,000. Assuming that all these deposits are created by wage earners — which, of course, is far from the case — and reducing the number of wage earners to 27,000,000 — decidedly short of the true figure — our working population gained, on the average, ten dollars apiece, so far as this most available resource is concerned. Let us add five dollars for cash in pocket and provisions on hand, and ten dollars for pawnable assets acquired during the year: the working class advances, on the average, twenty-five dollars annually. It would appear, then, that the efficiency of salesmanship is not by any means so ruthless as it has be en represented.

But averages are dust in the eyes. It is not all the working class that is in a materially stronger position at the end of the year than at the beginning. One part of the working class saves, and the other part has nothing. And we shall see that the latter is the part that tends to prevail. For it represents the great urban Native-born. Look at the names of the depositors on the savings-bank rosters—Pachelschinski, Yishilian, Pkasmé, Smith, Megapoulos, Tedescho, etc.

What is the meaning of the saving power of the foreign-born? How comes it that the epicurean Italian, the mercurial Greek, the sun-loving Syrian, the light-hearted Chinese, stand forth among us as paragons of thrift? These are not thrifty races in their native lands. Compare the slight capital equipment of China with the vast equip-

ment of England or France. You may say that property has been insecure in China; true, but not more insecure, taking the last two centuries as a whole, than in France. You may say that the *likin* and squeeze have burdened Chinese property. True; but not in the degree that taxation has burdened British property. There appears to be no escape from the conclusion: the Chinese are naturally a thriftless people. Yet, transplanted to America, how they thrive!

And the fundamental reason is that our salesmanship has not yet learned how to penetrate the armor of the alien in our midst. How excite the attention, interest, desire, of the Chinese laundryman? You will make him strong? He thinks you are as likely as not to poison him—as indeed you are. You will make him beautiful? What is beauty to a man exiled among a people who regard him as a yellow peril? You will advance him in his profession? There is no way of ironing shirts by correspondence. And as for the dress-well, live-well recipe for increasing earning power, the Chinese knows there is nothing in it for him. He lives as he chooses and saves his money, unless he is member of a group large enough to maintain a salesmanship force of his own race. In that case, let him reconcile himself to ironing shirts throughout his days, a despised alien, reduced to the single hope that his crumbling bones may at last repose in the soil of the Flowery Kingdom.

And what is true of the Chinese is true of the multitudinous varieties of other aliens whom we don't know how to reach. The only way in which we can reduce them to a state comparable to that of the native born is to herd them in mining camps, and by means of company boarding-house, company store, company saloon, keep them from ever seeing their money. This it is not always possible to do. But wait, the aliens will in the end be assimilated; or at any rate their children will be indistinguishable from the rest of us. Finally the inflow will

cease; we shall become all alike. Salesmanship, even more effective than today, will brood over us like a great magnet, remorselessly drawing forth even the most reluctant dollar from the very deepest pocket.

When any species of life is sorely beset by predatory enemies, nature offers in general alternative counsels — to grow thicker and harder to penetrate, or develop a poison. The hickory nut adopted the former counsel, and what it has achieved in this direction is sometimes astonishing. In the blue grass country of Kentucky there is a variety of the hickory that produces a nut as hard as iron. I've tried in vain to crack one with a mallet; the natives say it can be done with a pile-driver. Present such a nut to a Central Park squirrel and it would break his heart. The tobacco plant, threatened with extinction by worms in the day of its pristine innocence, adopted nature's second counsel and developed a poison.

But nature, the two-faced hussy, offers equally good counsel to the enemy. She advises the squirrel to adopt the device of teeth that grow as fast as may be required; she points out to the tobacco worm that if he will develop a poison of his own, he won't mind the new taste the tobacco plant is acquiring. Incidentally these new weapons of offense may serve as a defense against the aggressor's own foes. The squirrel's equipment of teeth has proved a great vexation to animals that would like to prey on him; and as for the tobacco worm, there is scarcely a living thing that can eat him. It is true, he may yet have to encounter Man.

To a naturalist who studies the "private purse" species with care, it would appear that both types of defense are developing sporadically. The hardening tendency is represented in human affairs by an obduracy that refuses to admit a salesman, of whatsoever character, to the premises, or that insists upon an irreducible interval, say, a week, between desire and deal closing. As the tendency

develops we may expect it to assume the form of proverbial injunctions universally current. In an earlier time, when the horse trader was the prevailing form of man-trap, it was enforced upon us all that we should never buy a horse without looking into his mouth. This simple principle saved hosts of men from the horse dealer. Now, not one man in a hundred can tell anything about a horse by looking into his mouth. Why then did the injunction ever become current? Simply because, of all things under the sun, a horse's mouth is the most discouraging to behold. Look, and you probably won't buy.

As typical of the tendency to develop a poison, we may note an increase in the number of persons who order goods and refuse to accept delivery. Almost every community has some of them. Then there are those who take the goods and never pay. Again, there are those who, though open to persuasion, make themselves so disagreeable to the salesman that any profit derived from them is three times earned. No doubt any salesman into whose hands this essay may fall will classify it under the same head.

It is doubtful whether these natural reactions can ever achieve a satisfactory defense. The "private purse" may thicken its shell, but the salesman's teeth will grow correspondingly faster. The customer may secrete poison, but in the end this will be merely a pleasant stimulus to salesmanship. It would appear, then, that we must either make shift to do without individual saving, or devise social means to moderate the force of the salesmanship influences playing upon the mass of customers. The former alternative is in favor with those who think we ought to pass over to a socialistic order. Let us have the state save what money needs to be saved, and dispense it in time of sickness or unemployment, and for the relief of the disabled and the superannuated. The latter alternative is practically without defenders. Those who are opposed to socialism are slow to admit defects in the existing state; accordingly they refuse to know anything

about the social disease of unthrift, and *a fortiori*, refuse to give thought to a remedy for it.

Individual thrift is adequate under certain social conditions, to make provision against most mischances. The mischances today are not more redoubtable than those of earlier times, yet thrift is now quite inadequate to provide against them. We can not believe that the character of the individual has greatly changed. The change in his mode of action, in the matter of spending and saving, is naturally to be imputed to social influences steadily increasing in intensity. Of these social influences we have singled out for special attention, as far the most significant of all, the progressive efficiency of salesmanship, using the term in its widest sense. A selling mechanism can, no doubt, be so weak as to reduce economic life to a condition of torpidity; but it can also be so strong as to overstimulate and waste the social economic tissue. In the latter case, nothing could be more appropriate than to check its ravages by governmental action. Make advertising matter pay its way through the mails, and observe the effect as indicated by savings bank statistics. If the effect is not sufficient, put an excise tax on all, or on specific forms of advertising; introduce license taxes on dealers and agents. Curb "business" (horrific suggestion, in this day and age) until the index of savings points to a more satisfactory social situation.

A NEW ESSAY IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ADVERTISING

II

IN our first lesson we saw that association of ideas works while you sleep. The doctrine is orthodox.

For this second, and somewhat briefer lesson I can claim no warrant of orthodoxy. Indeed, I do not know of any work of psychology in which the thesis of this lesson is seriously considered, although, in my opinion, it embodies virtually the whole of what should be called psychology. That thesis is: *association will not work while you are awake.*

I will illustrate, and at the same time demonstrate, this thesis by recalling the advice to young clergymen attributed (wrongly, I hope) to Cardinal Newman: "Preach the Trinity, and you will believe in the Trinity." Here we have a short and easy formula for producing a definite result. Yet it must be evident to the least critical understanding that whether the result follows from the directions given by the formula, will depend altogether upon how far the candidate for belief in the Trinity preaches the Trinity self-consciously, and especially upon how far he is conscious of preaching the Trinity for the purpose of inducing a belief. For, assuming that you were giving the advice, suppose that your pupil should nod his head approvingly and say, "Ah! I see. What you wish me to do is to form a clear and logical conception of the Holy Trinity, to grasp precisely the relation of the three persons in one God, to make myself master of all the heretical objections, and then to explain and refute without ceasing." Imagine your dismay! "My dear fellow," I hear you exclaim, "if you set out in that direction, you are lost. Define! Explain! Refute! Why, don't you know that the best minds of the Church have given themselves to that task? And have they yet been able to penetrate the mys-

teryof 'the Father Incomprehensible, the Son Incomprehensible, the Holy Ghost Incomprehensible; yet not three Incomprehensibles, but one Incomprehensible'? And do you not know that, in the history of the Trinitarian doctrine, the ages of discussion have been the ages of individual opinion and heresy? Nonsense! What you have to do is to accept the authorized formulations, and then — not understand them — but assert! assert them! in season and out. And above all, don't argue, and don't reason. If you stick to the policy of assertion — repeated and unceasing assertion — you know where you will come out; but if you begin to reason, God himself cannot tell."

I am sure that no Trinitarian will question the worldly common sense of this advice, whether or not he believes that perfectly clear arguments for the doctrine are somewhere producible. Every commercial traveller knows that if he is to believe in the brand of piano or motor car that he has just taken up, he must "talk it up" unceasingly — and not stop to analyse. Analysis may strengthen the case, but it is just as likely to do the opposite, and it nearly always suggests reservations. To think, as Descartes said, is to ask questions. And every one knows that the lean and hungry Cassiuses who "think too much" make poor boosters. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it" — provided that he never discovers that he is being trained. Educational theorists love to weary us with the importance of training the child in good habits, and in the next breath, with the importance of training him to think; but none of them seems to know how to combine the two.

Note, then, the application to advertising; and once more let us reflect upon the George W. Childs cigar. I regret that the illustration is somewhat out of date. Picture to yourself, however, a large sign-board. On the right, in large letters, "The George W. Childs Cigar"; on the left the benevolent countenance of the late Mr.

Childs, badly distorted; and at the bottom "generously good." As your trolley-car passes the sign, these three items are, so to speak, thrown at you — nothing more. But on your way down town you are assailed perhaps a dozen times. You step into the cigar shop, and, as your eye wanders over the boxes in the show-case (unhappily the illustration compels you to smoke five-cent cigars) it alights upon a box of the "George W. Childs." "Ah! yes" (you vaguely recall something) "'generously good.' Let me have one."

Now, my point is that throughout this familiar process you are barely awake. And to prove my point let me suggest what your reflections would be upon surveying that sign-board when you were really alert: Here (you would say) is a manufacturer who has named his cigar after the Philadelphia philanthropist, George W. Childs. I wonder what can be the logic or fitness of the name. Does he mean that his cigar is the sort that Mr. Childs would have smoked? Then he could hardly have known that Mr. Childs detested tobacco and preferred tea. Or does he expect us to infer that because the cigar is named after Mr. Childs, it must be, like Mr. Childs himself, "generously good"? Surely he must know that such an inference, stated explicitly, would provoke an imbecile to laughter. He is therefore careful not to state it. He paints "generously good" on the same sign with his cigar and the portrait of Mr. Childs — of course we know that Mr. Childs was generously good — and then he trusts to the power of association to fasten the quality to the cigar.

These are the reflections, let us note, not necessarily of the expert psychologist, nor of a mind dangerously sophisticated, but only of any reasonably intelligent man who happens for the moment to be wide-awake. All that they imply is that the eyes of the mind are open as well as those of the body; that one is not merely receiving "impressions" from the world, but is conscious of the impressions that

one is receiving. Let that be true, the advertiser has lost his game.

The same thing will be true at any time after the advertisement has begun its work; when your eyes are fairly opened to the fact that you have been "worked," then the work is undone. For suppose I challenge you to tell me, as an honest and intelligent man, why you smoke this George W. Childs cigar. Disregarding anything that you may have learned from smoking the cigar, what answer could you give me but simply this: For my choice of this cigar, there is no reason, but only a cause. The cigar-maker has neatly brought about the coexistence of "George W. Childs," the cigar, and "generously good"; he has complied with all the requirements of frequency, vividness, and recency; and therefore, in accordance with the law of association — ? Therefore what? I fear that if I should impose the law of association upon you as a moral obligation, I might hear: "Damn the law of association! As a conscious being I am no more bound to illustrate the law of association than to break my neck on behalf of the law of gravitation." Let association be as powerful as you please, when once you perceive that in smoking the cigar, you are only obeying the law of association you will decide that, from now on, it will have to depend upon the quality of the cigar.

I have now laid before you the profound psychological principle which was promised at the beginning of these articles. Having no very exalted conception of the psychology of advertisers, I am loath to believe that they fully grasp its import. Yet you will find the principle illustrated in their practice, in their maxims, and in stray bits of their advertising philosophy, especially in the accepted notion of what constitutes "good advertising." Several years ago I saw something like this: "Do you think that we could afford this space if we were not the largest purveyors of [I forget what] in the city?" No competent critic would call this "good advertising."

If you compel your reader to answer questions, he is likely to answer them in his own way; and very likely to answer this one as follows: "How do I know that you can afford this space? Are you not buying it precisely in order to be able to afford it? And if you are already the largest purveyors in the city, why do you need it?" In the methodology of advertising, "if," "but," "yet," "although," "nevertheless," "in spite of," and the like, are strictly out of place. The first great commandment of advertising is to be obvious — never require your reader to think. And the second is like unto it: avoid argument, discussion, comparison, and proof — never permit your reader to think.

And, whether by design or by a sort of "natural selection," it seems that the habitat of the genus advertisement is to be found exclusively in those parts of our life where we are not disposed to think. One may wonder, indeed, why people ever read advertisements. And the answer is, They don't, when they have anything better to do. Compare the alert business-man who grapples with the problems presented by his morning's mail with the same "tired business-man" who, having exhausted the reading matter of his newspaper or magazine by the middle of the evening, turns wearily to the advertising pages in the hope of extracting a few slight sensations before he yields himself to bed. Try to realize the almost hypnotic effect of a long ride on the train or the trolley. These are the moments, the moments of vacant-mindedness and absent-mindedness, when the advertiser is doing his work. At such moments thought lies limp and prostrate before the law of association.

There is a certain old and feeble "catch" which is sometimes enjoyed by the weak-minded. You address your fellow suddenly with, "Which would you say, 'seven and four *is* twelve' or 'seven and four *are* twelve'?" And when he responds (say) with 'seven and four are twelve,' unconscious of arithmetic in his absorption in

grammar, you tell him that for your part you prefer seven and four are *eleven*. Now, of course, no man who knows what he is saying commits himself to "seven and four are twelve." Neither does one, on the basis of the sign-boards, attribute a generous quality to the George W. Childs cigar, or a manly quality to the Henry George cigar, when one is conscious of doing so. The advertiser simply plays the "seven and four are twelve" game on a more elaborate scale, trusting for success to the thronging and bewildering demands of our modern life, and the slender capacity of the average man for alert thinking.

But here I fancy that the advertiser will insist upon being heard. And I expect the candid advertiser to admit most of what has been said. But then, he will ask, what do you expect? Why should you accuse me in particular of "working" the public? Does not the clergyman work his congregation, the teacher his pupils, the physician his patients? After all, if there were no wise and public-spirited men to "work" their fellows, what would become of the race? It is mediæval to assume that man is an *animal rationalis* and knows what he is doing. Most men know only vaguely what they are about, and little of what is to their best interest. The truth of the matter is that we advertisers fulfil an important social and economic function. By that very glare and noise to which you so strenuously object, by the very senselessness of our suggestions, by the irrational power of frequency and repetition, we compel men to look up and abroad and to examine and study new things. Think of the multiplied conveniences and comforts of our modern life; and then ask yourself whether, if advertising had been confined to the appeal to reason, a tenth of them would be in use.

Here I am compelled to follow the example of Plato, who, when logic gave out, invented a myth. It has to do with my first visit to Mars, and my first experience there of dining out.

Immediately after the announcement that dinner was served, some eight or ten Martians entered the drawing-room, clothed in what might have been either livery or uniform. The first advanced to my host (who, by the way, was a bachelor) and, bowing respectfully, proceeded to enumerate all the sound physiological reasons for dining. Receiving no response — evidently he expected none — he yielded his place to the second, who, continuing the theme, discarded reason for eloquence. The third enlivened eloquence with wit, exhibiting an astonishing ingenuity in such creations as "'Tis dinner makes the diner famous." The fourth combined wit with acrobatics and prestidigitation, performing in particular several remarkable but disquieting tricks with eggs, which, as he afterwards proved, were not hard-boiled; and apparently laying aside for the moment the direct argument for dining. The fifth — but at this point I recall only the noise and confusion created by those in the background who, armed with phonographs and projection-lanterns, had been all the while flashing colored inscriptions upon the walls of the room and into our faces, and producing a babel of sounds, the meaning of which, to my terrestrial sense, seemed sometimes rather impertinent. After half an hour or so, my host, who had viewed the exhibition with a bored but polite composure, asked me somewhat to my surprise, whether I could not now be persuaded to dine — to which I replied with an enthusiastic affirmative. At once the lackeys ranged themselves in line and, after bowing respectfully, filed out.

I was too seasoned a traveller to see in all this, so unheard-of in our terrestrial experience, anything merely tasteless and vulgar. Consequently, as we sat again in the drawing-room after dinner, I ventured to ask my host what function these members of his household were supposed to fulfil. Much interested in learning that the custom was new to me, he replied, "Why, these are my persuaders." "And is it," I asked, "a universal custom

in Mars to have a retinue of persuaders?" "Nothing more universal," he replied. "Every person with any pretension to self-respect and social position employs at least one persuader, even if he has to be his own cook." Still curious, I ventured to suggest that the custom must be expensive. "E-e-normously expensive," was his untroubled reply. "Our statisticians tell us that persuasion accounts for more than half of the cost of living." "In that case," I ventured the timid suggestion, "I should think it might pay to abandon the custom."

At this my host paused suddenly in the act of raising his coffee cup to his lips, and, gazing at me with open-eyed wonder, slowly put it down. "Surely," he replied after a moment, "you would not expect one to dine without first being persuaded?"

LABOR, LAW, AND ORDER

AFTER the governments, the churches and the schools, the trade unions are of all institutions probably the most capable of beneficent achievements. This opinion emanating from us will probably surprise many of our readers, and possibly alienate some. One reason is that from the outsider, the abuses of the unions attract more attention than their uses, and so make them appear wholly bad; while their beneficences are realized by few but their own members, to some of whom they too often make the unions appear wholly good. But not to all. An eminent authority writes us:

> If you were as familiar as I am with the frightful tyranny which the Union exercises over its own members, the injustice of the trials before their own courts, the stories of the individual members who have come to me for help, you would realize that among a large percentage of the union members, the union is regarded as a hard and unjust master. I truly believe that in an appraisal of unions by the outsider and by the union member, the outsider would not seldom place them on a higher plane than the member.

But in view of the frightful abuses that have arisen in governments and churches, and even in schools, is it to be wondered at that frightful abuses have arisen in the unions too?

Allegiance to the union ought to be subject to the same conditions and limitations as allegiance to party or to church or to any other institution that is human and, therefore, defective. Crimes have been committed by all, but crime on the part of the union seldom disturbs the allegiance of a member. Time was when the church persecuted even unto death all who withheld allegiance to it. Virtually all unionists now look back upon such acts as horrible, and yet many, probably most, unionists

endorse them in the unions, and many unionists practice them. The church was at one time superior to the civil power. Most unionists would now fight — many to the death — to prevent the church again reaching that position; and yet most unionists wish to give it to the union.

The virtues of the unions tend to take care of themselves, but the unions need all the help they can get to rid them of their vices. Naturally what help a critical review can attempt will tend to be of that kind. While we are glad to offer our little share, we have deeply to regret that such good intentions must often be misinterpreted. When even a Judge infinitely more capable than we "chasteneth whom He loveth," His beneficent intentions are not often plain until long after the event.

The Federal Industrial Relations Commission, during its recent progress about the country, examined many and diverse witnesses, and elicited much enlivening information — some of it useful — from persons often of considerable eminence. There was Mr. Carnegie, there was Mr. Henry Ford, there was Mr. Rockefeller, there was Mother Jones, to mention only a few who contributed to the Commission's symposium on What's Wrong With the United States of America. Indeed, of all those consulted, Mr. Morgan almost alone confessed ignorance, and refused to diagnose or prescribe. It was in Seattle that a union labor leader told the Commission roundly: "A revolution is inevitable; the capitalist class is doomed." And he added: "The working class must not depend on the politician for their labor laws; it should pass the labor laws in the union, and enforce them on the job." In other words, this man issued on behalf of his particular working class a declaration of independence of the commonwealth, and a threat of war on all other working classes. What we want, he said in effect, we are entitled to have, and what we are entitled to have, we will take: anybody who gets in our way does so at his peril. On the other hand, an employer

of labor, another witness before the Commission, declared not less roundly: "We will rise with a counter revolution. It is going to be a civil war, and we will fight. . . ."

The world has moved on apace in these last few decades. The war in Europe has automatically thrown out of focus and out of date most of what had been said and much of what had been thought, even about matters apparently so remote from European world-politics as are our domestic industrial complications. Consider what that labor leader so coolly told those itinerant Federal investigators, also the belligerent rejoinder of the employer-witness; then compare the outlook they raise with what is going on across the water — as, in fact, you can look at little else: for that incredible and cruel business has, in a single year, thrown upon the present state of civilization such a light as all the professors, philosophers, statesmen, statisticians, reformers, card-indexers, practical politicians, labor leaders, agitators, anarchists and the rest, would never otherwise have got upon it in a century. The German state was in many respects an admirable and wonderfully effective state, but it had qualities which may yet destroy it, and have already wrought worldwide disaster; and many of us who wish the trade-unions well, find reason to fear that, notwithstanding the great good they have done, they are in similar danger from similar qualities. Germany is asserting and relentlessly practising precisely those rights of might which Mr. Samuel Gompers and his associates claim for that small but compact and organized portion of the working world which they are pleased to assume contains all of "Labor." One smashes through the traditions, compunctions, decencies, conventions, sensibilities of the civilized world, and sweeps out of the way the futile cobwebs of an international law which, to be sure, has never had any effective machinery of enforcement. The other smashes through the meshes of the law of the nation, and contemptuously tosses aside a

machinery of enforcement which is not always strong enough to master at the first onset a force so unscrupulous, and so utterly convinced of its divine right. Both plead precisely the same necessity of self-defence, at whatever cost to others. Both proclaim that the importance of the end not only excuses but sanctifies any means. Each insists that itself is the sole judge. To dispute the judgment, to offer to punish the act as a crime, is sacrilege or worse.

Yet it is not to be expected that an organization of wage earners will keep up to the latest dodges of the Universities, any more than it is to be expected that a sovereign who from boyhood modeled himself on Frederick the Great, will conform to the ideas of modern civilization. Both parties are naturally hundreds of years behind the age. With the Kaiser this is a fault, with the unions it is a misfortune.

We have a great deal of sympathy with Mr. Gompers. The conditions under which he took up his task were much like those under which the Kaiser's great ancestor took up his — barbarism on both sides — greed at the top, ignorance at the bottom, and these elements of primitive savagery stimulated by fierce competition. When Mr. Gompers took hold, the great industry was a comparatively new thing, and all institutions tend to have fits of reverting, and then, like a child, or more like an embryo, going through ancestral conditions. In human ancestral conditions, nothing is more marked than constant warfare, and Mr. Gompers said early, and alas! truly: "It is a fight." He has been a good fighter, and has deserved well of his people and of humanity. But conditions have changed, and he is too old to change with them. To a great extent the defensive fight has been won, and now, like the great Frederick's successor, he has been made megalomaniac with victory, and wants to change the fight for defense into one of conquest. The logic of events has placed him in Washington as the

lobbyist of a trust — a perfectly legitimate position, so long as it is not used in an attempt to dominate politics and subvert jurisprudence in favor of individuals or a class. But Mr. Gompers, carried away by his success in worthy things, has become avid of success in unworthy things, and is seeking laws which would simply mean the overthrow of American liberty. Being essentially a fighter, and not profoundly learned in legal and political science, though far from unacquainted with political arts, he sees only the side of his political efforts that would give the control of the country to the trust he represents, and is utterly unable to realize that that would be as dangerous as to give it to any other trust. In his ignorance he assumes that the legal devices long since erected by the people to protect the people against tyrannical governments and all other monopolies, have been raised by a governing class (in his eyes of course the capitalist class) to oppress the class he represents; and these barriers he lobbies to tear down. But they are the pillars of a temple, not the temple of the Philistines, but of civilization, and he is not Sampson, though he has become as blind; and a greater than Sampson is needed to tear down the temple at which Gompers is blindly straining.

The plain truth is that the true interests of his trust — of any trust — are and always have been defensive rather than aggressive, and require in his place a younger man, with fresher views, and a deeper knowledge of history and jurisprudence. The interests Mr. Gompers represents are of the highest importance, but they are no longer entirely expressed in a mass of local quarrels between laborers and employers: they have become national questions, and need the statesman more than the fighter.

But we can't leave him without a word of tribute to his attitude in the recent munition strikes, and to his less-known action years ago in France, when, as we have just learned from the best of testimony, he powerfully influenced the proletariat to cease attacks which they

were making on some more or less important recreative institutions, from the opera down to the races, on the ground that they were the amusements of the rich.

But the similarity in the methods should not lead us to overlook a difference in the aims of the German militarist and the American trade-unionist. It is thus expressed by one of the latter:

> The trade-union movement has for its purpose representation in industrial administration. It represents actually 18% only of the workers in the country; but this 18% is fighting for representation of all labor; its war is against imperialism in industry. The purpose of the German state is imperial, as well as its methods.

But this distinction is not a distinction in methods, and the 18% of the people who are in the unions are fighting to control the rest. The unionist whom we have quoted, like unionists in general, opposes a state constabulary, because it has been proved the most efficient means of keeping unionists within the law. It is probably due to their efforts that it has been kept out of the new constitution proposed for New York.

But to return to our struggle with the struggles: the war has awakened a sense of the tremendousness of the sleeping forces under the ordinary peaceful aspect of things. Suspicion of sitting on a powder magazine is bound to weaken public faith in the efficacy of legislative tinkerings against chemical reactions in the powder. If a German *männerchor* made up of kindly, stout, middle aged tradesfolk, who used to warble with sentimental gusto "*Schlaf, mein Kinderlein, Schlafe ein*," now sings with consecrated fervor the national Hymn of Hate; and worthy and affectionate husbands and fathers of the Rhineland say to each other instead of Good Morning, *Gott Strafe England*, there must be something in simple humanity which the lawmakers cannot control or even reach. Of course we all knew it before, but this is the day for regulating things, and we had got into the cheerful habit of leaving a number

of things out of account. Several very hard facts are not now susceptible of such casual treatment.

So, the addition of more legal bonds, the enactment of laws regulating labor unions, and making them statutorily responsible, financially and otherwise, for the things they do, and especially for the lawless acts of some of their agents, may well appear to sober men a mere piling of futility upon futility — a Lilliputian tying up of Gulliver with pack-threads. For we have seen what an insolent, self-justified and resolute force can do when it decides to disregard the Lilliputian bonds — to smash through what H. G. Wells called the "paper walls of circumstance" (scraps of paper!). Also now, if never before, we know by rude and sufficient demonstration, that it takes brute force to handle brute force. The law-and-order-progressive-reformer method sometimes seems unequal to the job of stopping the revolution. But perhaps the sense of the contradiction, the wholesome knowledge of neglected and blinked-at truth which the war has thrust upon all of us, will frighten the ardent and impatient into leaving force out, and marking time long enough to permit evolution to do the work of the more violent remedy.

And taking advantage of the pause, now may be just the time to take stock of the present relations between so-called Labor and the State — the State which some of Labor's spokesmen have got into the habit of defying. We have faced great problems before, and we are facing other great problems now. Slavery was remedied by violent abolition. Tariff and currency, as deliberate human inventions, naturally suggest deliberate human regulation; but to those who believe socialism at best a remote ideal, the problems of wealth and poverty present elements of a different sort — hold out the prospect of an eternal series of problems full of the seeds of antagonism, bitterness, and defiant hate. Here government deals with a thing more fundamental than itself — the will to live and

have — the same will as in the tiger. In regulating that will, it will not do for the state to act as if the regulation were needed by one side alone. There must be laws against both abuses in industry and injury to industry; and they must be enforced.

On the constructive side, we in the United States have displayed amazing diligence. The various states and the federal government have multiplied statutes, usually well meant, and sometimes of excellent effect. Bodies like the National Child Labor Committee and the American Association for Labor Legislation, supported by private philanthropy and accelerated by a sympathetic public opinion, have procured in the past decade the enactment of literally thousands of labor laws. Indeed, one year alone shows a record of over four hundred such. Considered in their entirety, these laws reach the dignity of a revolution in our jurisprudence. From the individualistic theory of self-reliance and personal responsibility, they carry a long way toward the doctrine that the workers are the peculiar wards of the state, economically too weak to protect their own interests or fulfil their obligations.

Much has been done to regulate the conditions of labor, and the development, though it has not everywhere reached the same stage, is remarkably uniform in the various industrial states — indicating a general agreement both as to abuses and as to remedies. Legislation on sanitary conditions and factory inspection, the payment of wages, the employment of women and children, the hours of employment of men in public work and on public utilities, has become an accomplished fact to such an extent that those who have fought for these laws are rapidly pushing things a step forward — pressing for minimum wage laws; already these have been the subject of legislation in thirteen states within the last few years. Now that, in most industrial states, workmen's compensation laws have established insurance against accidents, agitation is already afoot for insurance against sickness, old age

and unemployment. In 1913, seventeen States passed mothers' pension laws, some cities have done the same thing, and eight other states had similar laws pending. The mills of the law grind exceeding fast sometimes, once they get started.

But the added pages of the statute books show that passion for a good cause has sometimes blinded the enthusiast to the principle of fair play toward the employer, though they disclose no instance, in the past ten years, as far as we recall, where any unfair law has been passed against the interests of the employee. That sort of law, once too common, is now an outgrown fashion. It is the employer who is now on the defensive. Modern legislators are always ready, and in a measure they are right, to benefit labor at the expense of capital. Indeed, the deterrents from more radical action are chiefly constitutional limitations, much chafed at; and lurking fears in the minds of labor's advocates that labor will be indirectly injured by the injury to capital.

Such solicitude for the working class, if not unprecedented in the world's history, is at least highly unusual. In this solicitude there are elements of hysteria, but with due allowance made, it seems to indicate a wholesome tendency. It has at least done good service in softening conditions which the age of machinery has tended to make harder: for the impersonality of the machine is apt to get itself automatically transferred, in the employer's mind, to the operative. It has forced the knowledge of how the other half lives, upon an important element of the happier half, which otherwise might have neglected to think about it at all.

With the state thus active as the protector of the poor, it would seem that the labor unions should ally themselves with the regulative agencies of the commonwealth, rather than defy them. But the fact is, of course, that just in the degree that the state takes over the job of

protecting the wage-taker, just in that same degree is the labor union deprived of the job — and the power that goes with it.[1] And your labor leader is no better than other men. He does not like to lose his job, or his power. If he burns to uplift his fellows, as the parson burns to save souls, he is not less prone than the parson to insist upon his own method of salvation.

If all the problems of child labor, woman's labor, sanitation, safety, working hours, minimum wage and the rest, were effectively regulated by the Government, there would seem to be small need of legalizing the proceedings of organized labor, and for the general community, the legislative remedy has certain clear advantages over that which relies on the action of the unions. For instance, it protects every wage earner regardless of union membership. The unions seek relief for members only, regardless of fellow workers. Perhaps neither theory of reform should be relentlessly carried to a logical conclusion. With some matters controlled by legislation, others of a different sort might be adjusted through the exercise of a reasonable amount of power, and even compulsion, by organized labor. The employer himself desires a certain freedom to use his judgment. The unions may justly claim a parallel freedom for the workman.

But the turning over by the state to either wage-giver or wage-taker of the weapon of militancy, even for self-defence, seems a perilous expedient. The European war has forced upon our attention the nature of the plea that the offensive is the only effective defence, and previous experiments in the way of turning the weapon of militancy over to the employer have hardly had that unqualified success which invites a continuance of the policy — even with every wage-taker his own deputy sheriff under union orders. Under that arrangement, the rest of

[1] As is well illustrated by a trades-unionist in this issue.—Ed.

the community, reduced to the situation of the innocent bystander, is forced to prefer the state as policeman, and apt to insist upon the sufficiency of the law not only to protect the worker, but to suppress the unwarranted activities of the worker's combinations.

The innocent bystander's view, to be sure, is not that of all the parties concerned. Just as certain employers claim the right to fortify their plants like miniature Przemysls, so certain labor leaders cry aloud for the liberty to throw bombs and plant dynamite. There is that curious association, whose main object is to stop work, that yet calls itself the "Industrial Workers," and frankly proclaims itself outlaw by saying, through Vincent St. John, one of its spokesmen, "The question of right and wrong does not concern us." Mr. St. John was another of those who enlightened the Federal Industrial Relations Commission, in his statements that the use of dynamite for persuasive purposes was one of the things he advocated; that contracts should not be made; and that when made, should be broken. These gentlemen define capital as robbery (Proudhon's phrase has a Johnsonian flavor, somehow), and declare that capitalism must be overthrown. They deal in manifestos with items like these: "Let the members of the I. W. W. stop or hamper every worker of industry wherever they may be." Let "each arrest be a signal for the use of sabotage until all profits are cut off and industry is clogged." "Interference by government is resented by open violation of the government's orders;" for instance, "when the state constabulary of Pennsylvania killed a striker at McKees Rocks, the strike committee served notice upon the commander of the 'Cossacks' that for every striker killed or injured, the life of a Cossack would be exacted in return. And they were not at all concerned which Cossack paid the penalty, but that a life for a life would be exacted. The strikers kept their word." These are not quotations from the oral outpourings of superheated orators, but deliberate

statements embodied in the official documents published and circulated by the I. W. W.

The trade unions are another kettle of fish. Counted at the beginning of this article as among the most beneficent of human institutions, and having a pedigree of very respectable antiquity among such institutions — a pedigree no oftener crossed by the bar sinister than most noble pedigrees — they must be reckoned in the solid class of enduring facts. They grew out of real needs, they restrain real abuses, they proceed by methods countenanced and even formally authorized by the law — until, for ends that seem to their members to be a sufficient excuse, they adopt methods which the law does not sanction. In other words, unlike the I. W. W., they accept our general system of social regulation — but they do it with certain reservations. So do most of us, for that matter. Yet the acceptance is so far genuine that the organization of workmen has been welcomed and encouraged in this country, and the right to strike recognized as a necessary ultimate defence against oppression. "Thank God we have a system of law where men may strike" said Abraham Lincoln.

But to stop work oneself, and to interfere with another man going to work, are different things; and to prevent an employer hiring labor is a third thing. The striker is not the only party having rights. A strike, rationally considered, is a statement by the workmen to the employer to the effect: "Our conditions of employment are not to be put up with, and we'll prove it by showing that you can't find another gang who will put up with them." To this, of course, the employer who refuses their demands answers, virtually, "I think I can; at least I'll take the risk of trying." His risk is serious, so is that of the men. That both sides suffer is true, but if both sides are honest about it, there is no *good* reason why both sides should not play the game fairly and good naturedly. If both sides are honest, ill feeling, not to speak of bloodshed, is absurd.

The trouble is that the present state of human nature is absurd, and the violence in strikes is as "natural" as the violence in war. But it is even more absurd, because very scant means of keeping international differences within bounds have yet been evolved, while there are abundant ways, if they are only used, of keeping labor differences within bounds.

And strikes, despite Lincoln's praise of them, are no more often benevolently inspired than they are beneficently directed. There are those who feel, and feel strongly, that the unions who are charged with the holy war against oppression, have joined the ranks of the oppressors — that their activities in recent years have presented examples of power so recklessly and unhumanly exercised, of industrial crimes so grave, as should convince even the sincerest well-wishers and most ardent champions of the unions, of the crying need of a firmer handling of them by the government.

Lawlessness has, in fact, been tolerated until there has grown up within the circles of organized labor a group of law breakers who employ a pernicious sophistry to evade the ordinary claims of decency and humanity. "I did what I did for a principle," said McNamara. To deprive a non-conformist worker of his job, and drive him from his trade; to destroy the property of those who employ non-union men; recklessly to attack the business of neutral and noncombatant merchants and manufacturers; to dynamite, maim and murder — these practices are conspicuous in modern labor-union activities. Yet with few exceptions, no hand of organized labor has been raised to deter or discipline the wrongdoers. Indeed, organized labor's leaders publicly assert that the sacredness of their cause justifies even the support and retention of officers who are convicted criminals. Serious books in defence of this position are written by intimate observers, published by reputable houses, and issued for serious reading. The cause has adopted the old-time ethics of the Jesuits.

The facts are the facts: and here are some of them, the dynamiters were defended by the American Federation of Labor; after conviction they were reëlected to office by the Iron Workers, officially recognized by the Federation without protest; and on their way to prison at Fort Leavenworth met by a public procession of admirers. In that prison, Ryan performed his official duties and rendered his official reports as president of a union of ten thousand members, and a part of the Federation.

In such emergencies the government so often bargains with the law breakers that many employers, and workmen too, have come to believe that there is no relief. They dare not whisper their troubles in the ear of prosecuting officers, for fear of private vengeance. They actually fear to seek the courts, because of the many ways in which the unions defy the law. Those who doubt the truth of this statement may test it if they will, by trying to obtain evidence and coöperation for the prosecution of industrial crimes. The builder in our large cities who dares to litigate with organized labor is, generally speaking, the one who is ready to cease building. Because of the shortcomings of civil government in such cases, martial law has already been declared in two or three states. Yet Judge Cullen, the retiring Chief Justice of New York's highest court, said he always believed "that the subordination of the military power to the civil power was an axiom for a free country," and the same opinion is almost a commonplace of political science. But if the civil power is to be subordinated to lawlessness, the military power is the inevitable resort. The civil authorities must either suppress violence, or be superseded; and for the abdicated post, Judge Lynch and anarchy are the only rivals of martial law.

In April, 1914, officers of the United Mine Workers and

the State Federation of Labor of Colorado issued a "Call to Arms" as follows:

> Organize the men in your communities in companies of volunteers to protect the workers of Colorado against the murder and cremation of men, women and children by armed accessories in the employ of the coal corporations serving under the guise of *state militiamen.*
>
> Gather together for defensive purposes all arms and ammunition legally available. Send name of leader of your company and actual number of men enlisted at once by wire, phone or mail to W. T. Hicket, Secretary of State Federation of Labor. Hold all companies subject to order.
>
> People having arms to spare for these defensive measures are requested to furnish same to local companies, and where no company exists, to send them to the State Federation of Labor.
>
> The state is furnishing us no protection, and we must protect ourselves, our wives and children, from these murderous assassins. We seek no quarrel with the state, and we expect to break no law; we intend to exercise our lawful right as citizens, to defend our homes and our constitutional rights.

This, of course, is a proclamation of mobilization for insurrection and civil war. Yet, as far as I am informed, not one of the signers of this seditious circular was punished. This sort of thing must inevitably breed contempt for the state.

In the presence of determined peace officers, most industrial disputes may be conducted with a decent degree of orderliness. A state constabulary in Pennsylvania has worked wonders in preventing violence. Calm came to Colorado with the arrival of Federal troops. Certainty that laws will be enforced brings peace. But a simpler way to keep the soldiers out of it, is to have state policemen promptly on the job. With the civil government firmly using the strong arm, you hear little about martial law, less about injunctions, and nothing about armed private guards. That simple fact of the sure maintenance of law and order, will revolutionize the industrial problem.

There is also a peaceful tyranny. Legal protection is

often wanting to the non-union man. In Illinois a union may *legally* force the discharge of workmen who withdraw from that union because it contributes to a political party they oppose. Thus to save his job, the worker must support the union's party. The boycott may reach a point where union membership becomes a prerequisite to the exercise of the ordinary rights of citizenship. If any employer in the building trades in Chicago, New York or San Francisco should persistently endeavor to employ a single non-union man in any organized trade on any large new building, the industry would be paralyzed by a general strike of all trades, and disorder and violence would follow. In New York city alone some two hundred men are annually discharged in the building trades because they have lost or cannot obtain union membership. The use of some products made by non-union hands encounters the same organized resistance. In this and other ways the non-union man is hounded throughout interstate commerce, by proscription of his handiwork. It is here that the uncompromising Mr. Gompers remarks: "As the immortal Lincoln said, 'This country cannot long remain half free and half slave'; so say we, that any establishment cannot long remain part union and part non-union." It is to be hoped that the unions may yet be conducted with wisdom enough to make them all union — in unions more efficacious than now, and yet not open to any reasonable objection. But they will be unions to attract the non-union man, not to drive him out from industry. Now the only idea is force. Fair play is only play on one side.

But the boycott does not affect the laborer alone. Through its thirty thousand local unions scattered among the industrial centres of the country, its fifteen hundred agents ever zealous and active, the wonderful American Federation of Labor, not only outflanks and presses back the unorganized, but under the direction of the national head, from which they receive their charters, State Federations and City Councils unite the local unions for at-

tacks upon merchants and contractors who purchase non-union goods.

Search the records, from Convention Proceedings to Monthly Federationists and the Weekly News Letters, and you will find this the organization's principal industry: count its roll of victims and they exceed five hundred. Nor are there any illusions about this work of destructions: it "spells ruin and bankruptcy to the boycotted" and is advocated though it starve a man to death. The Federation "will never abandon the boycott," says Mr. Gompers. All threats against it are "idle, impudent and impotent." "Impudent" on the part of the majority toward the minority! "Impotent" they may be until the compact minority sees a new light, or forces the majority into equal compactness. But Congress, which has formally legislated against like conspiracies of dealers and corporations, is annually besought by the unions to make the same proceeding lawful for them — men who combine to ruin the business of persons unknown to most of them, confidently approach our law-making body to license the work. No wonder that such assurance is encouraged, when, even as we stand today, twenty-five states and the Federal government have laws which in express terms forbid discrimination against union men, while Utah alone, in terms at least, forbids discrimination against non-union men.

Even capital has conspired with labor unions to destroy the business of open shop competitors. If the United States Steel Corporation, in order to destroy competition, were to unionize its mills on condition that strikes be called on all buildings where competing products were in use, that would be precisely the sort of agreement which, on a lesser scale, is common enough. Yet the lower house of Congress passed a bill designed to legalize just such practices, though the Senate fortunately prevented the measure becoming a law.

How has such action been treated when entered upon by

the capitalists' trusts? Anybody who fancies that sort of exercise, may contrast the diligence of the government in prosecuting uncertain suits against capital, with its masterly inactivity in regard to Labor. Although the Supreme Court did hold unanimously in the Hatters' case that the Federation's constitutional purposes and activities violated the anti-trust law, and although the country is honeycombed by labor combinations to destroy interstate trade and exclude open-shop products from commerce, yet no prosecutions are undertaken: in cities where markets are monopolized for union products, and, the fact is well known, prosecuting attorneys remain inert. "Do you want to embarrass the administration?" asked one District Attorney. And already perhaps most people have forgotten (if they ever knew) that the men who entered into a wholesale conspiracy to dynamite buildings and thereby destroy human life, were tried and punished simply for transporting dynamite. Of course the obvious way to deal with a murderer, is to punish him for carrying concealed weapons!

These abuses that have got into the unions are the more lamentable because they are undermining not only decent standards of humanity, loyalty and service, but the beneficent possibilities of the unions themselves. For organizations like the American Federation of Labor and its great affiliated bodies to remain inert when serious crimes grow out of movements they sanction, hardly fits with the high aims on which their powers and privileges are based, or the many good results they have accomplished.

Now for a word on some of the legal remedies, of comparatively infrequent discussion:

I. Increasing financial responsibility of labor organizations. This is to be welcomed not only as showing better conditions of living, but also because possession of property always breeds respect for law. Many important na-

tional unions connected with the Federation of Labor, and composing the larger part of its membership, are now vast business organizations with an annual income of hundreds of thousands of dollars. They have a prestige and good will which must be preserved if they are to continue the work so successfully begun. Some have trade-marks equal in value to those of important manufacturers. If they are made responsible, like all other employers, for the acts of their agents, much of their mistaken policy must cease. According to the United States Supreme Court, "It makes no difference that the master did not authorize or even known of the servant's act or neglect, or even if he disapproved or forbade it." The rule is stringent but salutary. He employs the servant at his proper peril, and guarantees the servant's conduct to society while he is about his master's work. A like rule applies to associations and corporations acting as employers; and through its application to the labor unions, the organizer who boycotts, the picket who assaults, and the leader who institutes illegal strikes, should subject the union to suits for damages. Members could then be trusted to select officials who would not jeopardize their funds. The man sent to the picket line, instead of being a slugger, would be law-abiding; men with money to lose would reform the union or get out of it.

II. Enforcement of Labor Contracts. The question of financial responsibility leads at once to the question of labor contracts. Employers will be more likely to make contracts with unions, if they can recover indemnity in the case of breach. Until organized labor can be treated like any institution capable of making enforceable agreements, its functions will not be properly developed. The labor union which agrees to arbitrate differences for a period of years, or which settles the terms of employment by definite agreement, obviously should abide by it. If a court of equity had the power, upon the filing of such agreement, to issue an injunction against any viola-

tion of it, the collective bargaining which the unions desire would be rid of grave difficulties.

III. Discountenancing the plea of ignorance. To allow the union or its members a defence on the ground of ignorance of the wrong, would make union men a privileged class, and place a premium upon the members' inactivity. If they took care to remain blind to what was being done in their behalf, they might with impunity contribute money for illegal uses, and elect reckless officers. Knowledge would be a danger, bringing liability; and ignorance would be a defense. In the Danbury Hatters' case, the plea of ignorance was advanced by two hundred union men, and yet among them monthly reports of the illegal acts had been circulated! To allow such a defense would be to sanction a state of irresponsibility to society. With the principle of responsibility enforced, a democratic administration of union affairs might reasonably be expected, and with it an increased watchfulness over union officers by the better class of members.

At present, however, Government is contracting rather than extending its aid in industrial disputes. The repeated attempts through Congress to abolish injunctions are but one part of a movement to withdraw the arm of the law. Support of such measures is got mainly under the political pressure of organized labor, and against the judgment of legislators. Comparison of their private and public utterances, reveals a humiliating discrepancy. If you argue with them, they urge political exigencies. Their need is courage, not education; their vice, cowardice, not ignorance.

It seems clear — if anything can be clear in a matter so complicated — that carrying out the Federation's idea of abolishing injunctions, would retire the state to a place on the side lines, with nothing to do but hold the time-watch while the combatants fight it out. That situa-

tion is a lapse from an age of law to an age of violence, and brings up again the vision of that war across the water.

As it is, with the injunction still sanctioned, some of our federal judges, smarting under the unfounded criticism of organized labor and its sympathizers, often pursue a compromising and uncertain policy. They have read Mr. Gompers' somewhat unhistoric charges that the injunction is the "outrageous, impudent, revolutionary invention of lawless plutocracy." His editorials accuse them, against history, of acting "more and more audaciously at the dictation of plutocracy." He tells them that they countenance "a well-defined campaign conducted by the worst elements in the capitalist class — to rob the workers" of their rights. The reiteration of such accusations has its effect, not only on votes, but on abnormally tender consciences. It has tended to make the Bench avoid decisions against organized labor. In a recent case against John Mitchell and the United Mine Workers, a permanent injunction was dismissed on appeal by three federal judges, who held that in cases of this character "a reasonable delay in the issuance of the writ would have a tendency to bring about a settlement between the parties." In other words, in order to escape the displeasure of organized labor, this court recommends that relief be temporarily withheld from the threatened person, even if the delay will compel him to surrender his rights, and accept the terms of the law breakers. A Federal judge in New York, acting upon a similar conception of his duties, denied a preliminary injunction against boycotting, though he admitted that authority would probably compel the issuance of a permanent injunction when the case should be reached for trial. The plaintiff, unable to survive the delay, was compelled to unionize his shop, and thus the delay "had the tendency to bring about a settlement." The fact that preliminary injunctions were invented for emergencies when delays cannot be endured,

is ignored. With such decisions, those who cannot survive until the final hearing, are lost.

Moreover, even in important and well presented cases, courts show a notable tendency to avoid the issues. One judge continued an injunction on condition that no attempts be made to enforce it. Mr. Gompers very naturally dares publicly to proclaim: "To hell with your injunctions!" Other judges make curious efforts to settle such cases without joining the issue, or try to pass the responsibility over to some associate.

Undoubtedly the denial and abolishment of injunctions, and the sanctioning of strikes and boycotts, may serve temporary purposes of the unions, but cannot serve their permanent ones. If there is competition between labor and capital for control of the law, labor will not be the winner. What is worse: when no legal relief can be got, extra-legal measures will be devised. Necessity, the mother of invention, brought forth injunctions when executives failed to do their duty; but it also produced private guards in Colorado. Inaction by the state creates a vacuum which is certain to be filled. As one evil begets another, the abandonment of employer and non-union men to the organized oppression of the unions, must eventually result in defensive combinations equally strong and equally dangerous. Despite the discrimination of organized labor, employers' associations have hitherto supported the open shop for union men as well as non-union, but if the law offers no remedy for wrongful conduct of unions, organized discrimination *against* them will come. On the other hand, if the state and the unions coöperate to correct the abuses that have crept into unionism, the spirit of anti-unionism must go.

All this is a large order. How is it to be accomplished, even by a people seeing Europe reaping the whirlwind, and sobered by a sense of what it means to sow the great

primal forces for selfish ends? This question is beyond any vision of ours to answer. But one thing is sure! Either labor organizations and their practices in this country must be moulded into conformity with our laws and institutions, or our laws and institutions must bend and break. They are far from perfect, but they represent roughly the best government we have yet become fit to have. The labor unions hold a very small minority of the whole community, and, contemptuous of the rest as some of their leaders are, the likelihood is that they will have to do the conforming; and the certainty is that when, if ever, they rightly comprehend their own high possibilities, they will do it gladly.

The ambition of the unions is nothing less than to dominate the country — legislatures, courts and all. But no class is ever going to do that, at least for long, not even the capitalist class — before we are virtually all capitalists.

THE MINIMUM WAGE–BOARD AND THE UNION

BY A TRADE-UNIONIST

THE strike of the Massachusetts mill workers in 1912 brought to light the reactions following short hour legislation, and gave the promoters of reform by legal enactments their opportunity to inaugurate their campaign for the regulation of wage rates by state commissions and wages boards rather than by legislation. The Massachusetts Minimum Wage Commission was created. The following year, in 1913, eight additional states enacted similar laws.

State regulation of wages promises to be the most popular plank in the program of the social reformers. I venture to predict that in its ultimate results it will be the most unpopular among its proposed beneficiaries.

The strike of the mill workers advertised the possibilities of rebellion among unorganized and underpaid workers. It advertised the fact that wages below subsistence level were being paid in tariff protected industries. Was it that the rebellion indicated serious possibilities ahead, and that a minimum wage law was looked upon with favor, as an effective substitute for labor union action? Or was it that the reformers, as they claim, had been successful in "awakening public conscience"? Or was it that the proposed regulation of wages paid the lowest grade of workers was not a matter of sufficient material interest to stir up the opposition of influential capitalists — that it was in fact in line with the advanced schemes of capitalist production? Was it any or all of these causes that have given the impetus or paved the way for the minimum wage campaign, and silenced important opposition?

No one who studied the enactment of the law in Massa-

chusetts doubts that its sponsors were confident that it would obviate the most pressing conditions complained of by the men and women in the Lawrence strike. But it was equally evident that the citizens of the state were hopeful that it would prevent a recurrence of such strikes, by setting up new machinery for dealing with the problem of starvation wages. The promoters of the Industrial Welfare Commission of California, charged with the administration of the state regulation of wages-rates, frankly advanced the measure, together with their whole program for "progressive legislation," as a substitute for the union of wage workers and the strike. They make their appeal to capital, and bring evidence to bear that it can meet state regulation of labor conditions with less loss and greater security, than it can meet the collective interference of its employees.

While members of the Socialist and Progressive Parties in California are bidding for the support by employers of the minimum wage law as a substitute for trade-unions, the promoters of the law in other states are urging organized labor to back their measure on the ground that the law induces organization of the workers in the trades which come under its rulings. Their best argument is Victoria, where wages boards have had the longest life, and where, in over a hundred different trades, they exist together with unions. These trades include the skilled and unskilled, and employ men and women. What does this mean? Simply that *the unions having transferred their principal function, the decision of wage regulation to the state, are adjuncts, not free or competent organizations.* The full truth of this fact is brought out as we realize how the organization, particularly of unskilled workers, is instigated under the influence of wages boards, and how the requirement of representation in the boards is interpreted.

When a demand is made for a wage inquiry for the purposes of an award in an unorganized industry, it does

not come from the workers, that is, not from their collective willing, but from those interested in the operation of the law as a measure for social improvement. Both the friends of the law and the employers are in a better position than are the workers to initiate the trade organization which the law presupposes and requires when it provides for representation of workers and employers on wages boards. Every one who has had a kindergarten experience in the organization of workers can testify that a superimposed organization never becomes an actuality, with character of its own: the force of a labor union is the collective will of its members, and no concession of value is granted to a makeshift organization from which that will power is absent. Of more importance to labor than an award granted under such circumstances, is the fact that a nominal organization backed by employers or friends of the law, and carrying the endorsement of the state, will effectually stifle free organization or even protest; the nominal organization would be considered the legitimate one, and any other coming before the public or the courts would be treated as seditious or anarchistic.

While wages boards restrict the opportunities of labor to voice its demands in its own way, they also fail to provide a method for an equality of representation on the boards, from unorganized trades. For the present it is in unorganized trades in our own country that it is proposed to establish wages boards. Miss Constance Smith writing of English experience says: "Considerable difficulty was experienced in England in securing proper representatives of the employees. . . . While employers found but little difficulty in quickly becoming organized, in the case of the employees being the least experienced class of workers, entirely unorganized and full of suspicion, the selection of proper representatives has fallen largely upon the friends of the workers." It fell in fact into the hands of the promoters of the law. They no doubt served the workers to the best of their capacity, but they stretch

the definition of an important word as well as a fundamental point in the administration of the law, when they speak of the workers being *represented* on a board which fixes their conditions of work. The misinterpretation of the word occurs in the statute which calls for representation of both sides, but it provides specifically for election of employers and selection of the workers. Of the chain workers' board Miss Smith says that "here again, far more than in any of the scheduled industries, was there difficulty in finding women of sufficient intelligence and independence to serve on the trade board as Workers' representatives. But for the plan wisely adopted by the Board of Trade of not insisting that these representatives should be engaged in the trade itself, it would have been impossible to secure adequate representation of the workers' side." The chain workers and all other workers will be unintelligent on the question of wages boards from Miss Smith's point of view, because it is her method, and not their method of solving their problems. The lack of independence which she observes is a sign of an intelligent understanding on their part, that unions, unlike wages boards, make provision against discharge of workers who testify against the interest of a boss. Miss Smith, in fact assures us that a long and expensive campaign, conducted under the auspices of the Duchess of Marlborough and costing $4000.00, failed to educate the chain workers or give them confidence. Miss Smith's conclusion is that the fault is with them. It suggests to me that the fault may be with her method of managing their affairs.

After the awards were made for the brush workers through the wages board of Massachusetts, where brush workers had participated, the sponsors for the law found it necessary to amend it so that an employer would be liable who discharged a worker on account of his or her activity. But as every one knows, it is not possible to prove against an employer other reasons for discharge than those he chooses shall be accepted.

The effort to make wages boards democratic has failed. Unorganized workers have no means of electing representatives; nor of knowing what individuals would best represent them; they have no means of controlling individuals acting as their spokesmen, nor any power to protect a worker who would undertake to voice their interests. As a matter of fact, a worker from an unorganized trade, serving on a trade board, would be in a position of an incompetent witness in a court of law, because of his economic dependence on the good will of the employers in his trade.

The experience of the employers of Australia with semi-official and politically controlled unions, may well recommend such unions to employers in America as happy substitutes for the voluntary organizations of their own country. In Victoria as in other states where governmental machinery is invoked for the regulation of labor conditions, independent union action subsides, not as it is commonly concluded because labor gets all it wants, but because no voluntary association or enterprise can compete with a state activity. A visitor to Australia recently reports: "In spite of the fact that the law in Victoria does not forbid strikes, as is the case under compulsory arbitration, it would be hard to find a community in which strikes are so infrequent as they are in Victoria. There are I think not more than a half dozen cases in which a strike has occurred in a trade where the wages and hours were fixed by a wages board." The fact that for a number of years under the influence of the law strikes have been practically eliminated, is for employers a clear gain unless offset by higher wages. It is incomprehensible to the reformers that the absence of strikers is considered by labor a suspicious circumstance. The truth is that state control has overpowered strike action, that the workers have developed the Australian habit of mind, which is dependence on the state representatives for regulating their affairs. This has inhibited collective willing of voluntary

unions, and their contentment is the evidence of their corrupted will; the discontent of the workers is turned into conformity, and their leaders become politicians.

In the same subtle way does the minimum wage movement of this country promise to clip the wings of the unions. The promoters urge the unions to back the movement, with the persuasive assurance that if they are on the inside they can turn the boards and its awards to their own account. How they can do this, is not made clear. How they cannot do it ought to be obvious to every trade unionist of experience. The method of a wages board is to consider the cost of living, to fix a minimum wage rate based on its findings, and possibly to change that rate on demand and as the cost of living varies. The method of a union is to act in and out of season as a driving force, and to bargain for conditions limited only by its strength; and never to agree to a sum or a condition except on the understanding that it is temporary. A wages board considers what capital can pay. That is not the business of a union. If labor is assured of any one fact, it is that the resources of capital for meeting increases in cost of production, are known only to capital, and it is safe to assume that capital is competent to take care of that end of the problem.

If the union movement endorses state regulation of wage rates, and the methods and awards of wages boards, it commits also the members of affiliated unions to the findings and awards. That is, if a union representative serves on the wages board for an unorganized trade, and agrees that the cost of living for the workers of that trade may furnish the basis for wage rates, and agrees moreover to the minimum rate to be paid in that trade, he advertises in advance the minimum rate to be paid to other workers in other trades doing the same general grade of work. By way of illustration we will assume that the case of the umbrella workers is being considered. The Board discovers, to the varying satisfaction of its members,

what it calls the cost of living for the umbrella workers of the locality. It is difficult to decide what sum will keep an umbrella worker in fit condition, after rent, food, clothing, car fare, occasional illnesses, and other innumerable contingencies are more or less satisfactorily disposed of. But in the end a trial sum is fixed on as representing a living wage, or as nearly a living wage as the variations in the lives of individuals permit. A liberal board will endeavor to hold that sum as a trial sum, during further consideration of facts furnished by employers, indicating that the business does not warrant the payment of so high a sum. The board may even believe, as some advocates romantically declare, that a business which cannot pay a living wage should not exist. But after all, a liberal board, made up of employers as well as workers, for the purpose of considering the position of both, will, it is safe to assume, live up to its character, and, like the English board considering the case of the embroidery workers, not insist on a rate which the employers have successfully proved would drive their industry back to France, Switzerland or Germany.

The case of the umbrella workers is a fair illustration of the position of a wages board. It acts on the assumption that the cost of living can be satisfactorily approximated, and that a wage rate can be fixed with the approximation as a basis. A board finds in the course of its operation that the cost of living for a mass of people is a variable sum, that the sum does not vary on account of the industry in which they work, so much as on account of the necessities of individuals. When the time comes for the board to convert the sum into a fixed wage it finds that the basis is an illusive one. It finds also that its very reason for existence, that the wages of the workers shall cover at least the cost of living, is a rather naïve one. It finds that a state board is not in a position to translate the full cost of living into a wage. It is not, that is, in the position of a union, which is unhampered in its consideration of the

interest of the workers it represents, apart from the interest of capital.

Whether the minimum rates, which a board might impose on an industry, did or did not guarantee the workers the kind of a living that was hoped for, the reformers who stood behind the law or who served on the board might find considerable satisfaction in the thought that they helped to increase the wages of the poorest paid workers. But what of the unionists who served on the board or endorsed the movement for the creation of a board which fixed a wage based on the approximate cost of living? They might find no less satisfaction in the thought that the poorest paid umbrella workers had received an increase, if they could forget the price which the workers in the other trades would pay for union participation and findings; or if they could close their eyes to the inevitable application of the findings of the board for the umbrella trade, to other trades and other workers, the workers with unions as well as the workers without.

When a wages board determines a minimum for the workers in one trade, based on the cost of living, it determines minima for the workers of the industries of the locality. If the cost of living approximates $8.00 a week for the umbrella workers of New York City, so it does for the cigar makers, the glove workers and the milliners. Not only is it the cost for the unskilled, underpaid women, but it is the cost as well for the skilled.

The reformers responsible for the rates fixed suffer no reactions, they have acted as individuals without personal interest involved. But to the extent that the union movement endorses such findings, the bargaining position of organized labor is compromised. And to the extent that the union movement endorses the principle of determining rates of wages by subsistence computations, instead of by labor's collective power, the driving force of organized labor is undermined.

Reformers might well occupy their time in advertising

the cost of living and in bringing about a realization of what is a subsistence sum. As consumers they are qualified to speak on the cost of living. It is often stated by members of wages boards, that the workers in the sweated trades do not realize what it costs to live. Possibly not with their limited opportunity. But a point for reformers to observe is that when the same workers organize and demand increases, they secure higher rates than wages boards attain. When a union in the course of bargaining agrees to a minimum wage, it is usually the maximum or near it paid in the trade. It is one of the purposes in making a trade union, that it shall not agree to the actual minimum paid in the trade before it is organized.

A commission made up of citizens, not undertaking to represent or include employers or workers of the different industries, is as competent to discover the cost of living as is one that is made up on the representative basis. There is no need to consider the cost of living in connection with particular industries. Without even an investigation, we know that $12.00 or $15.00 a week offers a man or woman living in New York, a miserable existence, but if he receives that wage *regularly*, we also know that he can exist in a state of comparative decency if no exigency occurs. The advantage of establishing the rate is a point to be considered, but the one I am making here is that the constitution of wages boards for the consideration of different trades, and made up of workers and employers, serves other ends than the determination of minimum or living wages.

If, as I have tried to show, wages boards would embarrass the organization of labor, we can readily understand why there is so little financial opposition to the movement, especially if we discover as well that capital can successfully shift the increased burden of minimum rates without increasing the cost of production or effecting profits. But even should an increase in cost of production, in some cases follow state regulation of wages, it is still

possible that the method in the long run would be preferred by capital as a substitute for labor union action, because every extension of the power of the latter adds to the *uncertainties* of profits. The possibility of control which wage boards offer, and the ability to forecast their action would be a gain for capital.

But the economists who support the minimum wage agitation virtually rest their case on the fair presumption that capital can meet the minimum rates fixed by the state, without paying the bill; and that it can shift the immediate burden of the change to the shoulders of the workers. And state wage minima *can* be met by capital without loss to itself by well understood methods: by the introduction of labor saving devices; by the reduction of maximum rates; by increasing the selling price. As our minimum wage awards are to be made by the respective states and as prices of commodities and profits are determined by a national, and usually effected by a world market, the increased cost of production cannot and will not be met by the industries of the separate states by increasing prices or decreasing profits unless the industry coming under an award (such as retailing merchandise) is confined to the locality in which the award is made. It follows that increases in cost of production will be met at some other point than profits or prices. The logical consequence of minimum wages, is the reduction of maximum rates or the introduction of labor saving devices. It is important when considering the benefits which minimum wages will confer on workers, to recognize that where capital meets increased costs by increasing the selling price, the weight of the burden falls less on the consumer than on the workers; for the simple reason that increasing the selling price reduces the output and decreases employment.

The oft repeated statement of trade unionists that under wages boards the minimum will become the maximum, is not theory or mere prediction, nor is it based on the ex-

perience of other countries with minimum wage laws. It is trade-union experience in the United States, that any fixed union minimum in an organized trade, becomes the maximum when the union loses its power or driving force. When a union agrees with the employer to accept a minimum rate, it is clearly understood that it has taken all that it can get; that if it had the power it would take more; that as its power increases new demands will be made. When a state fixes minima it is understood that they are based on a defined sum, an estimated cost of subsistence. The state has no intention of acting as a continuous pressure upwards in the interest of labor. Men who have had experience in arranging wage rates know that the maximum becomes the minimum, as pressure relaxes. It was probably in recognition of this fact that eight of the states out of the nine enacting minimum wage laws, inserted apprenticeship clauses, or made provision for temporary payments of rates below the minimum. As this clause prevented a decrease in rates for the higher grades of workers, that is as it served its purpose and prevented the minimum becoming the maximum, I understand from Washington that the end of an apprenticeship brought the worker not the minimum awarded, but discharge. One of the promoters of the law, and a commissioner, told me that the workers pleaded with the administrators of the law not to report their eligibility as their probation period closed, because they preferred a low rate of wages to none at all.

This is the joker in the law: not low wages but no wages. State wage minima are actually in line with methods of modern industrial development, which is economy of labor power or, in the language of factory economics, unemployment—unemployment for the relief of the same workers for whose benefit the legislatures were invoked. The elimination of the lowest grades of workers by supplanting labor power with machine power, by exacting a larger output per worker, by speeding up, or by increased

efficiency in management, or, where the law applies to women workers and not to men, by the substitution through immigration of foreign male labor: these are capital's very simple and familiar methods of eluding increased wage rates. Furthermore, the labor saving devices which would inevitably follow state-wage minima, would require increased capitalization in the trades affected. Increased capitalization means business consolidation, and business consolidation is in itself a labor saving device which swells the labor market.[1]

Mr. Sidney Webb, an important advocate of the movement for state control, writes: "If the employer cannot go below a common minimum rate, and is unable to grade the other conditions of employment down to the lowest and most necessitous wage earner in his establishment, he is economically impelled to do his utmost to raise the level of efficiency of his workers so as to get the best possible return for the fixed conditions."

It is quite frankly admitted by the social reformers that unemployment will be a direct result of state regulation of wages. It is indeed, we discover, a part of their plan. Mr. Sidney Webb, English reformer and state socialist, tells us that the government as we follow in his lead will take care of all those whom it will not pay capital to retain in their service. And Mr. Daniel Guggenheim, American capitalist and antitrade-unionist, stated before the United States Commission on Industrial Relations, the other day, that he considered it the business of the state to see that the men thrown onto the labor market were given jobs.

But in spite of Mr. Webb's enthusiastic advance of the program outlined a few years ago in the minority report of England's Poor Law Commission, in spite of the success of social insurance in Parliament, under the leadership of Lloyd George, it was not social insurance which re-

[1] And releases labor for the production of new utilities in which all benefit.—Ed.

lieved perceptibly the miseries of England's unemployed army, but, the war—the death spectre.

Here in New York, as I write, the Factory Investigating Commission is contemplating, not the 200,000 or more unemployed workers in the city, but the chances of enacting minimum wage laws, which their ablest economists admit will increase unemployment. Across the street from the Commission, and in session at the same time, is a Mayor's Committee on unemployment, composed of many of the supporters of the Factory Commission, acknowledging virtually that Mr. Taft was right when he said that "God only knows what to do with the unemployed."

The trade-unionists are particularly competent to predict the aftermath of increased wage rates. Out of their experience they know that labor saving devices follow successful union action, and that failure has resulted as they have neglected the consequences. Trade-union opposition to minimum wage laws has nothing to do with the economic reactions. They are opposed on the ground that they will impede voluntary expression and resistance of labor, as they supply state substitutes. There are trade-unionists who endorse state regulation for the working women. It is in line with a masculine disinclination to recognize women as permanent factors outside of the home; but their endorsement is due also to their desire to be rid of the responsibility of helping them to organize, organization being prerequisite to representation on wage-boards.

The social reformers' program for standardizing industry and taking care of the labor refuse, offers endless occupation for themselves. Whatever contribution it makes towards industrial efficiency, consolidation, security against organization or uprisings, will be, or rather is being, acknowledged by capitalist politicians, as the advance is acknowledged by state socialist politicians. The new planks of the reform program, beginning with minimum

wage laws and ending with schemes for social insurance against sickness, unemployment and old age, are distinct departures, as they will directly inhibit collective action on the part of labor.

The enforcement of the earlier reform measures, like shorter hours, factory safety and sanitation, resulted not only in an increase in unemployment, but in cuts in wages. The latter is a stimulating cause of strikes, especially in unorganized trades. "To hell with the job," was the verdict of the mill workers in Massachusetts, as a result of the short hour legislation which was enacted in their behalf, but which made no provision in the unorganized industries against wage reductions. The results of short hour legislation left a way for action open to workers, and frequently furnished the incentive. But as minimum wage laws narrow the possibility of strikes, and as their enforcement increases unemployment, the basis of common and related interests among workers becomes weakened if not destroyed.

It is important to realize that the reaction from minimum wage legislation has been slow in Australia because of the circumstance, fortunate for labor, of its own shortage. The experience of Australia with wages boards and compulsory arbitration, and the experience of Germany with state insurance, have together given us opportunity to judge of the psychological effect of such state regulation on labor itself.

A legal enactment, like shorter hours of work, is a state fiat which makes no bid or provision for labor's dependence on the state for future help. Moreover as it applies universally it supplies a basis for collective bargaining. But minimum wages are not imposed as a state fiat, but through boards created for that purpose, or, as in New Zealand, industrial courts. With such machinery as a substitute for the collective action of the workers on the one hand and employers on the other, the tendency of the workers is to turn to the method at hand. The in-

vitation of the spider offers the fly the road of least resistance.

Social insurance, which is the reformers' cure for the evils resulting from capitalist and state control, in absence of labor control, sets the seal on the workers' dependence on the state. Its efficient administration demands a close state supervision and regulation of the lives of the people, which has been fully realized in Germany, and in Germany only. The result is a complete prostration of the German working people, and a subservience to state control which at the present time needs no elaboration.

In publishing an article by a trade-unionist, we imply that its theses are worthy of consideration, but we no more endorse all the principles and practices of the trade-unions than, when we publish an article by a clergyman, we endorse all the principles and practices of the churches.

The writer of the foregoing essay says distinctly that arbitration tends to destroy the "driving force of the unions." It is for readers to consider whether at the present stage of evolution, the most worthy ends, in the unions or elsewhere, are to be best reached by "driving force."—Ed.

SOME HETEROMATIC WRITING

THERE used to be a story whose merits are so great that, although they may not include historical accuracy, we nevertheless are surprised to realize that we have not heard it during the last thirty years. It was to the effect that when Columbus first landed in the new world, he was met by a delegation of leading citizens, whose leader asked: "Have I the honor of addressing Columbus?" The great navigator acknowledged the soft impeachment and added: "Then you must be the natives?" The spokesman turned to his companions, saying: "Well, boys, we may as well give in: we are discovered."

We were reminded of this story when we started to give our readers a glimpse of the new continent in the psychic world disclosed by automatic or heteromatic writing. It has long been regarded by many as some sort of a mirage, but its reality is no longer doubted by those who have really investigated it, and doubters may as well "give in." It is undoubtedly "discovered." Its usual phenomena will be illustrated a couple of pages further on. The main questions still open regarding it are (I) whether it is automatic — built up by unconscious processes of the writer's psyche or by some other psyche acting upon the writer; and (II) if the latter, whether the psyche so acting is incarnate or post-carnate; or (III) whether the writer's psyche and an external psyche or psyches are all concerned.

In the first of those three cases, the writing is automatic. But the late Frederic W. H. Myers, who did most to fasten upon it that name, was really inconsistent in doing so: for he attributed it principally to the second of the three agencies we have indicated, and therefore really considered it heteromatic. That, it at least professes it-

self to be, and without finally committing ourselves to an opinion, we will so call it.

We consider the subject highly, perhaps supremely, worthy of the consideration of the readers of the Unpopular Review, and hope they may contribute something toward an intelligent understanding of its mysteries.

Our own humble guess is that all souls are but manifestations of a cosmic soul, just as all forms are shifting portions of the cosmic matter, and all motions manifestations of the cosmic energy. The portions of the cosmic soul vary here and now with different bodies; but as they are all parts of the same soul, their manifestations, like those of the cosmic energy shade into each other. This guess is on a subject as yet very vague, and will justly strike you as very vague, even in its language. In a sense, nobody knows what heteromatic writing it. But in that sense, nobody knows what anything is: for there are apparently unending depths of mystery under all our knowledge. It consists of surface appearances, but they grow deeper every day.

Some of those appearances called heteromatic writing, will now be described. They were produced in her childhood by a lady whom we have met a few times, and with whose grand-daughter, now aged a dozen years or so, we have for some time, confessed ourselves deeply in love. Our own impressions of the elder lady's reliability are strongly favorable, and it is vouched for in the strongest terms by a well known man whom we have long known intimately, and who has known her intimately for a generation or more.

The lady has sent us a little old memorandum book which she says was written by her mother.

We give its contents exactly, except that we have corrected two or three obvious inadvertences, peppered in a little punctuation to help the reader, split up a few long paragraphs, and transferred one paragraph into a better connection.

"A Skeptic's Experience in testing Spiritualism.

"I was brought up without any religious learning, or teaching toward any particular creed, as my father was a free-thinker, and wished his children to do as they pleased, and think as they thought best in regard to all Church matters.

"In 1852 I went to Lowell to pursue some studies that I could not take at home, and while there, had my first experience of Spiritualism. A lady and her daughter, our near neighbors at home, had gone to Lowell for the purpose of having the advantages of school for the daughter, and we were all three boarding in the same family.

"One day the daughter came from school and said that one of the pupils had sent word to *me*, giving my name, to come on a certain evening to her father's house, as *my* father's spirit had sent for me. The pupil went on to say that her Aunt was a talking medium, and that what professed to be the spirit of my father was her controlling power. We all three attended at the time named, and all agreed before starting that whatever we might see or hear, none of us should acknowledge while there that we saw any resemblance in any way to my father. He was a man of very pronounced peculiarities in speech and gestures, and no one having heard him talk would ever mistake a representation. He had been educated in a strict orthodox home, and was, until early manhood, a conscientious believer in the orthodox doctrines taught in the early part of this century. [The nineteenth.—Ed.] As he grew to think for himself he lost all confidence in, and respect for, the religious teaching of his youth, and as there was then no middle or milder theory than election and eternal damnation, or utter annihilation, he chose the latter, as being most reasonable, although never *intruding* his ideas in the presence of others. He died in 1850, soon after the first stir by the Fox sisters in the early days of Spiritualism.

"We were ushered into a plain comfortable room at the back of a store, of which the man of the house was pro-

prietor. The medium was a very commonplace person, shy and quiet. She said nothing in explanation of having sent for me, nor were any reasons given, only the man of the house in an apologetic way said, The 'Doctor' [The narrator's father.—Ed.] was anxious I should come. There were no curtains or darkened rooms, or taking hold of hands, or preparations of any kind. We all sat quiet a few moments, when the medium arose and began to speak in a self-confident manner, readily and easily, like an educated person, which she certainly was not.

"To our utter astonishment the gestures, language and expressions were a perfect representation of my father's. He began by saying he was glad to be able to speak to me, as he had been trying ever since he left here, to find some way to communicate with his family, but had no opportunity until I came to Lowell. He then went on to say how different all was from his previous belief — and had a great deal to say about the love divine, and the goodness and justice of the Supreme Being, but I cannot remember all, only that there was nothing very definite or that seemed of importance, nd we none of us acknowledged *there*, that we saw any likeness to my father. I had no faith in such doctrines, and although I could see no object for fraud, or any signs of fraud, I certainly did not believe I had been listening to my father's spirit. I went once again, at a similar call, with similar result.

"That was all I ever saw until after I was married and had two little girls, one nine years old and one seven. At that time a Planchette came into our hands, and we amused ourselves by trying its powers. There were four grown ladies in my family then, and my two little girls. We found when all our hands were on it, that Planchette would write indistinctly; so we tried to see where the power was, and each in turn withdrew her hands, until we found that when all hands were off except my little seven year old daughter's, the thing would write readily and plainly — and it then wrote, that D— could write

alone and better than if anyone else put a hand on. The child was excited, and threw her arms around me saying: 'What *does* make it write? *I* don't do it.' The child could not write herself very much, and certainly could not understand half she did write. I quieted her by saying that some people had a great deal of electricity about them, and that enabled them to do a great many things that others could not, and she happened to be one of them. This she readily believed and accepted, as she knew she had the power of walking across a wool carpet and then putting her finger to our noses or lips, or any part of us, and there would emit an electric spark. [Apparently all persons have this power, but in varying degrees.—Ed.] I never allowed anyone to say anything about spiritualism before her, nor did she for many years know any other explanation than what I gave her at that time.

"We amused ourselves from time to time with it for a while, and one day the pencil with which it wrote got broken and did not work very well; but it did write: 'Take a pencil, you do not need Planchette.' She then took a pencil, and after that found that a slate and pencil answered the purpose just as well as anything else.

"For several years we paid no attention to it except as an occasional amusement, until my daughter was about thirteen years old. At that time a friend told me of a singular experience he had had with a medium who answered questions written on slips of paper, each rolled up tightly so that nobody could possibly see or know what was written on the slip; that the medium then took the slips one by one, holding each one in the left hand, while the right hand wrote a pertinent and definite answer, signed by the name of the one addressed on each slip. [Perhaps this was Foster, though his responses were generally oral.—Ed.] It was something new to me, and I at once tried the same way with my daughter, and to my amazement found that if I wrote a line asking a

definite question, and addressed to the name of any person that had once lived, I could get a direct answer signed by the name to which the question was addressed. As to the truth of the answers, who can tell? My daughter, for convenience, wrote mostly with slate and pencil, and I am sorry to say that I copied none of the communications. She had three slates, and wrote very rapidly, covering both sides of one slate sometimes, and sometimes all of them in one answer. I used to read them and rub them out for continued writing, unless it was something I wished to save. In that way there were a great many questions of which I retain no memory, but I remember many of them distinctly.

"I asked Agassiz if he found that animals had souls and were saved, according to his belief when alive. He answered that there was a place where animals went, and human spirits could go there if they wished, but it was not very pleasant, and no one cared to stay long.

"I asked Jim Fisk if he had a pistol in his hand when Stokes shot him — and where he was now. He replied: 'No! I had no pistol in my hand. It was deliberate murder, but to tell the truth I don't blame him much. I am now on the outer edge of the first heaven, and don't expect to get any farther for the next hundred years—Jim Fisk.'

"I asked and had many questions to private friends that would be of no interest here — and often when writing and receiving answers from the dead, I would write and address one to a living person. In all these questions so asked, the reader must remember that each one was rolled up tightly and given to the child without anyone but myself knowing what was inside. My daughter did not know or care, nor did she know what she wrote, while writing.

"She would be sometimes deathly pale, then the blood would rush to her veins and face, and I used sometimes to try to hold her hand still while she was writing, but

could not control it in the least. She said there was always a tingling sensation passing from one hand to the other when she wrote, and when an answer was finished there was invariably written 'Done' — at the end, and the name signed. When that tingling stopped, she could write no more.

"As I said before, I sometimes slipped in a question to a living person. She would hold it, waiting, but no answer would come, and she would say: 'I don't believe this is going to be answered, for I don't *feel* anything.' And I never had such a question answered.

"I tried every possible way I could think of, in order to satisfy myself *what* the power was that answered me, as I could not decide that it was what it purported to be. For although I was not conscious of any influence of my own mind, and the questions were often answered entirely contrary to my belief or expectations, still there came up all the time the thought that my mind *must*, though unconsciously, be the source of the answer. In order to fully test this, I bethought me of a way in which there could be no question, and that was to have sealed questions sent from a distance, of which neither I nor anyone but the writer *could* know, and then see what the result — and the result was so astounding that I was nonplussed. I wrote to a friend in Washington, telling him of the matter, and asked him to write me some definite questions addressed to a definite person, and seal them up in such a way that there could be no question in his own mind as to whether they had been tampered with or opened; that I would have them answered if they could be, and then return the questions to him with the answers. I told him I was doing it simply to satisfy myself as to whether my mind did control the medium. The questions were answered and sent back with the sealed packet, which the gentleman told me he had smeared all over with paste, before rolling up, and knew that it could not be opened without destroying the whole paper.

"He then sent me the questions. The writer was an eminent scholar, with vast literary knowledge, and he made the following test questions. They were addressed to William Shakespere.

"First, 'Who wrote Shakespere's plays? Was it Lord Francis Bacon?'

"The answer was written in apparent great anger and excitement. 'I am astonished that a man of your knowledge and reading should ask such an insulting question. No!! I wrote every one of them myself.'

"2d Question, 'Where is Louisa Ward? Is she living?' Ans. 'Louisa Ward is living in Baltimore.'

"3d Question, 'Who wrote the Junius letters? Was it Sir Philip Francis?' Ans. 'Sir Philip Francis assisted by another person.'

(Signed) 'William Shakespere.'"

This narrative lacks contemporary documentation, though it does not appear to need it. One scrap, however, accompanied this memorandum book. It was a post card as follows:

"10th April, 1874

"My Dear Sister:

"The letter with the answers was received yesterday. They are wonderful. The word 'document' had no significance. My first question was, as I remember, for I have not opened the package: '*Where* is Louisa Ward — tell me particulars about her?' 2d. 'Did Lord Bacon write the Shakespeare plays?' 3d. 'Was Sir Philip Francis the author of Junius?' That these questions should be specifically answered, in any way, without being seen, is very wonderful. Shakespeare was *mad* that his authorship should be questioned. I wish I could be told *where* Louisa is. I can hardly believe there were *two* persons who jointly wrote the Letters. Eunice wants to ask a

question, and we shall write again very soon. Love to you *all* from our whole household.

"Affectionately,
"Tabor."

The memorandum book continues:

"Now — what power answered those questions? *My* mind certainly could not have had an influence. Nor the one who wrote them: for he was hundreds of miles away. [Distance has not been fatal in cases more clearly telepathic.—Ed.] The child in all probability had never heard of Bacon or Francis, or Junius letters. As to the *truth* of the statements, none of us can say, but that is *not* the question.

"I then tried another person for a question — and wrote to my brother for one in the same way. We received a little packet, which when answered seemed very unsatisfactory. All D— could get was 'I'm well enough.' 'Yes, I know you.' 'Done' — and no name was signed to it. I then told D— to try again. So she took the paper and the pencil, drew a square of about three inches on each side, and made a little ornamental marking around it like a fence; then a representation of a gravestone with lions on it, and little tufts and bushes growing inside the square, and that was all we could get. [Heteromatic illustration is frequent.—Ed.] I sent Question and Answer to my brother, telling him that it did not seem to be of much use, but it was all that would be given. He wrote back that he did not write the question himself, but asked a lady to send one, and she having no faith, thought she would give no possible clue in any way. Mentally, she sent to her father, not addressing him, nor signing a name. All she wrote was 'How are you? Do you know me?' The lady was surprised at the answers, and said: 'It reminds me of a promised duty that I have left undone.' She said that just before her father's death, he gave her full instructions of how he wanted his lot in the graveyard

fixed, and made her promise to see that it was done, and have a proper headstone placed for him — very soon. She said the style of the answer was very like his blunt way of speaking, and nothing that he could have said could have made her so realize that it must have come from him.

"These are only a few of dozens of similar tests, till I was myself convinced that the power was from the source claimed for it, and then I thought: 'Why not then ask all about the future life?' I wrote and addressed it to Shakespere, asking if I could be told about the next life, saying I wanted to ask many questions. I received in reply: '*I* cannot answer your questions, but I will bring one who will.' I then began without any further addressing, to ask all the questions pertaining to the future world, the plan of our future existance, Heaven and Hell, and received in reply long and explicit answers and explanations, many of them contrary to my belief or what I had ever heard of before.

" I will not enter here into that explanation, as what I then got is very similar to the general spiritual belief. I had never at that time read any of Swedenborg's writings, and my surprise was very great, upon reading his works some time after, to find that the explanations given me were almost identical with the theory of Swedenborg. I found that he said that the Spirits were not permitted to give any information to those who wished to converse with them. He says that 'the things which I learned in representation and visions and from discourses with spirits and angels, are from the Lord alone.' It struck me at once that *I* had had such communication, and then I recalled that when I asked for information, I was told that the one I was corresponding with could not give me the information that I wanted, but sent another. That other answered *all* I asked — page after page (of the slate) till I was fully satisfied. And then I asked: 'Who am I in correspondence with?' and received in reply — '*The Lord himself.*'

"The answer made no more impression upon me, as being really true, than we feel it when we say that the Bible is God's book. My only idea was that all that I had learned was by the power, wisdom and goodness of God — and not till I read what Swedenborg said on the same subject, did I realize it.

"This comprises the *variety* of tests, and the style of my experience, though it is a very small portion of the same style. Since then I have read and thought a great deal, and compared what I have heard from others with my own information, till I sometimes think I could preach endlessly on the subject: for to me it is one of the most sublime, sensible, reasonable theories that can possibly exist.

"A—— C. T——,
"Ashfield, Mass.
—1882.

"I forgot to say one thing, which I will put on the page the other side of this leaf [in the memorandum book from which all this is copied. It is a year or two since we had its contents typewritten, but we think only one side of each leaf of the book had been used, as if in preparation for the press.—Ed.]

"After D— had had the test questions sent from away, and answered them, she suddenly said, one day on writing a remarkable answer: 'You needn't talk to me any more about this being only electricity or mesmeric power. It is something more than that, and I want to know what it is.'

"I then told her, and explained the whole theory of Spiritualism, and she was very much shocked, and was always reluctant to write after that. 'The idea,' she said, 'of having dead folks make me write in spite of myself!' She never wrote willingly after it, and said she never prayed so much for anything as she did to have the power taken from her. When she got to be fifteen, she absolutely refused to allow herself to write, and used to say that often she could feel a presence in the room trying to

compel her to take a pencil, but she always would leave the room, and did resist till she finally lost the power entirely, and has not written a word for over ten years.

"She used to say if she was starving she never would use the power to get money, as, if it was not from the spirits, it would be a great deception; and if it *was*, it would be a great shame to take money. She never felt confirmed in the belief that it *was* spirits till within two or three years, since her sister died — and she has received through others some remarkable communications."

The child writer D—, now a grandmother, adds the following:

"Now, at the risk of becoming 'borous,' to use your own expressive word, I am going to relate one more curious incident of my earlier life which has a strange significance as a warning not unlike the warning light that came to you and induced you to look after your fires.[1]

"This incident occurred not many years after I ceased to have the strange ability to write automatically, chiefly because I refused to experiment any more with it. I had married, and was the mother of a little girl, then about three months old. I had had a dear and beautiful sister, who had recently died, at the age of twenty-five years, and who had been devotedly fond of the little one, her only niece.

"I was sleeping in a quiet bedroom in an intensely quiet little New England village. It was early in the morning, though the room was in full daylight. In the crib beside my bed was my baby. I was in a deep sleep. Suddenly I heard in my sleep the most wonderfully rich and resonant chord of music I ever had heard. It was unearthly in its thrilling effect. I started bolt upright, gasping with wonder, and actually heard the very end of the chord

[1] This was a light that appeared to be a coal rolling across the fireplace one night while I was in bed. I got up and found that the fire under the boiler in the cellar had gone out, and left the water-pipes throughout the house in danger of bursting.—Ed.

dying away in my ears. 'Oh, what was that?' I exclaimed, and then I looked at the crib. I saw instantly that something was wrong. The child lay with her head all muffled up in the blanket, and her legs were twitching in a curious, convulsive, unnatural manner. I snatched off the covers, and there she lay, face down, with her nose and mouth muffled in the pillow, and had not strength to free herself and turn over. In a moment or two more she would have been smothered. I turned her over, and her face was a deep purple. She gave a great gasp and a cry, and in five minutes was all right.

"Now, what was that strange sound if not a warning from someone looking at the child and seeing her danger? The child herself was making no audible sound; was merely kicking like a frog, with feebler and feebler strokes. What was the loud, deep, resonant chord I heard, which even extended to my waking senses?"

To begin with the end, the warning music reminds me (Pray forgive the absence of the editorial "we" in this intensely personal reminiscence — and, for consistency's sake, in the rest of the article) of at least two occasions in my own experience when I heard the music of Nature, not the metaphorical music found by imaginative writers in the "whispering of the trees," the "laughing of the waters," the "thundering of the cataracts," *etc.*, but actual rich and majestic harmonies, more like choruses of male voices than anything else I know. I could sometimes pick out the sources of the sounds. Like the case above cited, it came in the early morning while I was in bed, but unlike that case, it was not a warning, but rather a consolation: for death was then in my house or plainly impending over it. I do not definitely recall hearing that music under any other circumstances, but have a vague impression of hearing it once when it made me fear that death was coming unheralded; but as the fear, if it existed, was not justified, the impression was as indefinite as I have indicated.

And now as to the heteromatic writing. It has a peculiar interest in being the only case I recall of the phenomenon proceeding from so young a person, and that circumstance is peculiarly indicative of its genuineness, if anybody at this late day wants proof that genuine phenomena of the kind abound. The puzzle is no longer regarding their existence, but their cause.

The puzzle was never greater to me than, after considerable study, it is today: for I have just learned of a case in whose genuineness I believe, where, ostensibly, an eminent person in a postcarnate state had frequently communicated through a heteromatic writer many profound and characteristic things; and yet when members of his own family came to a sitting, he had no idea who they were. This is so different from hosts of cases reported by the Society for Psychical Research and elsewhere, as to be very puzzling. In this case, however, there are collateral circumstances that raise a slight question regarding the genuineness of the phenomena; but against them are hosts of others in favor of it.

Another feature deserving comment in the case before us is the ingenious test of getting the questions from a distance. I do not at the moment recall any other such, but probably have known some. The present ones, however, can all be explained, so far as concerns the child's knowledge of them, by teloteropathy (telepathy from a distance) but it is not so easy to explain the characteristic quality of such of the answers as ostensibly came from persons whose characteristics were known to the persons putting the questions, but not to the child. In such cases, however, it is legitimate to allow much for the natural expectancy or hope on the questioner's part, of hearing from the person questioned. This would not only affect the questioner's impression of the characteristics of the answer, but might telepathically affect the medium's framing of the answer. But even that assumption, when the telepathy comes as far as some hundreds of miles,

from a person unknown to the sitter or the heteromatist, begins to approximate in thinness, the assumption of a postcarnate intelligence on the spot.

The failure to get an answer when the question was addressed to a living person suggests the possibility that it was due to the questioner not expecting any, and therefore not giving the child any telepathic help to give any. But how explain the failure in the *first* such question? It is possible that the questioner even then had a doubt whether the question would be answered, and that that weakened the telepathic influence. This, however, would seem impossible if the child had several pellets at the same time, and the questioner did not know which was which. But even here we are reminded that sensitives have generally been helped to portray deceased persons by holding in their hands articles associated with such persons. This of course strengthens the argument that the source of the communications was the postcarnate mind of the person associated with the article, but it also strengthens the argument that the person giving the article to the sensitive was helped by his own association with the article, to convey such association telepathically to the sensitive — that even the article itself might be "charged," like an electric battery, with some power both from its former owner and from the person delivering it — in this case that the pellets were "charged" with the impressions of the person writing them. Whether these subtleties are easier to swallow than the spiritistic hypothesis, depends upon the taste of the person to whom they are served.

Responses contrary to the beliefs of the questioner are not infrequent in heteromatic writing, and there are cases of fact where the writing has turned out correct, and the questioner mistaken.

Swedenborg's idea that communications regarding the nature of the future state can come from "The Lord alone," and our author's ostensibly getting them from "The Lord Himself," are at variance with the Piper writ-

ings, though many of her alleged controls profess to write through "spirits" more able and experienced than themselves.

As to the heteromatist, on growing older, resisting apparent outside influence to make her write, her experience was more fortunate than that of several other heteromatic writers whose resistence has caused them more or less inconvenience, generally headaches, often very severe; and generally relieved upon writing. This is the first case I have read of the "presence in the room." Generally, so far as I know, the impulse is felt in the arm itself.

EN CASSEROLE

Special to Our Readers

YOU'VE not been writing to us as much lately as we like, perhaps because we've all been off on vacation. We enjoy your approval, when we can get it, even in less substantial form than renewal of subscriptions; and it's even to your advantage to tell us of it, because it helps us do what the frontiersman did, than which "angels can do no more." And we almost equally want your criticism, because it helps us see and correct our faults.

And perhaps the strongest reason why we want you to write to us is that we all can have some more fun together, here in the *Casserole* and in the quotations from you which we print in the advertising pages. We need not tell you that at bottom we are as serious an organ as the one that played only psalm tunes. But that one was discovered to be a bore, and we can't do our job, and you can't respond to it, if both sides don't have some fun. It would be better still if we could, every three months, meet face to face and shake hands all around — not only you and we, but you among yourselves. So, as we can't do that, let's come as close to it as we can, through letters.

An Amende

UNTIL lately it has been our conviction that the Kaiser was responsible for the war, including the unspeakable barbarities of Belgium and the *Lusitania*, and we have expressed that conviction and its corollaries as forcibly as we knew how.

Recently two long and intimate conversations with the American diplomat perhaps best entitled to an opinion, have led to some modifications in our conviction.

Happening to be in Germany when the old emperor died, and when the succession of Frederick was known as fated to be but a brief formality, we learned that perhaps the most significant thing about the present emperor was that he had modeled himself on Frederick the Great. This fact and most of his subsequent acts and (with two exceptions, which we will specify later) of his speeches which were accessible to average American observation, justified the impression that his leading ambition was conquest, and we have no doubt that for a long time, it was.

The two exceptional utterances alluded to above were his agonized cries on two recent terrible occasions: "I never willed this thing." Probably the interpretation generally held here was that the frightful destruction of his troops was something vastly different from the gay promenade to Paris which he thought he had decreed. But our diplomatic instructor inclines us to believe that the cries were something more than that—that the Kaiser had never willed the war at all—that after he had outgrown the impetuosities of his youth, after wearing soldier-clothes and playing soldier with live troops had lost their novelty, after the peace since '71 had begun to grow long and he had begun to be commended in more than one quarter for having maintained it, he gradually became prouder of that circumstance than of anything else in his career, and wanted to die in the glory of an unprecedented reign of peace; but that the Frankenstein monster that he and his predecessors had been constructing for over forty years would not let him. Our diplomat says that on the brink of the war many of the highest military authorities in Germany said to him, of the Emperor, substantially: "He's got to get over this damned peace nonsense, and come in." This lends color to the frequent impression that the crown prince, and not the Kaiser, has been the real jingo, and even to the story that when the father got back from his yachting trip and proposed to avert the war, the son said that if he didn't let it go on,

the son with the military chiefs would depose the father and put the son in his place.

Well, we're sorry for the poor man in any case, — more sorry for him than we would have been if, supposing the story true, he had accepted the deposition. Better that — infinitely better — than that for which, by holding on, he has made himself responsible. Probably deposition could have brought no such agonies as those that now appear to have been behind those cries of: "I did not will this thing."

Yes, it may be that there's no man in the world today more to be pitied than he. If we've done him injustice, though it makes no difference to him, it does to us, and we're sorry.

How Perhaps It Will End

We are not a prophet or the son of a prophet, or yet an editor of prophets: we gave up that line soon after permitting a contributor to say that there could be no war — that the money-lenders owned all the nations, and wouldn't let them fight. But there's an aspect of the case that keeps coming up in our minds — or mind: Oh this editorial plural! — and we want to tell you about it.

You remember how astonished we all were when Japan made peace with Russia without exacting an indemnity. She had thrashed Russia more signally, although not on her territory, than Germany has, and seemed in position to keep on thrashing her until she got out of her all that she wanted (What a fine old language we have to mix pronouns! But it has its merits). Well, nevertheless Japan made peace without exacting, as Witte said, "a kopek." We don't know how generally it is known why. Strangely, we do not remember seeing anything about it in the newspapers of the time, but it seems as if the fault must be in our memory. At any rate, we know, or think we do, whether everybody else does or not; and not everybody

else does; for we are constantly meeting intelligent people — perhaps rather young ones, who do not.

And now you must let us digress here a moment to call attention to the foregoing "not everybody else does." Would you suppose it possible that the locution corresponding to "everybody else does not" has been used by writers who, after being corrected, have been admitted to these impeccable pages? We'll bet, or would if we were a bettor, but we are better, that there are a hundred peccations in this number, in spite of our omniscience and that (or those?) of two infallible advisers and an infallible proof-reader.

Now back to the minor question of wars and such. The Japs didn't go on and thrash an indemnity out of Russia simply because, despite their brave showing — their superbly brave showing — they were played out: their money — plain commonplace, unheroic, timid money, was exhausted, and so they couldn't fight. We know this, or think we know it, because the foreign-relations editor of the greatest paper in the world came from the Portsmouth conference directly to our house, and told us.

Well, now Germany has been exploding money faster than all the civilized allies put together. How long is it going to hold out? The bankers are already making a pother over it, and the alleged prophets from the world outside of our senses have been saying that the war is going to end in a queer and sudden way.

Diximus!

But mind! we are not prophesying.

How the Corruption Spreads

The great admiration that our military men naturally feel for the German military system seems to be infecting them with the moral system which inspires it and is expressed by Bernhardi & Co.

At a dinner table, a little parrot of a lieutenant lately

said to a lady: "The sphere of morality is confined to individuals, it has no place in the state." The lady told him that she was astounded to hear a man wearing the uniform of the United States express such sentiments. Whereupon his Colonel remarked: "Ah, there are a great many 'scraps of paper' torn up without anything being said about it."

We fear this conversation is far too typical. We have heard too much in the same direction.

Writing as a Sport

For twenty years my carefully written contributions to magazines have been steadily rejected. Those that have been printed are too few to figure in a percentage. Only one who had determined early in life to be a Great Literary Man could continue, in the face of significant defeats, to appeal from such unanimous decisions. A wise man would save postage, and give himself over to play.

But the charm of literary ambition is in its lack of wisdom. One must exercise common-sense in earning the livelihood; in the quiet of the study, with fair paper and an easy pen, one may lock common-sense out of doors. Delightful is it, after a day of compromises, to let one's own notions have play. That conceit, laughed at by nobody, will appeal to the editor, once it is set down with reserve and climax. That bit of eloquence, debarred from the casualness of society, will find its way home in print. Alas, it too comes back to my drawer of rejections, no longer inspiring.

If sports had not their pain and hardship they would not be sports. The sting of defeat, the humiliation of having your proudest ideas unapproved, the rare chance of having them printed — these make writing for careful editors a sport both fascinating and compelling. Punishment and defeat do not cure one's devotion to it: I would not, if I could, be cured. There is a richer experience in

getting a manuscript back than in winning any other game. In no other sport may one lose so handsomely.

For rejection by an editor is a serious matter. The integrity of one's mind, one's breeding, information and taste, one's very personality and soul — if it be there — are on display before a perfect stranger. One's nakedness is bare to the sharpest of all blasts. And the writer endures it, comes to like it, looks forward to it; even in the contemplation of rejection the writer finds a diagnosis unerring and, for that time, final. "It's 'umblin'; it smells o' natur'."

And often a writer wishes that others might regard editors as he does. Burdens in every community might be taken off for good if their bearers were merely to write about them, and have the writing rejected. For one no longer talks of matters that an editor has turned down. Violent denunciation and quarrelsome argument might give way to gentler manners and respectful silence. A man who has confided his dearest theories to an editor and promptly got them back, is a better neighbor. He is never quite the same man: he is, somehow, vastly improved.

So instead of craving more magazines as an outlet for unappreciated genius, let us rejected writers be grateful for the expert diagnosis of our best friends. We shall continue to play the game as before, never forgetting the stamps; we shall gravely urge our friends with disquieting views to write them down and send them off for print. That is not malicious; rejection has steadied us and made us more thoughtful. It has lessened conceit, improved the temper, made us more kindly to the race, and turned us to the vital work that we can do well. And that is surely the test of sport.

All of which prompts him who in humility presides over these pages, to wonder about the ratio of the value of the

game to that of his long series of candles. In the hope, however, that the ratio is high, he reads on — and invokes blessings on the head of Thomas Edison for increasing the efficacy of the candle.

A Question of Taste

When John Smith dies, which he does as often as Saint Paul says *he* did, his sorrowing widow, probably moved solely by a desire to express her affection, announces that he was the beloved husband of Mary Smith.

But after all, Mary, was your announcement as unmixed a tribute to the memory of John as you intended it to be? A generation or two ago, under such circumstances, former John was announced as the son of John Senior, or of the late John Senior, and this was for the purpose of indicating so far as that might be possible, *which* John Smith the community had lost. In other words, relatives were named only for purposes of identifying the deceased, and therefore only as they were supposed to be better known than the deceased — fathers to identify children and husbands to identify wives.

Now Mary, for all we know, you may be a feminist (though we don't quite know what that means) or a suffragist or even a suffragette or perhaps all three in one, and, even though poor dear John is dead and gone, you may think that you are, and ought to be, as prominent a member of the community as he was. In that case we will not intrude upon the retirement of your affliction with any more remarks. But if you thought that John was a better man than you were, and more fitted to represent you in this cold and struggling world, was it exactly consistent for you to put forth what merely seemed to said cold world an attempt to identify him by the fact that it was his, we trust, good fortune to be your husband?

That little qualifying "we trust" crept in because whenever we see a notice suggesting such an identification of John by the circumstance that he was married to Mary,

we are invaded by just a suggestion of a question whether his being Mary's husband really was a piece of good fortune or not.

So, Mary dear, if you take a second John, and in the fullness of time have to advertise his demise, we hope you will have given these suggestions whatever consideration they may deserve.

Strictly Scientific Fiction

"SCIENTIFIC METHODS" have been applied to factory production and office management. Has due attention been given to the possibility of applying them to the production of Fiction?

It is plain to the dullest that there is crying need for system here, and, above all, for abbreviation. The most voracious and dauntless reader is swamped by the ceaseless torrent of delightful new books. If succor is to be given, — and the cry for it is imperative, heart-rending, — it must come through the adoption of some such terse symbolism as has long been used in certain other fields of human endeavor.

When Art kindled the first spark of her divinely tormenting fires in the bosom of our shaggy low-browed ancestor, and he was stirred to give expression to the things that impressed him, he had no other way to represent the sabre-toothed tiger that chased him or the playful plesiosaurus that gambolled before his door, than to seize a bit of charcoal or some friable, calcareous matter, and make a very scratchy picture on the walls of his cave. It was weary ages later that five arbitrary little black marks could call up to our inward eye the image of a tiger. Yet they can do so today; and Blake, with nine short groups of these little arbitrary black marks, has painted a vivid representation both of the fierce beast and its habitat.

Slowly but surely the picture-writing changed to symbol-writing. Nay, the very letters that compose these symbolic words are themselves but symbolic relics of what

once were pictures. Our letter "H" still preserves some suggestion of the square-built altar that it used to be. "L," which started its career as a lioness, has preserved nothing but the crouching body and the raised head. Lest this pomp of erudition leave me open to the charge of ostentation, I hasten to say that its sources are no more recondite than the picture-pages at the back of the unabridged dictionary. But ever since I gleaned the fact from those fascinating pages, I have now and again, when I saw the last remnant, the small "l," sticking up out of the line, seemed to see the lioness's head, raised to listen.

In fiction writing, — which is the really important writing of this psychological age, — we are still low-browed scratchers. Why waste half a page in describing a villain? Isn't a villain always a villain? We have only to agree that, say, a capital V turned upside down, Λ, shall represent a villain. Readers of shilling-shockers would quickly learn that that symbol connoted a silk hat, a black moustache, basilisk eyes, feeble-minded, suicidal rascality, and a fondness for turgid rhetoric. In the loftier pages of the books that you and I read, it would represent such subtle problems of heredity and psychology, such spiritual earthquakes, morbidnesses and general skimble-skamble stuff as our favorite authors dish up so attractively in their villains.

The hero presents even fewer difficulties. The hero's H is so reliable that, unlike the V of the villain, it remains the same even when turned upside down. How easy to symbolize all the known varieties of hero by simple combinations of characters similar to those of the chemist or mathematician! Why should description or emotion have a place in the analysis of psychical phenomena, any more than in that of physical? Imagine Madame Curie sitting down to record in the sentimental style of the fiction-writer how Radium left her happy home with Pitchblende and eloped with a perfect stranger. "He was a comely, well set-up young lump of pitchblende, with dignified,

almost stolid manners. In the safe fortress of his heart Radium had felt that she could nestle securely, while the cold, indifferent world went its way, unheeding and unheeded" —

Or imagine a chemist unfolding the thrilling love-romance of Chlorine (Cl) and Sodium (Na). "Chlorine was delicate, sensitive, wayward, ardent." Does the expert chemist have to be told what Chlorine is like? Or does the expert novel-reader have to be told what a heroine is like? "Oft had Chlorine felt, as she looked out through the glass walls of her tightly-stoppered boudoir, that life was singularly incomplete without the intermingling affinity of Sodium. There was a certain something in the force of his character, his steady common-sense, and the firm lines of his masterful chin," — the masterful chin is absolutely indispensable in the up-to-date hero. Now *fiat mistura*. "'O Sodium,' she sobbed, her golden tresses sweeping over his athletic shoulders, her sweet breath penetrating his heart of hearts, 'I feel that your destiny is one with mine.' Tenderly their lips met; there was a blending of souls; his very being seemed suffused by her dear presence; and he was hern forever."

Under this new dispensation a weighty novel will shrink to a leaflet of fascinating formulae, in appearance much like a page of the differential calculus, with radicals, co-efficients, logarithms, in bewitching profusion. Symbols of action and event are just as easy to devise as symbols of description. Two lines will suffice for the whole career of Chlorine and her Sodium, — indeed $NaCl.2H_2O.$ would be nearly enough for the process, and NaCl for the result — will describe them, introduce them to each other, indicate the happy and unhappy details of their affinity, in the end wed them, and leave them happily keeping house in a cosy beautiful Cellini salt cellar, firm in one another's affection, prosperous in circumstances, and both interested in teaching Baby Salt his table manners.

With far less labor than has been wasted in concocting

divers new "scientific" languages, and with incomparably greater benefit to mankind, might some pioneer in literary symbolism lay out a scheme which would divide by at least one thousand the inhuman exertions of authors, editors, publishers and, above all, readers. Where shall we look for the later, more discreet, Cadmus who shall coax back into its brass bottle the terrifying djinn that the first Cadmus unwittingly released? Then shall come the golden days when a problem novel can be printed on a postcard. Then will public libraries be reduced to the size and portability of suitcases, and Mr. Carnegie be released from some of his dreadful responsibilities.

Academic Freedom

We find it very hard to understand all this pother about academic freedom. Is the experience of mankind worth anything or is it not? However much or little it is worth, however mistaken it may be, isn't it the best guide we have? (*Cf.* Patrick Henry *passim.*) Are our boys to be taught the best we have, or are they not? If teachers persist in teaching them something else, are they to be bounced or are they not? *Selah!*

An Ancient Conflict

"The problems of contemporary literature and art," once remarked a writer in the *Nation* whose identity might be suspected from the excellence of his phrasing, "are manifold in appearance, but in essence single: How to give pleasure without corrupting the heart, and how to give wisdom without chilling it? How to bring into play the passions of men without unchaining the beast? How to believe in Darwin, and the dignity of man? How to believe in the nerves without paralyzing the nerve of action? How to recognize the weakness of man, and not forget his heroism? How to see his acts, and believe in his intentions? How to renounce his superstitions, and retain his faith? How to rebuke without despising him? How to

reform society without rebelling against it? How to believe that pain is invincible, and that joy is invincible too? How to believe that evil is fleeing forever before good, but will never be overtaken and slain? How to look back on a thousand defeats, and yet cling to the fighting hope?"

The function of literature, as here implied, seems to be within Arnold's definition of it, the "criticism of life," Sainte Beuve, who spoke for a literature that, more effectively than our own, recognizes the authority of criticism, nevertheless preferred to define literature as the "expression of society." Even if Sainte Beuve had been willing to call literature the criticism of life, it would have been that he understood criticism to be, in the main, interpretation; and only subordinately and incidentally, judgment, appraisal, condemnation, or weighing of merits. "The relation of literature to life," we may imagine him saying, "may be, as M. Arnold so suggestively defines it, similar to the relation of criticism to literature, but not, I think, of criticism as mainly he understands criticism. At least — though I fear it is merely the tolerance of worldliness in me and not the charity of the saints — at least to me a literature which maintains a relation to life more critical than sympathetic, which seeks to classify and determine, to commend and reprove, to teach, guide and oversee — rather than this more difficult and, as I find it, better thing, a more subtle, beautiful and human thing, namely, to mirror for life its sunshine and shadow, to echo its laughter and its weeping, to render and record its sweet and terrible music — to me that dogmatic and pedagogic literature, ermined and authoritative, is a wintry climate, from which I wish presently to escape into April, where I may feel once more that it is better to be alive than even to be wise and good, and where my love for my fellow man seems more important than my opinion of him."

The problems which the writer in the *Nation* submitted austerely to literature and art, are problems personal to

every man, important to the direction and integrity of his own spirit; but, as problems of the age, the burden of solving them does not rest upon literature and art; it rests on the broader shoulders of humanity. Nature has one general solution for them, which is youth. Every fresh generation brings up its heart uncorrupted, its romance of passion unchilled, its faith in both science and the worth of life. The thousand defeats of other generations have no lasting effect on its fighting hope. The failure of a generation notable beyond others for its large enthusiasms may, and often does, seem to weaken or discourage the generation or two following, to render them less vigorous or more reactionary, as "the melancholy long withdrawing roar" of some notable large wave on the sand will drag down the charge and reach of its near successors. But this undertow is seldom felt to the third wave; the attack of the surf is as unconquerable as the resistance of the shore, and life, its roll and glow, its vigor and zest, its health and hope, is no more discouraged than the sea is discouraged when the waves lapse and the tide recedes; nor corrupted any more than the great deeps are poisoned by the refuse on the beach.

The problems peculiar to the arts are now, as always, problems of method. The age itself answers its own questions, or assumes its own attitude toward them. It is the function of literature and art as Sainte Beuve would say, not to solve these questions but to state them. Its problems indeed "are manifold in appearance, but in essence" one problem, namely, adequacy.

"*They*"

In these brimming days of action, has anyone ever paused to consider that mysterious and elusive piece of nomenclature, "They"? What unknown entities hide behind its unassuming four characters!

"They say," cries Miranda, "that skirts will be worn with a flare this summer."

"Dear child, who are 'They'?"

And Miranda merely tosses her head and pouts.

But "They" have spoken. The mysterious edict has gone forth, and woe to her who disobeys, or him who disregards!

The precise and grammatical soul of you seeks an antecedent — and seeks, and seeks in vain.

You go to your bank. You want to consult your cancelled vouchers, but you are refused possession of them until your bank-book be balanced.

"Why?" you ask.

"They won't allow it."

"They!"

"They" means power. "They" means authority. "They," the bank-clerk explains in a burst of frankness, "means the boss."

Again, "They" may designate your wife.

"They say that Jones isn't doing very well in business, lately," you remark to Smith.

"Why, who told you so?"

"Oh, they say so." — And all the while it was the partner of your bosom and the sharer of your secrets who whispered to you that the Joneses were retrenching; the upper-maid had been dismissed last week, and the parlor-maid had double the work, and she was a jewel and she *might* — but of course we shouldn't think of taking her away from dear Mrs. Jones.

Yes, "They" may mean your wife. Or it may mean irresponsible gossip. . . . And that innocent looking monosyllable sometimes stands for Power Itself, for Providence, for Authority Omnipotent.

"I wish they hadn't ever thought of a caow!" exclaims the impatient farmer at milking-time.

Now why should he make Providence skulk behind a Pronoun?

Hands Up!

One sometimes wonders if any bombardment in Europe is as heavy and persistent as that of begging letters which assails anybody in New York whose name can be got from the lists of a few respectable organizations, or even from the Social Register.

Within twenty-four hours, missiles have fallen on one devoted head in the shape of requests for money for Tenement House Reform, for some woman's special war relief society, for helping out a university committee that ordered its job before getting its money, for the City Club's political fund, for a city Sunday-school association — five applications in a day, and there are over three hundred mail days in a year! Now certainly some of the objects specified are worthy, presumably all of them are, and the bombardee subscribes to some of them regularly, and occasionally finds a dollar for a more personal cause. But how under Heaven are they all supported; how do the generous people who run them, find time for it; and, above all, how does anybody pluck up courage enough to start a new one? And yet a new one seems to be started almost as often as, it is alleged, a fool is born.

Can it be possible that they all can pay for their printing and postage? Surely they cannot all be so rich that there is still truth in the old charge that many of them are gotten up to make berths for their officers.

Of course the waste and duplication are enormous — half a dozen societies to do each of all conceivable things. It is worse, if possible, than the subdivision of subjects in the new fangled college curicula.

Is there any relief but the evolution that is slowly atrophying all our ills? There might be laws against forming new societies, or at least soliciting funds for them. This would not necessarily leave new exigencies uncared for, but might lead the old societies to do something to meet them, and might lead to new differentia-

tions and integrations of function that would evolve, in each society, greater comprehensiveness and efficiency.

Or the same results, and new ones, might perhaps be better attained by having a commission to pass on the founding of societies which intend to seek funds But, as in most questions of government control, *quis custodiet ipsum custodiem.*

Simplified Spelling

In the ten months ending Sept. 14, 1915, there was an increase from 38 to 77 in the number of American universities, colleges and normal schools that had adopted some simplified spellings for use in official correspondence and publications, or permitted the use of simplified spellings in the written work of their students.

Most of these institutions were, as to be expected, in the region West of the Alleghanies, where people are accustomed to new things, but some of them were in Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York and Eastern Pennsylvania.

In the fourteen months ending at the same time, the number of the newspapers and periodicals using some of the simpler forms recommended by the simplified Spelling Board increased from 38 to 136, the proportion of them in the more conservative portion of the country being larger than that of the educational institutions already indicated.

The article on Simplified Spelling in our last number is being expanded with special reference to economy in commercial correspondence, and will be supplemented by a list of some hundreds of words there most frequently used, economized in accordance with the principles suggested in that article.

Any subscriber caring for a copy of the pamphlet will be welcome to it as soon as published, if he will address an application to the Review.

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INDEX

THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW

Vol. IV

[Titles of Articles are printed in heavier type. The names of authors of articles are printed in small capitals]

Academic Freedom, 438.
Addams, Jane, 224, 228.
Advertising, 365.
Advertising, A New Essay in the Psychology of, Part I, 110; "working the public," 110–111; association of ideas, 112–115; association works while you sleep, 115–119; association works *only* then, 366–368; good advertising has a hypnotic effect, 369–371; working the public, 371; uselessness of it all, 372–373.
Æsthetic Integrity, 336; a protest against the modern tendency to exalt efficiency at the expense of beauty, 336–344.
Alcohol, woman suffrage and, 129–131.
Aliens, 362.
Allinson, Mrs. F. G., 'The Increasing Uses of Culture,' 210.
Amende, An (the Kaiser), 428.
Anti-Saloon League, 298, 309–323.
Archer, William, 97, 98–100, 103.
Art, 338–344; literature and, 438; women in, 248, 264.
Beauty, 255, 339.
Begging letters, 442.
Bergson, Henri, 189, 190, 193.
Bjorkmann, Edwin, 'How It Looked in Advance,' 280.
Breese, B. B., 'Vocational Guidance,' 345.
Brisson, Adolph, 104, 105.
Brock, Henry Irving (with others), 'Labor, Law, and Order,' 374.
Bryan, W. J., 209, 224, 227.
Busbey, L. White, 'National Prohibition and the Church,' 308.
Castle, W. R., Jr., 'On Raising Cucumbers,' 146.
Child bearing, 238, 242, 243.
Child labor, 127–129.
Church, prohibition and the, 308–324.
Classical allusions, 210.
Colleges. *See* Small College.
Colorado, 128, 130, 131, 138.
Colton, Arthur W., 'The Philosophy of Flux,' 67.
Confessions of an Anti, 255; earliest feelings of the writer toward woman, 255; influence and love of women, 256–258; failures of women, 258–261; feminist literature, 261–263; great women, 263–264; women in art, 264–265; effect of suffrage on politics, 265–267; property representation, 268–269; perplexities of the franchise, 269–271; reasoning of some women, 272; the ideal woman, 273.
Conflict, An Ancient, 438.
Conservation of the Private Purse, The, 358; the increasing efficiency of salesmanship dangerous to the individual and society, 358–365.
Constitution, amending, 301.
Contributions to the *Unpopular Review,* 203.
Cost of living, 402–405.
Country, 204.
Cucumbers, raising, 146.
Culture, 210.
Cummings, A. M., 'Strictly Scientific Fiction,' 435.
Dancing, 207.
Death notices, 434.
Debutantes. *See* Postscript on the Débutantes.
Democracy, 253.
Diaz, Porfirio, 140, 441.
Dodd, Lee Wilson, 'Æsthetic Integrity,' 336; 'This Then is Life,' 120.
Drama League, 327.
Dramatic Criticism, A Diagnosis of, 96; parlous state, 96–97; Archer and Sarcey, 98–103; William Winter, 103–104; Walkley and Hamilton, 107–108; America's needs, 108–109.
Dress, woman's, 240.
Dutton, Geo. B., 'Summer Days — and Nights,' 204; 'They,' 440.
Efficiency, 337, 345–357.
En Casserole, 203, 428.
Exchange Professor, The Way of the, 217.
Fechner, 195, 196, 197.
Feminism, 237–254, 266.
Fiction, Strictly Scientific, 435.
Fite, Warner, 'A New Essay in the Psychol-

ogy of Advertising,' 110, 366.
Flux, philosophy of, 67–80, 123.
Foundations of Optimism, The, 211.
FRANKLIN, FABIAN, 'National Prohibition and Representative Government,' 296.
FRIEND, E. W., 'From William James?' 172.
Friend, Mrs., 176, 200.
From William James? 172; some automatic scripts; James on characteristic topics, 173–174; the automatist (Mrs. Friend), 176–177; sitting (Aug. 23, 1914) in which James purported to appear, 177–181; opinions and messages, 180–182; sitting (Sept. 6, 1914) in which Imperator is crowded out by James and Myers, 183–186; significance, 186–187; synthetic perception, 188–191; difficulties of communicators, 191–193; sittings of Sept. 19 and 29, 1914; problem of memory, 193–197; sitting of Feb. 5, 1915, 198; summary, 196–200; editor's comments; *Lusitania;* possible end of the war, 200–202.
Future life, 421.
Germanic Statecraft, and Democracy, 27; German ideals, 27–30; militarism and collectivism, 30–32; German state and the individual, 33–34; economic needs, 35–36; English and American statecraft, 37–40; Germany backward, 40–41.
Germany, 224–236, 411, 428, 430, 431; blundering economics, 1–16; Italian antipat y, 22; *Lusitania* crime, 201–202; Professors' war, 274–279.
Gillette, Wm., 328–329, 332, 333.
Gompers, Samuel, 377–379, 389, 390, 395.
Great Britain, 4, 14.
Hamilton, Clayton, 104, 107–108.
Hands Up! (begging letters), 442.
Happiness, 88, 90, 93, 245, 246, 255.
Heteromatic Writing, Some, 412; account of young girl's faculty of answering questions (even sealed and from a distance) addressed to deceased persons, 412–418; Shakespeare's indignant answer, 419; heteromatic illustration, 420; source of this power, 418, 420–421; Swedenborg, 421–422; refusal to write and loss of power, 422–423; strains of music, 422–423; comments, 424–427.
Hobson, R. P., 224, 231.
Hodgson, Richard, 177, 181, 191, 193, 200.
HOLT, HENRY, 'Academic Freedom,' 438; 'An Amende,' 428; 'Hands Up!' 442; 'How Perhaps It Will End,' 430; 'How the Corruption Spreads,' 431; 'Postscript on the Débutantes,' 206; 'The President and Mr. Bryan,' 209; 'A Question of Taste,' 434; 'A Self-Confessed Murder,' 216; 'Simplified Spelling,' 217, 443; 'Special to Our Readers,' 428; 'To Contributors—and Readers,' 203; 'The Way of the Exchange Professor,' 217.
How It Looked in Advance, 280; how the new of the War came to passengers on the S. S. *Minneapolis,* New York to London, July 25–Aug. 4, 1914, 280–295.
How Perhaps It Will End (the war), 430.
How the Corruption Spreads (German military system), 431.
Hyslop, Dr., 192.
Imperator, 177, 182, 183, 184, 186.
Imperialism, 4, 13.
Increasing Uses of Culture, The, 210.
I. W. W., 384.
Industry, a poet of, 59.
Intervention, 143–144.
Iron Ring, The, 1; economic necessities of Germany, 1–3; fears, 3–4; imperialism, 5; expansion, 6–8; statistics, 8–11; foreign trade and investment, 12–13; theory of exclusive policy, 13–15; blundering economics, 15–16.
Italy in the War, 17; her policy, 17; difficulties, 18–19; war spirit, 19; Austria, Giolitti, Salandra, 20–21; antipathies, 22–23; Irredentism, 23–24; France, 24; Latin ambition, 24–25; voice of the street, 25; Latin lucidity, 25–26.
James, William, 172–202.
JOHNSON, ALVIN S., 'The Conservation of the Private Purse,' 358.
Justice, 81; might makes right, 82; weakness also makes right, 83; justice and Nature, 84; the supernatural, 85; justice, 85–86; evolution and Nature, 86–88; happiness, pleasure and misery, 89; social justice, 90–91; Nietzsche and huma itarianism, 92; state and legislator, 93–94; teacher and moralist, 94; apparent injustice, 94–95.
Kaiser, the, 428.

Kellogg, Vernon L., 'A Victory for Cæsar,' 215.
Key, Ellen, 246, 247, 262.
Labor, Law, and Order, 374; a composite review of trade unions, their merits and defects, 374–396; Germany an example, 375–377; Mr. Gompers, 377–379; sleeping forces, 379–380; labor laws, 380–382; I. W. W., 383–385; strikes, boycotts, serious crimes, 385–391; remedies: responsibility, contracts, ignorance, 391–393; injunctions and the courts, 393–395; the law, 395–396.
Laughlin, E. V., 'At the Helm of the Small College,' 160.
Life, 120.
Literature, Art, life and, 438; feminist, 261; fiction, scientific, 435; writing as sport, 432.
Lobo, Gustavo, 'More Light on Mexico,' 140.
Love, 246, 248, 256.
Lusitania, 172, 201, 202, 216, 217, 278, 428.
Marot, Helen, 'The Minimum-Wage Board and the Union,' 397.
Mason, Alfred Bishop, 140, 144.
Mather, F. J., Jr., 'Italy in the War, 17; 'Sentimentalism—Soft and Hard,' 223.
Matthews, Brander, 'On Reading a Play,' 325.
Means, David McGregor, 'The Old Parties and the New Power,' 42.
Merritt, Walter Gordon (with others), 'Labor, Law, and Order,' 374.
Mexico, More Light on, 190; Diaz government, 140–141; young Diaz, 141–142; real trouble, 142; responsibility of the United States, 143–144; policy of "laissez faire," 145.
Militarism, 30, 82; militancy and, 134–139.
Mill, J. S., 265.
Minimum-Wage Board and the Union, 397; an argument by a trade-unionist designed to show that state regulation of wages through wages boards "clips the wings" and "destroys the driving force" of unions and while not opposed by capital will ultimately prove unpopular to organized labor, 397–411.
Minneapolis, 280.
Money, saving, 358–365.
More, Paul Elmer, 'Justice,' 81.
Morris, Lloyd R., 'A Poet of Industrial Evolution,' 59.
Munitions, 229.
Münsterberg, Prof., 225, 232, 346–353.
Music, spirit, 423, 424.
Mussey, H. R., 'The Iron Ring,' 1.
Myers, F. W. H., 177, 181, 182, 184, 188, 191, 195, 200, 412.
Nature, 83, 146–159.
Nietzsche, 91.
Old Parties and the New Power, The, 42; parties, 42–43; no issues between Republican and Democratic parties, 43–44; Tammany; the Grand Army; patronage, 45–49; independents and progressives, 50; trade unions, 51–56; prospects of a trade union party, 57–58
Omar Khayyam, 120.
Optimism, 211.
Page, Madame de, 215.
Pankhursts, the, 135–136, 138, 225, 233, 235.
Parties, political, 38, 42–58.
Pelham, George, 191, 200.
Pensions, 48.
People, the, 301.
Pessimism, 211.
Philosophy of Flux, The, 67; Mr. Flux, finding certain lost articles, reasons on property, mendicancy, and ownership, 67–80.
Pinero, 96.
Piper, Mrs., 180, 182, 191, 192, 193, 200, 426.
Planchette, 415.
Play, On Reading a, 325; revival of the habit, 325–327; Drama League, 327; Gillette's contention, 328–329; opinions of critics, 329–333; proof of a play is the acting, 333–335.
Poet of Industrial Evolution, A, 59; work of Verhaeren, 60–62; his struggle; his poems and their significance, 63–66.
Pope, Miss Theodate, 177, 181.
Postscript on the Débutantes, 206.
Pragmatism, 123, 179.
President and Mr. Bryan, The, 209.
Prohibition, National, and Representative Government, 296; strange character of movement for national prohibition, 296–298; Anti-Saloon league and the liquor interests, 298–301; meaning of leaving Constitutional Amendments to the people, 301–307.
Prohibition, National, and the Church, 308; as a moral and religious issue, prohibition divides the church, 308–312; Anti-Saloon League, 312; its religious backing, 313–318; its political methods, centralization, plan of proscription, and propaganda,

319–323; position of the Roman Catholic Church, 323–324.
Property, 73, 78, 268.
Prussia, 30–32, 269.
Psychical Research, Society for, 172, 173, 175, 177, 182, 183, 192, 200.
Psychology and Industrial Efficiency, 346–353.
PUTNAM, MRS. GEO. HAVEN, 'Wayland the Feminist,' 237.
Raising Cucumbers, On, 146; how a real love of Nature was gained by experience in gardening, 146–159.
REEVES, W. P., 'Writing as a Sport,' 432.
Rejected contributions, 432.
ROBINSON, MARGARET C., 'The Suffrage Prophets,' 127.
Roman Catholic Church, prohibition and, 310, 323–324.
Roosevelt, Theodore, 210, 224, 228.
Russia, 4, 14.
Salesmanship, 358–365.
Sand, George, 244, 245, 263, 264.
Sarcey, Francisque, 97, 98, 101–103, 332.
Schwimmer, Frau Rosika, 130, 137.
Seattle, 131, 132, 134.
Self-Confessed Murder, A, 216.
Sentimentalism — Soft and Hard, 223; inability to face facts, 223–225; Ford, Villard, Wanamaker, Bryan, Miss Addams, Roosevelt, etc., 226–229; Germany; the suffragists, 230–236.
Sex, 239, 246, 273.
Shakespeare, 419.
SHOWERMAN, GRANT, 'The Foundations of Optimism,' 211.
Simplified Spelling, 217, 443.
Small College, At the Helm of the, 160; experiences of a college president in raising money and enlarging curriculum, 160–171.
Smith, Constance, 399, 400.
Social justice, 90.
Special to Our Readers, 428.
Spelling. *See* Simplified Spelling.
Spiritualism, 414, 422.
State, ideals of, 27–41.
Stay at home, 204.
Stead, Wm. T., 202.
Strikes, 385–388.
Suffrage Prophets, The, 127; past prophecies, 127; child labor, 127–129; the saloon, 129–131; good men in office, 131–134; war; Socialists, 134; militant suffragists, 134–136; Woman's Peace Movement, 137; humanizing the world, 138–139.
Summer Days — and Nights, 204.
Swedenborg, 421.
Tammany, 47–48.
Taste, A Question of (death notices), 434.
Teloteropathy, 425.
"They," 440.
"This Then is Life," 120; Omar Khayyam and professional Wisemen, 120; a world of flux and our wonder, 120–122; truth; Pragmatism; hedonism; Golden Rule, 123–124; our dilemma, 125; "cultivating our garden," 126.
Thrift, 358–365.
To Contributors — and Readers, 203.
Town, 205.
Trade unions, 51–58, 374–396, 397–411.
Unemployment, 407, 409.
USHER, ABBOTT PAYSON, 'Germanic Statecraft, and Democracy,' 27.
UZZELL, THOMAS H., 'A Diagnosis of Dramatic Criticism,' 96.
Verhaeren, Emile, 62–66.
Victory for Cæsar, A, 215.
Villard, Oswald Garrison, 224, 226.
Vocational Guidance, 345; bad advice, 345; Münsterberg's psychology of industrial efficiency, 346–347; pseudo-psychology, 347–348; Münsterberg's "sea-captain" test, 349–352; his telephone operator's test, 353; elusiveness of personality, 354; dangers, 355–357.
Walkley, A. B., 96, 104, 105, 107–108.
Wanamaker, John, 225, 226.
War, the Real Cause of the, 274; a professors' war, 274; German genius and efficiency, 275; being mistaken for Germans, 276–277; German minds fed on praise, 277; scholarship with a soul, 278; nationality of the spirit, 279.
War in Europe. Getting news on shipboard, July 25–Aug. 4, 1914, 280–295; Wm. James (?) on, 180.
Wayland the Feminist, 237; woman's physique, training, dress, 237–240; her position, dependence, character, 240–244; how her emotions differentiate her from man, 244–248; suffrage, 249–252; no special merit in women's votes, 252–254.
Webb, Sidney, 408.
Wilson and Bryan, 209.
Winter, William, 97, 103–104, 109.
Woman suffrage, 127–139, 233, 237–254, 255–273.
Woman's Journal, 132, 134.
Woman's Peace Movement, 134–139, 266.
Writing as a Sport, 433.

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